BUCKY AND TORO IN

YOUNG ALLIES

A 64 PAGE COMPLETE COMIC ADVENTURE THRILLER

WINTER ISSUE COMICS No. 2

10¢

YAHOO!
HEADED BY BUCKY AND TORO, THE RESCUE PARTY CRASHED INTO THE NAZI STRONGHOLD!

The YOUNG ALLIES

Vol. 1
No. 2
Winter Issue

STAN LEE
Editorial and Art
Director

The character TORO is from
the Human Torch
By CARL BURGOS

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CHAPTER I

Hold your breath as America's most famous youthful fighting team, The Young Allies, begins its greatest adventure against the world's most deadly killer—the terrible Black Talon!

CHAPTER II

Follow the Young Allies as they dare to invade the very stronghold of the Black Talon, little dreaming of the untold horror which lies in store for them or of the deadly whirlpool waiting to claim them as its victims!

CHAPTER III

Trapped in the Cavern of Doom from which there is no escape, the Young Allies are in a desperate plight—especially with the Black Talon hovering over them and the most sinister monster ever to walk the face of the earth waiting to devour them!

CHAPTER IV

As if being captured by savage cannibals isn't a bad enough fate for the Young Allies to endure, they later find themselves in a haunted city menaced by gruesome ghosts in this hair-raising chapter!

CHAPTER V

In all the world there is no man more evil than the Black Talon—as the daring Young Allies soon find out when they discover that the girl they had promised to protect is at the mercy of the fiend's worst torture device—with themselves slated as its next victim!

CHAPTER VI

In a mile-a-minute battle with the Black Talon's terror legions, the Young Allies succeed in escaping to America where a still greater menace awaits them! Can the HUMAN TORCH and CAPTAIN AMERICA rescue the valiant boys in time, or——?

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTIONS—

1—A thrilling short novelette!

2—UNSOLVED MYSTERIES: Marvel at these unbelievable, yet TRUE mysteries!

3—DEBUNKER: You may have thought you were right—but you weren't! Don't miss this!

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CAPTAIN
AMERICA
COMICS

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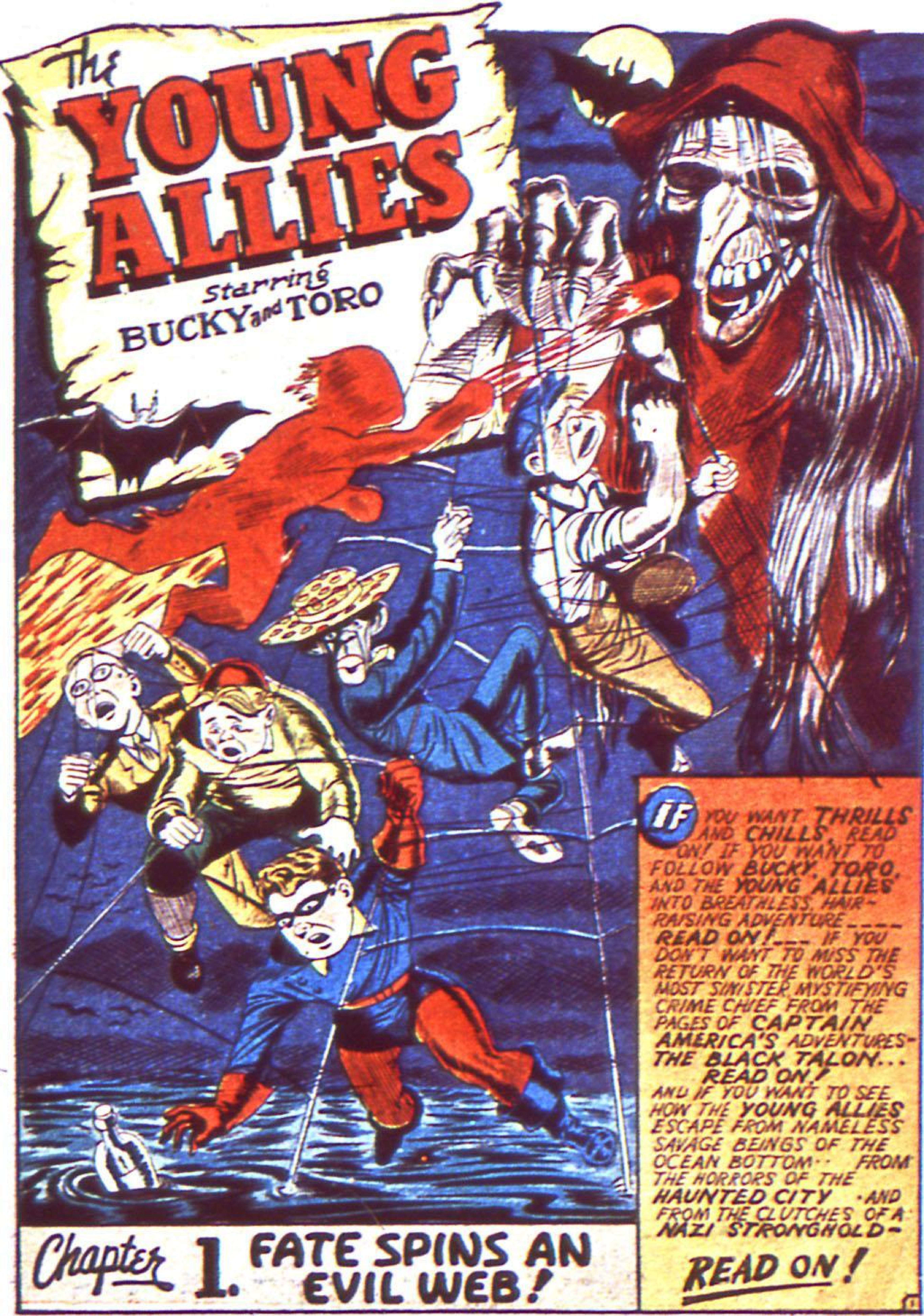
The YOUNG ALLIES

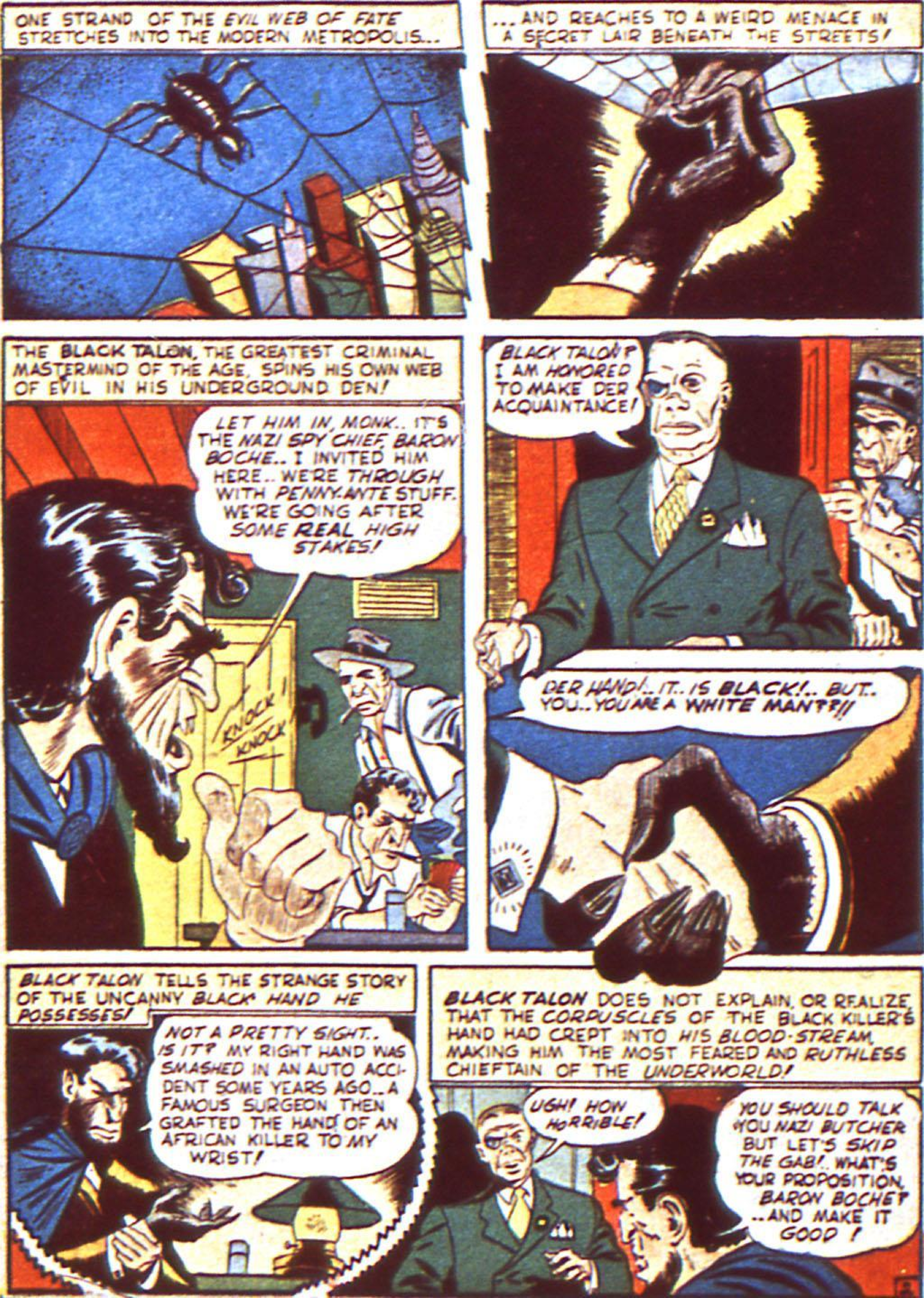
starring
BUCKY and TORO

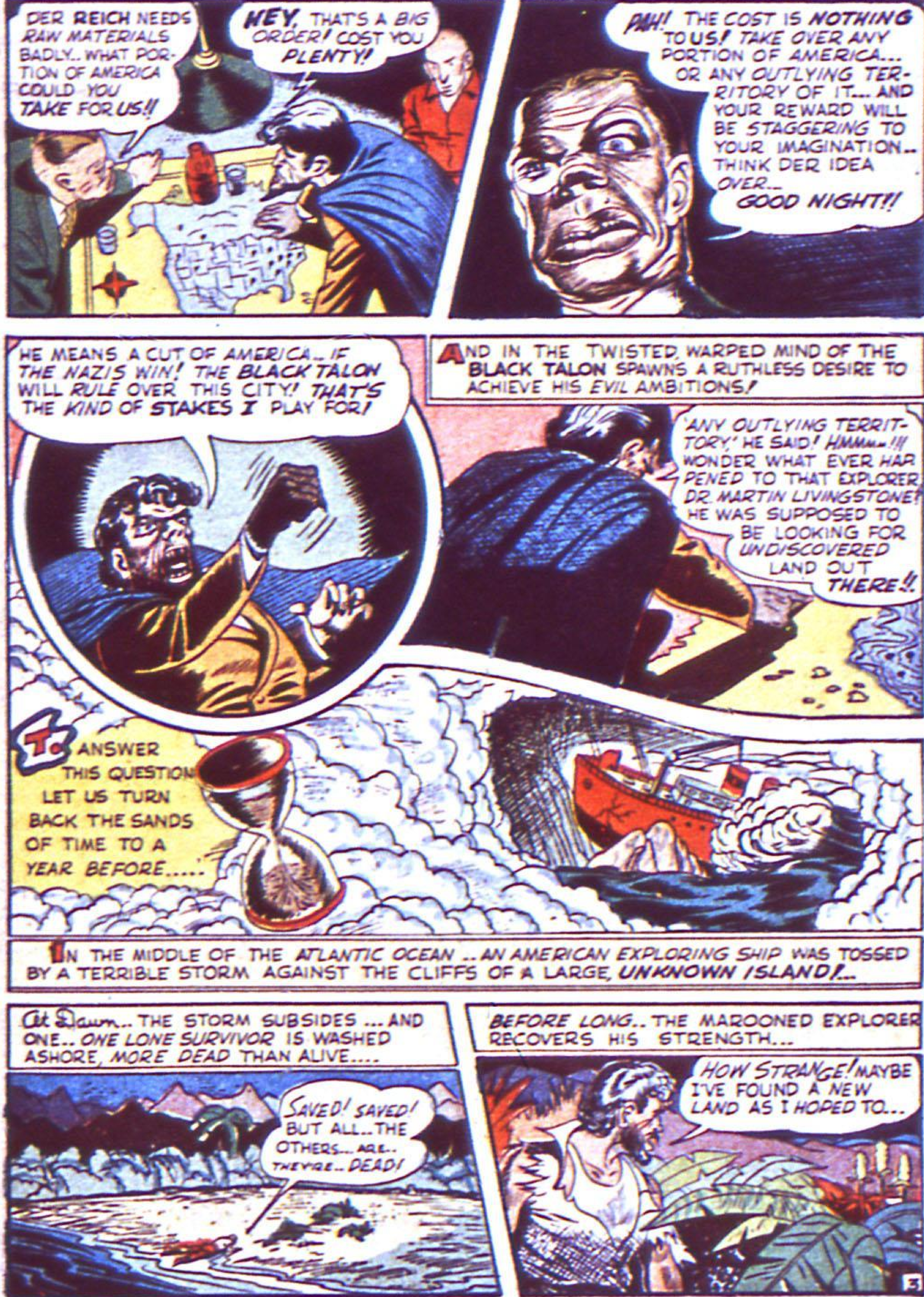


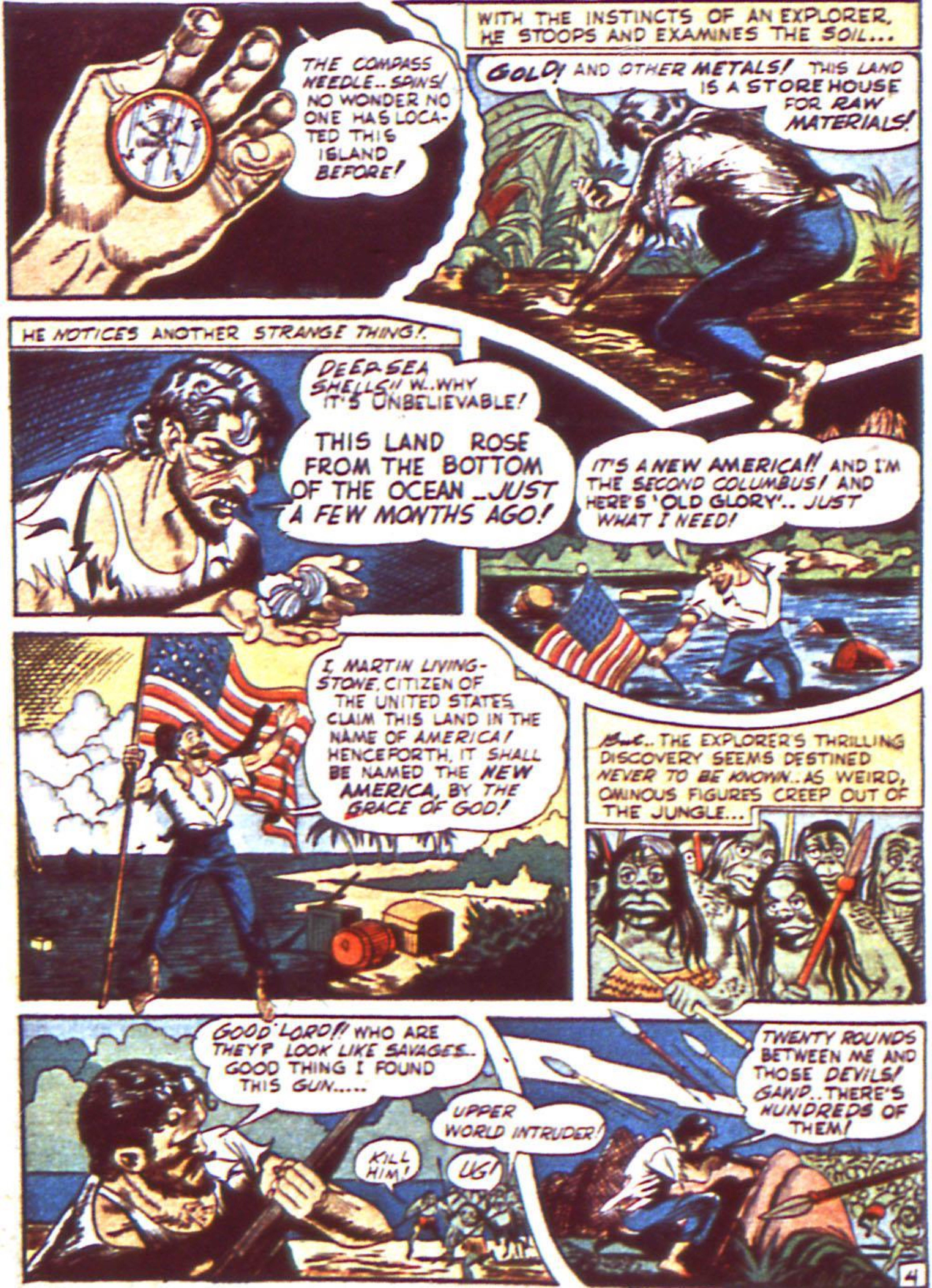
IF YOU WANT THRILLS AND CHILLS, READ ON! IF YOU WANT TO FOLLOW BUCKY, TORO, AND THE YOUNG ALLIES INTO BREATHLESS, HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE ---- READ ON! --- IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THE RETURN OF THE WORLD'S MOST SINISTER, MYSTIFYING CRIME CHIEF FROM THE PAGES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ADVENTURES- THE BLACK TALON... READ ON! AND IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW THE YOUNG ALLIES ESCAPE FROM NAMELESS SAVAGE BEINGS OF THE OCEAN BOTTOM -- FROM THE HORRORS OF THE HAUNTED CITY -AND FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A NAZI STRONGHOLD-

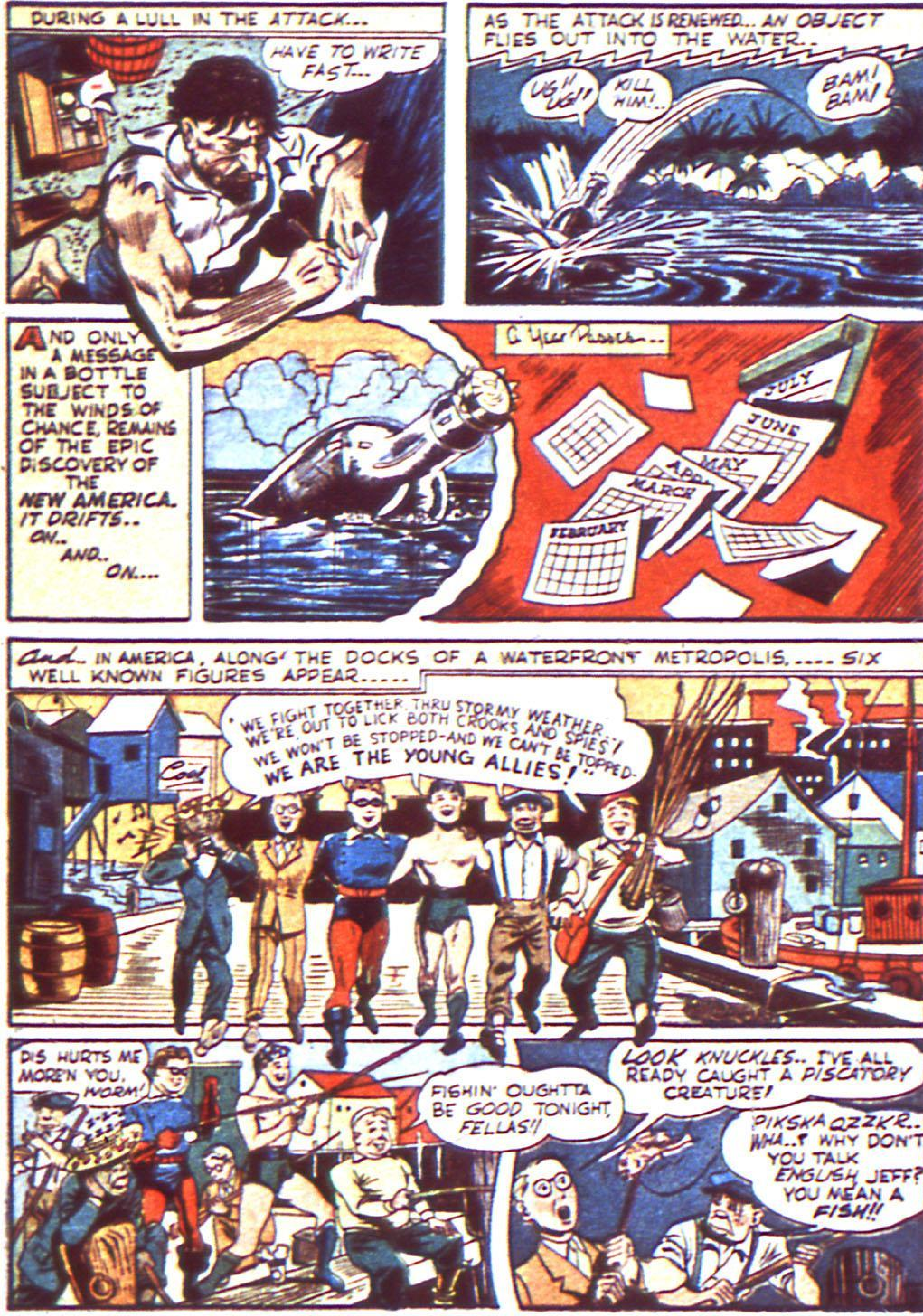
READ ON!

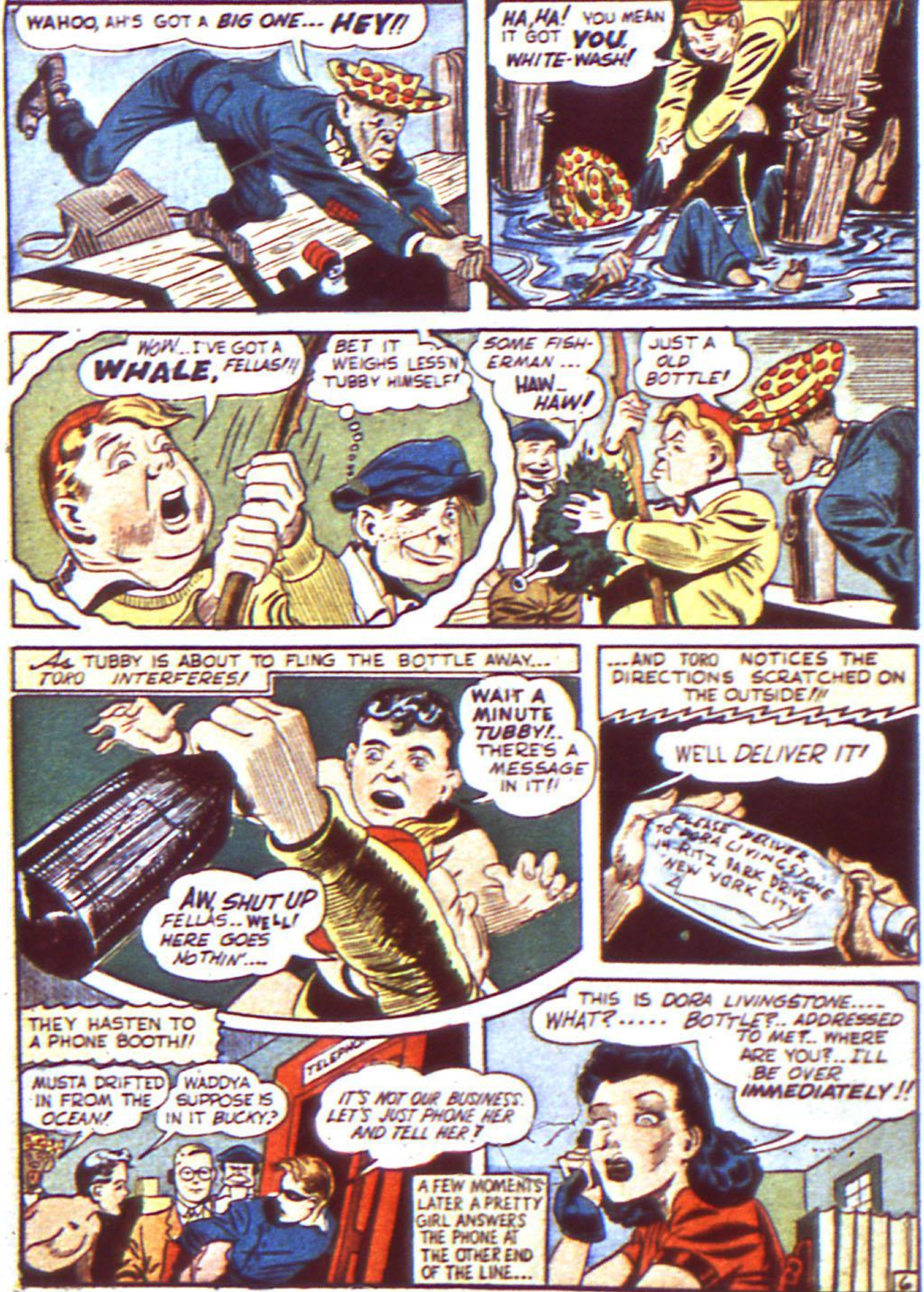
Chapter 1. FATE SPINS AN EVIL WEB!

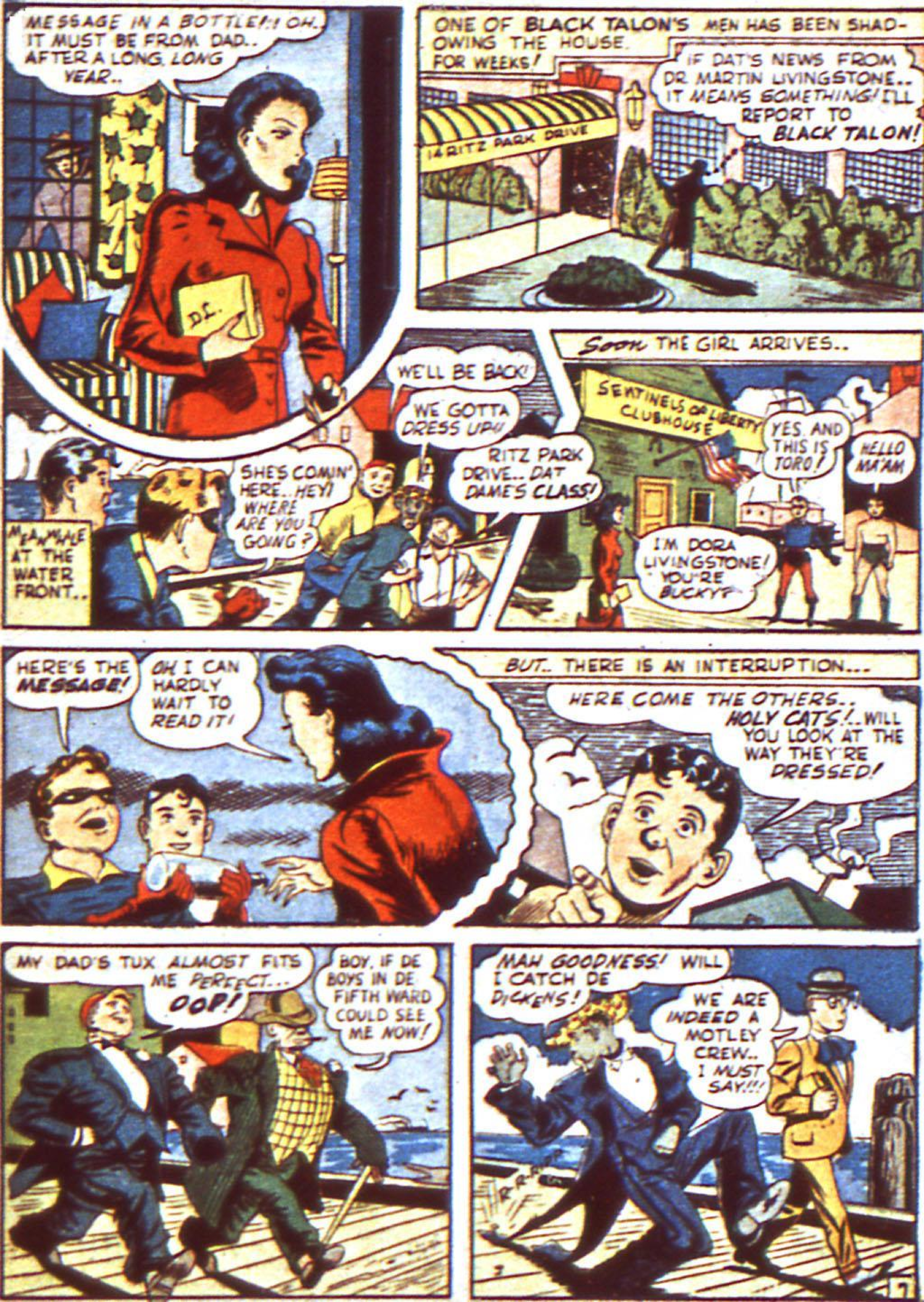

ONE STRAND OF THE EVIL WEB OF FATE STRETCHES INTO THE MODERN METROPOLIS...
... AND REACHES TO A WEIRD MENACE IN A SECRET LAIR BENEATH THE STREETS!
THE BLACK TALON, THE GREATEST CRIMINAL MASTERMIND OF THE AGE, SPINS HIS OWN WEB OF EVIL IN HIS UNDERGROUND DEN!
LET HIM IN, MONK.. IT'S THE NAZI SPY CHIEF, BARON BOCHE.. I INVITED HIM HERE.. WE'RE THROUGH WITH PENNY-ANTE STUFF. WE'RE GOING AFTER SOME REAL HIGH STAKES!
KNOCK! KNOCK
BLACK TALON? I AM HONORED TO MAKE DER ACQUAINTANCE!
DER HAND!.. IT.. IS BLACK!.. BUT.. YOU..YOU ARE A WHITE MAN??!!
BLACK TALON TELLS THE STRANGE STORY OF THE UNCANNY BLACK HAND HE POSSESSES!
NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.. IS IT? MY RIGHT HAND WAS SMASHED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT SOME YEARS AGO...A FAMOUS SURGEON THEN GRAFTED THE HAND OF AN AFRICAN KILLER TO MY WRIST!
BLACK TALON DOES NOT EXPLAIN, OR REALIZE, THAT THE CORPUSCLES OF THE BLACK KILLER'S HAND HAD CREPT INTO HIS BLOOD-STREAM, MAKING HIM THE MOST FEARED AND RUTHLESS CHIEFTAIN OF THE UNDERWORLD!
UGH! HOW HORRIBLE!
YOU SHOULD TALK YOU NAZI BUTCHER BUT LET'S SKIP THE GAB!.. WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION, BARON BOCHE? ..AND MAKE IT GOOD!

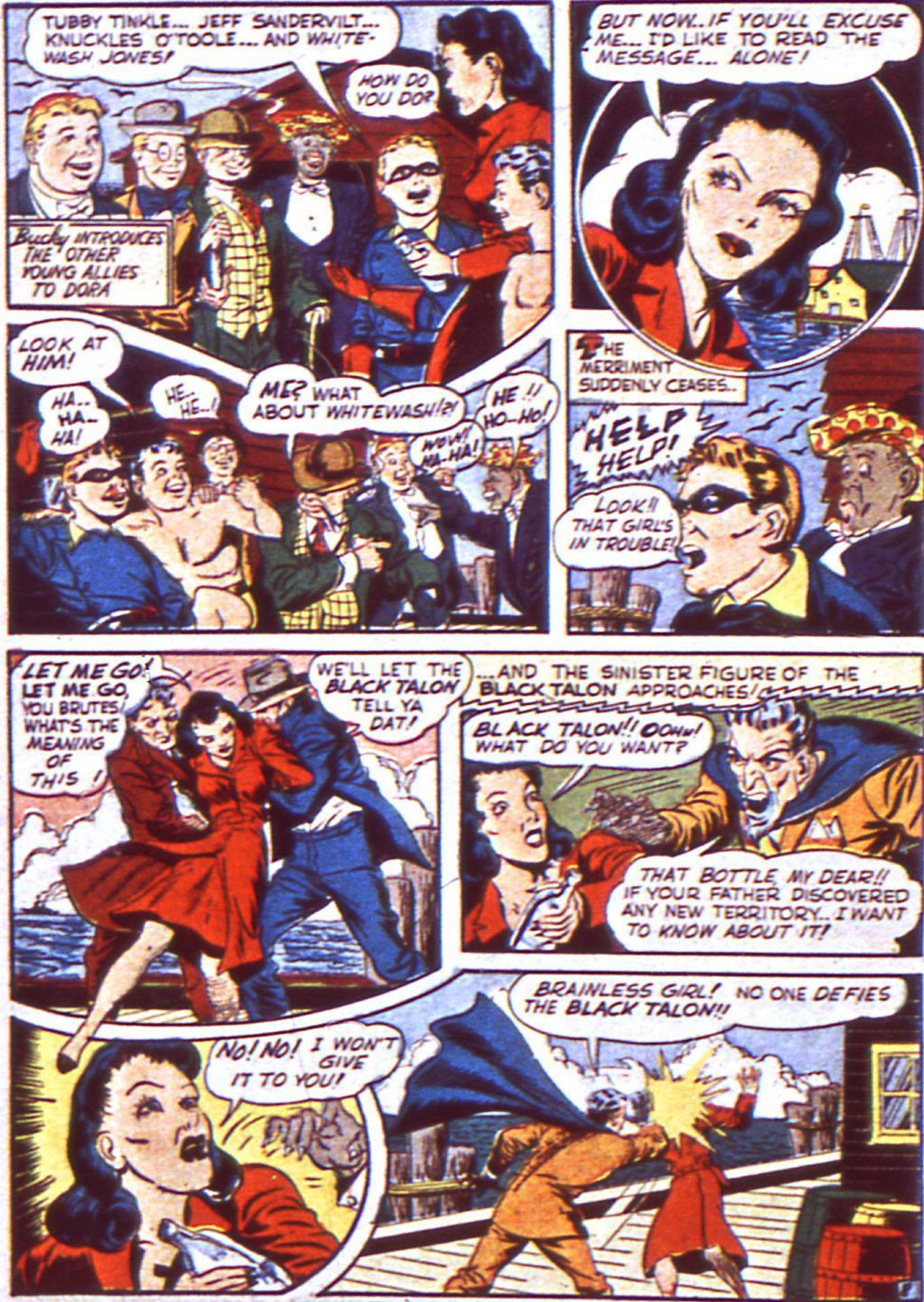

DER REICH NEEDS RAW MATERIALS BADLY.. WHAT PORTION OF AMERICA COULD YOU TAKE FOR US!!
HEY, THAT'S A BIG ORDER! COST YOU PLENTY!
PAH! THE COST IS NOTHING TO US! TAKE OVER ANY PORTION OF AMERICA... OR ANY OUTLYING TERRITORY OF IT... AND YOUR REWARD WILL BE STAGGERING TO YOUR IMAGINATION... THINK DER IDEA OVER... GOOD NIGHT!!
HE MEANS A CUT OF AMERICA.. IF THE NAZIS WIN! THE BLACK TALON WILL RULE OVER THIS CITY! THAT'S THE KIND OF STAKES I PLAY FOR!
AND IN THE TWISTED, WARPED MIND OF THE BLACK TALON SPAWNS A RUTHLESS DESIRE TO ACHIEVE HIS EVIL AMBITIONS!
'ANY OUTLYING TERRITTORY,' HE SAID! HMMm..!!! WONDER WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT EXPLORER DR. MARTIN LIVINGSTONE! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR UNDISCOVERED LAND OUT THERE!!
TO ANSWER THIS QUESTION LET US TURN BACK THE SANDS OF TIME TO A YEAR BEFORE.....
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ... AN AMERICAN EXPLORING SHIP WAS TOSSED BY A TERRIBLE STORM AGAINST THE CLIFFS OF A LARGE, UNKNOWN ISLAND!..
At Dawn... THE STORM SUBSIDES ... AND ONE.. ONE LONE SURVIVOR IS WASHED ASHORE, MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE....
SAVED! SAVED! BUT ALL... THE OTHERS... ARE.. THEY'RE... DEAD!
BEFORE LONG.. THE MAROONED EXPLORER RECOVERS HIS STRENGTH...
HOW STRANGE! MAYBE I'VE FOUND A NEW LAND AS I HOPED TO...

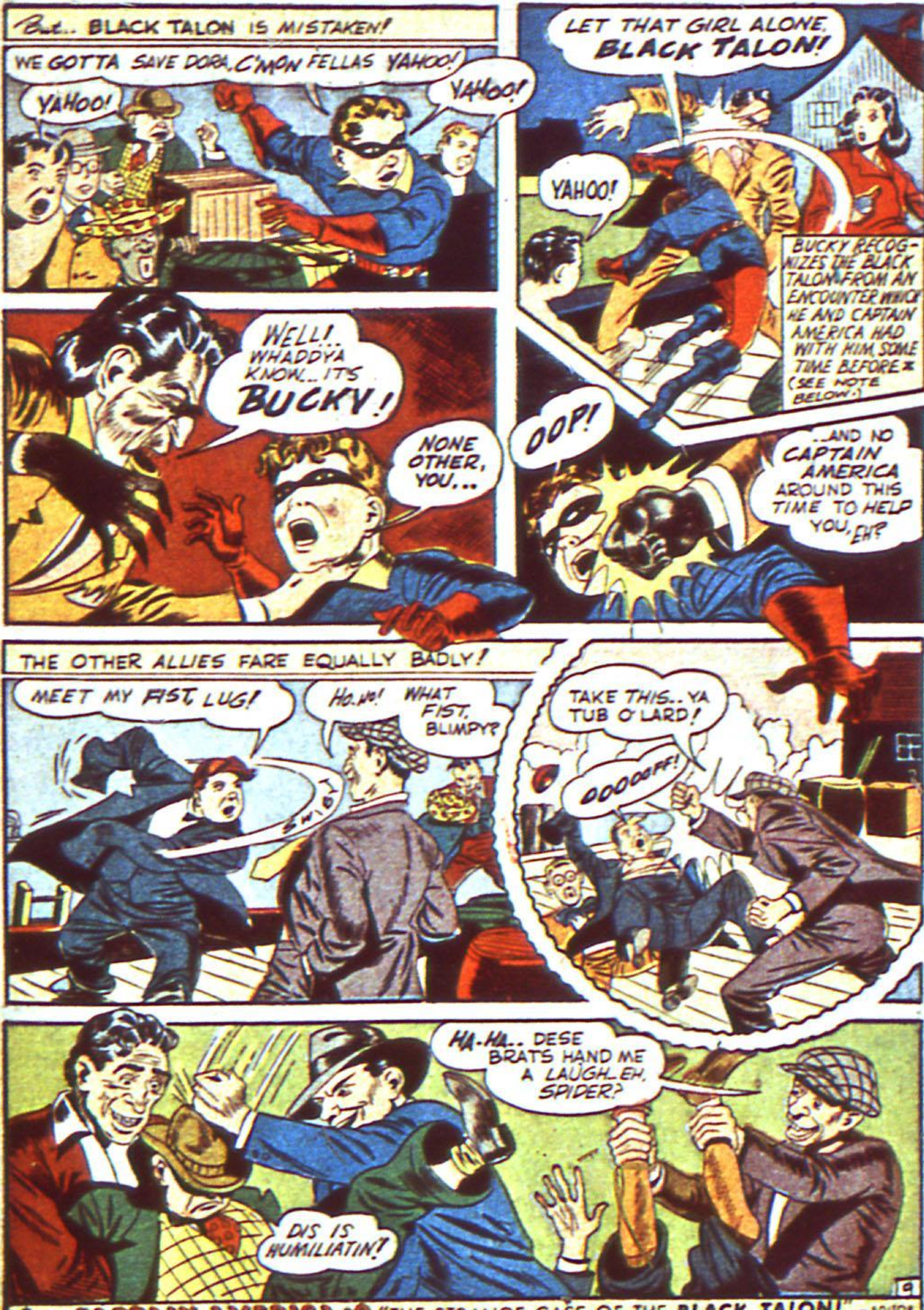

THE COMPASS NEEDLE.. SPINS! NO WONDER NO ONE HAS LOCATED THIS ISLAND BEFORE!
WITH THE INSTINCTS OF AN EXPLORER, HE STOOPS AND EXAMINES THE SOIL...
GOLD! AND OTHER METALS! THIS LAND IS A STOREHOUSE FOR RAW MATERIALS!
HE NOTICES ANOTHER STRANGE THING!.
DEEP-SEA SHELLS!! W..WHY IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
THIS LAND ROSE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN ..JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO!
IT'S A NEW AMERICA!! AND I'M THE SECOND COLUMBUS! AND HERE'S 'OLD GLORY'.. JUST WHAT I NEED!
I, MARTIN LIVINGSTONE, CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, CLAIM THIS LAND IN THE NAME OF AMERICA! HENCEFORTH, IT SHALL BE NAMED THE NEW AMERICA, BY THE GRACE OF GOD!
But.. THE EXPLORER'S THRILLING DISCOVERY SEEMS DESTINED NEVER TO BE KNOWN.. AS WEIRD, OMINOUS FIGURES CREEP OUT OF THE JUNGLE...
GOOD LORD!! WHO ARE THEY? LOOK LIKE SAVAGES.. GOOD THING I FOUND THIS GUN.....
UPPER WORLD INTRUDER!
KILL HIM!
UG!
TWENTY ROUNDS BETWEEN ME AND THOSE DEVILS! GAWD..THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM!


DURING A LULL IN THE ATTACK...
HAVE TO WRITE FAST...
AS THE ATTACK IS RENEWED... AN OBJECT FLIES OUT INTO THE WATER..
UG!! UG!!
KILL HIM!..
BAM! BAM!
AND ONLY A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE SUBJECT TO THE WINDS OF CHANCE, REMAINS OF THE EPIC DISCOVERY OF THE NEW AMERICA. IT DRIFTS.. ON.. AND.. ON....
A Year Passes...
JULY
JUNE
MAY
APR
MARCH
FEBRUARY
And.. IN AMERICA, ALONG THE DOCKS OF A WATERFRONT METROPOLIS..... SIX WELL KNOWN FIGURES APPEAR.....
"WE FIGHT TOGETHER THRU STORMY WEATHER.. WE'RE OUT TO LICK BOTH CROOKS AND SPIES! WE WON'T BE STOPPED-AND WE CAN'T BE TOPPED. WE ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES!"
Coal
DIS HURTS ME MORE'N YOU, WORM!
FISHIN' OUGHTTA BE GOOD TONIGHT, FELLAS!!
LOOK KNUCKLES.. I'VE ALL READY CAUGHT A PISCATORY CREATURE!
PIKSKAQZZKR.. WHA..? WHY DON'T YOU TALK ENGLISH, JEFF? YOU MEAN A FISH!!


WAHOO, AH'S GOT A BIG ONE... HEY!!
HA, HA! YOU MEAN IT GOT YOU, WHITE-WASH!
WOW... I'VE GOT A WHALE, FELLAS!!!
BET IT WEIGHS LESS'N TUBBY HIMSELF!
SOME FISH-ERMAN... HAW-HAW!
JUST A OLD BOTTLE!
As TUBBY IS ABOUT TO FLING THE BOTTLE AWAY... TORO INTERFERES!
WAIT A MINUTE TUBBY!.. THERE'S A MESSAGE IN IT!!
AW, SHUT UP FELLAS.. WELL! HERE GOES NOTHIN'....
...AND TORO NOTICES THE DIRECTIONS SCRATCHED ON THE OUTSIDE!!!
WE'LL DELIVER IT!
PLEASE DELIVER TO DORA LIVINGSTONE 14 RITZ PARK DRIVE NEW YORK CITY
THEY HASTEN TO A PHONE BOOTH!!
TELEPHO
MUSTA DRIFTED IN FROM THE OCEAN!
WADDYA SUPPOSE IS IN IT BUCKY?
IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS. LET'S JUST PHONE HER AND TELL HER!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER A PRETTY GIRL ANSWERS THE PHONE AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...
THIS IS DORA LIVINGSTONE.... WHAT?..... BOTTLE?.. ADDRESSED TO ME?.. WHERE ARE YOU?... I'LL BE OVER IMMEDIATELY!!


MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE!! OH.. IT MUST BE FROM DAD.. AFTER A LONG, LONG YEAR..
D.L.
ONE OF BLACK TALON'S MEN HAS BEEN SHADOWING THE HOUSE FOR WEEKS!
14 RITZ PARK DRIVE
IF DAT'S NEWS FROM DR MARTIN LIVINGSTONE.. IT MEANS SOMETHING! I'LL REPORT TO BLACK TALON!
MEANWHILE AT THE WATER FRONT..
WE'LL BE BACK!
WE GOTTA DRESS UP!!
SHE'S COMIN' HERE..HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
RITZ PARK DRIVE.. DAT DAME'S CLASS!
Soon THE GIRL ARRIVES..
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY CLUBHOUSE
YES. AND THIS IS TORO!
HELLO MA'AM
I'M DORA LIVINGSTONE! YOU'RE BUCKY?
HERE'S THE MESSAGE!
OH I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO READ IT!
BUT.. THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION...
HERE COME THE OTHERS.. HOLY CATS!..WILL YOU LOOK AT THE WAY THEY'RE DRESSED!
MY DAD'S TUX ALMOST FITS ME PERFECT... OOP!
BOY, IF DE BOYS IN DE FIFTH WARD COULD SEE ME NOW!
MAH GOODNESS! WILL I CATCH DE DICKENS!
WE ARE INDEED A MOTLEY CREW.. I MUST SAY!!!
R-R-R


TUBBY TINKLE... JEFF SANDERVILT... KNUCKLES O'TOOLE... AND WHITE-WASH JONES!
HOW DO YOU DO?
Bucky INTRODUCES THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES TO DORA
BUT NOW.. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME... I'D LIKE TO READ THE MESSAGE... ALONE!
LOOK AT HIM!
HA.. HA.. HA!
HE.. HE..!
ME? WHAT ABOUT WHITEWASH!?!
WOW! HA-HA!
HE!! HO-HO!
THE MERRIMENT SUDDENLY CEASES..
HELP HELP!
LOOK!! THAT GIRL'S IN TROUBLE!!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO, YOU BRUTES! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS!
WE'LL LET THE BLACK TALON TELL YA DAT!
...AND THE SINISTER FIGURE OF THE BLACK TALON APPROACHES!
BLACK TALON!! OOHH! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THAT BOTTLE, MY DEAR!! IF YOUR FATHER DISCOVERED ANY NEW TERRITORY.. I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!
No! No! I WON'T GIVE IT TO YOU!
BRAINLESS GIRL! NO ONE DEFIES THE BLACK TALON!!


But.. BLACK TALON IS MISTAKEN!
WE GOTTA SAVE DORA, C'MON FELLAS YAHOO!
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
LET THAT GIRL ALONE, BLACK TALON!
YAHOO!
BUCKY RECOGNIZES THE BLACK TALON FROM AN ENCOUNTER WHICH HE AND CAPTAIN AMERICA HAD WITH HIM SOME TIME BEFORE* (SEE NOTE BELOW!)
WELL!.. WHADDYA KNOW.. IT'S BUCKY!
NONE OTHER, YOU...
OOP!
..AND NO CAPTAIN AMERICA AROUND THIS TIME TO HELP YOU, EH?
THE OTHER ALLIES FARE EQUALLY BADLY!
MEET MY FIST, LUG!
HO-HO! WHAT FIST, BLIMPY?
TAKE THIS.. YA TUB O' LARD!
OOOOOFF!
HA-HA.. DESE BRATS HAND ME A LAUGH..EH, SPIDER?
DIS IS HUMILIATIN'!
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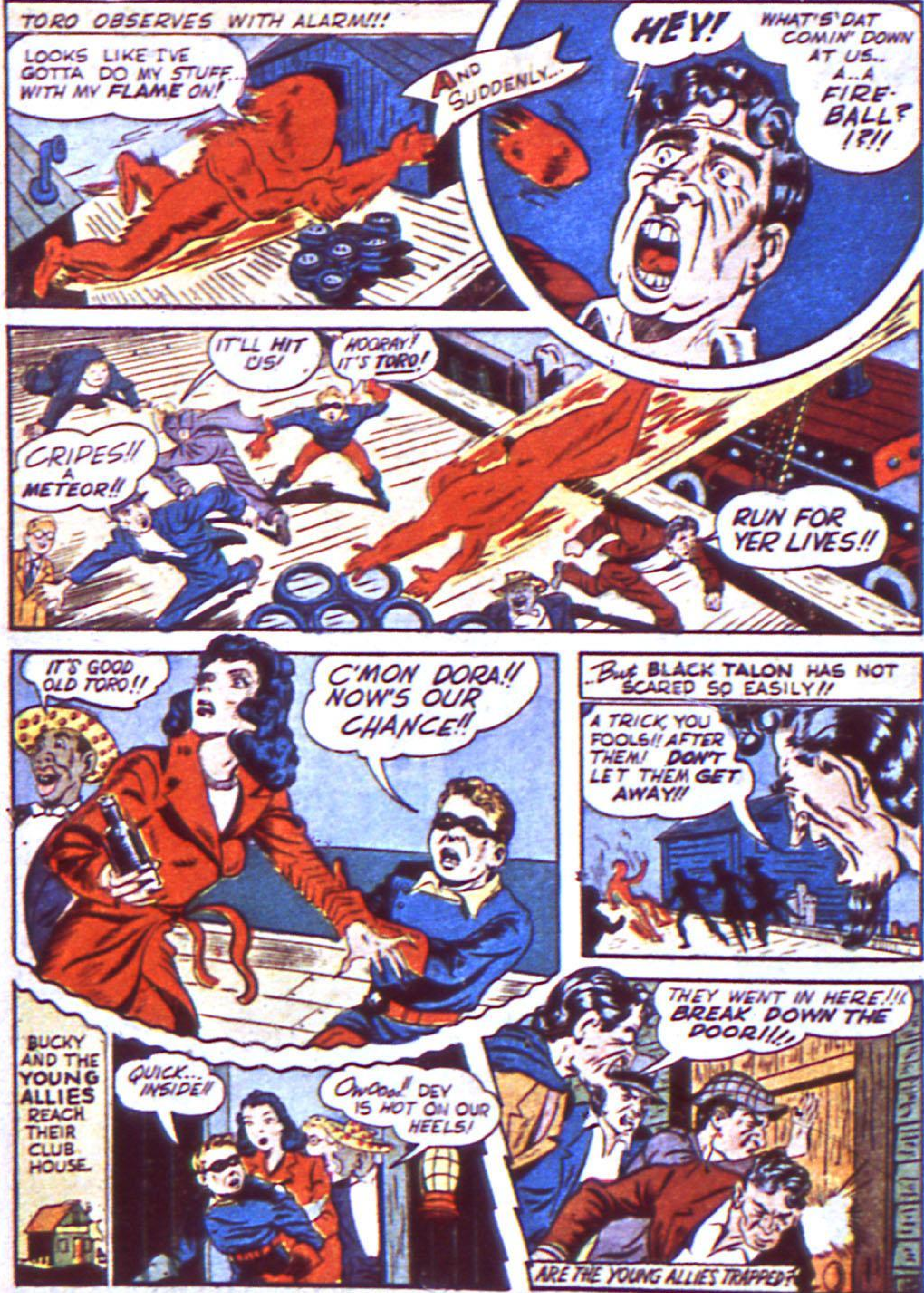
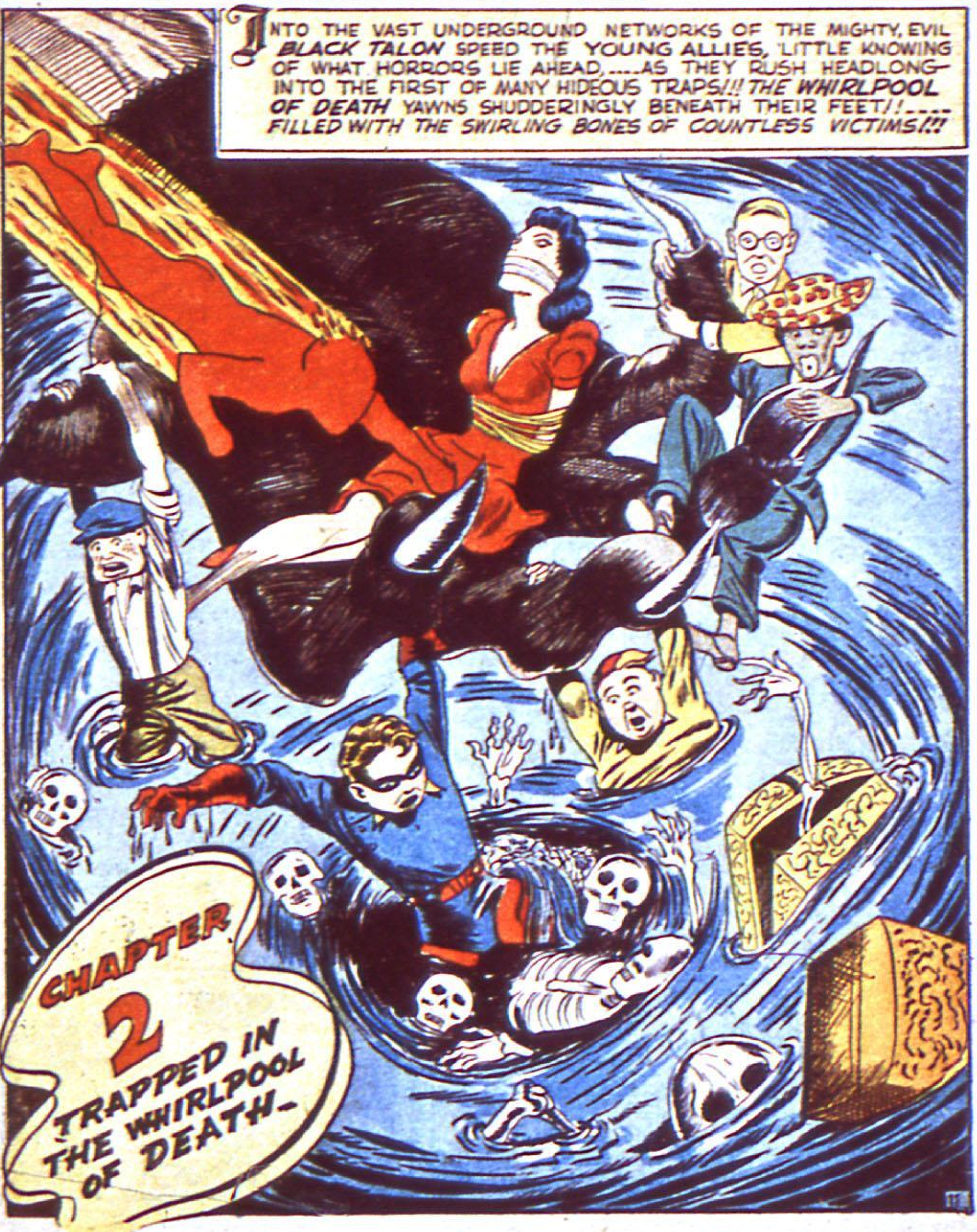
* SEE **CAPTAIN AMERICA #9** "THE STRANGE CASE OF THE **BLACK TALON!**" – EDITOR


TORO OBSERVES WITH ALARM!!!
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOTTA DO MY STUFF... WITH MY FLAME ON!
AND SUDDENLY...
HEY!
WHAT'S DAT COMIN' DOWN AT US.. A..A FIRE-BALL? !?!!
IT'LL HIT US!
HOORAY! IT'S TORO!
CRIPES!! A METEOR!!
RUN FOR YER LIVES!!
IT'S GOOD OLD TORO!!
C'MON DORA!! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!!
..But BLACK TALON HAS NOT SCARED SO EASILY!!
A TRICK, YOU FOOLS!! AFTER THEM! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!!
BUCKY AND THE YOUNG ALLIES REACH THEIR CLUB HOUSE.
QUICK... INSIDE!!
OWOOO! DEY IS HOT ON OUR HEELS!
THEY WENT IN HERE!!! BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!!!
ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES TRAPPED?

The YOUNG ALLIES

INTO THE VAST UNDERGROUND NETWORKS OF THE MIGHTY, EVIL *BLACK TALON* SPEED THE YOUNG ALLIES, LITTLE KNOWING OF WHAT HORRORS LIE AHEAD,....AS THEY RUSH HEADLONG—INTO THE FIRST OF *MANY* HIDEOUS TRAPS!!! *THE WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH* YAWNS SHUDDERINGLY BENEATH THEIR FEET!!.... *FILLED WITH THE SWIRLING BONES OF COUNTLESS VICTIMS!!!*


CHAPTER
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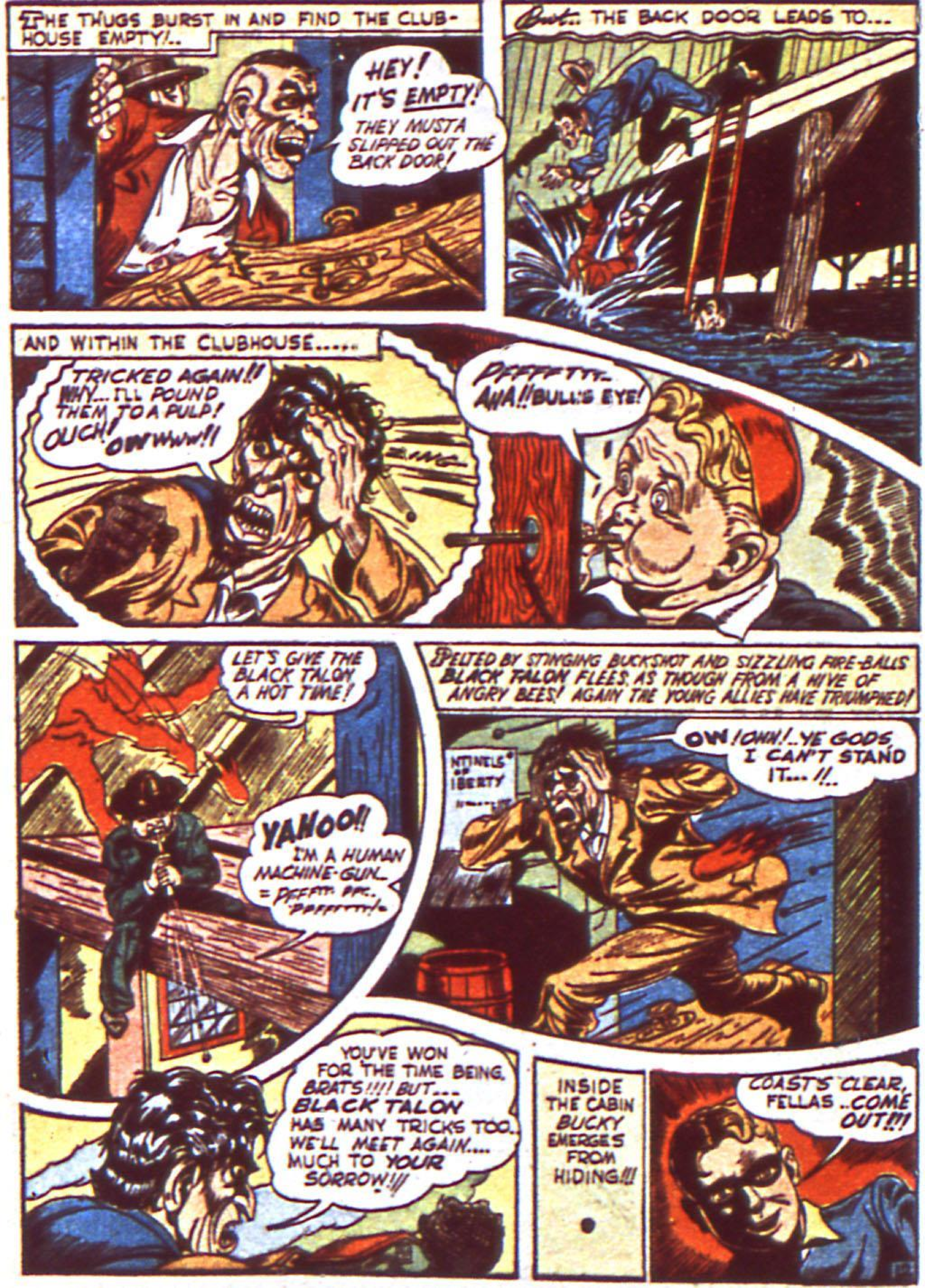
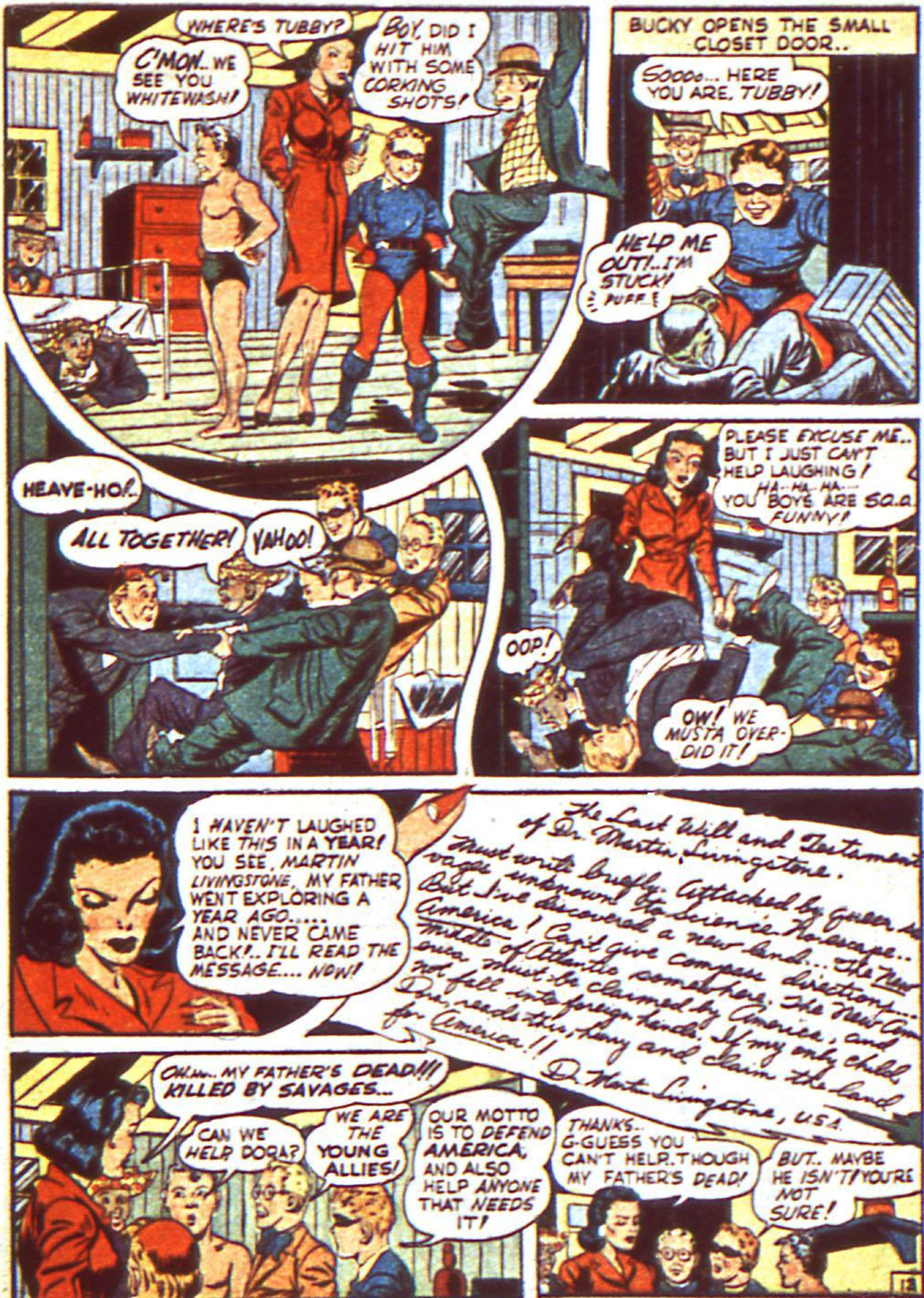
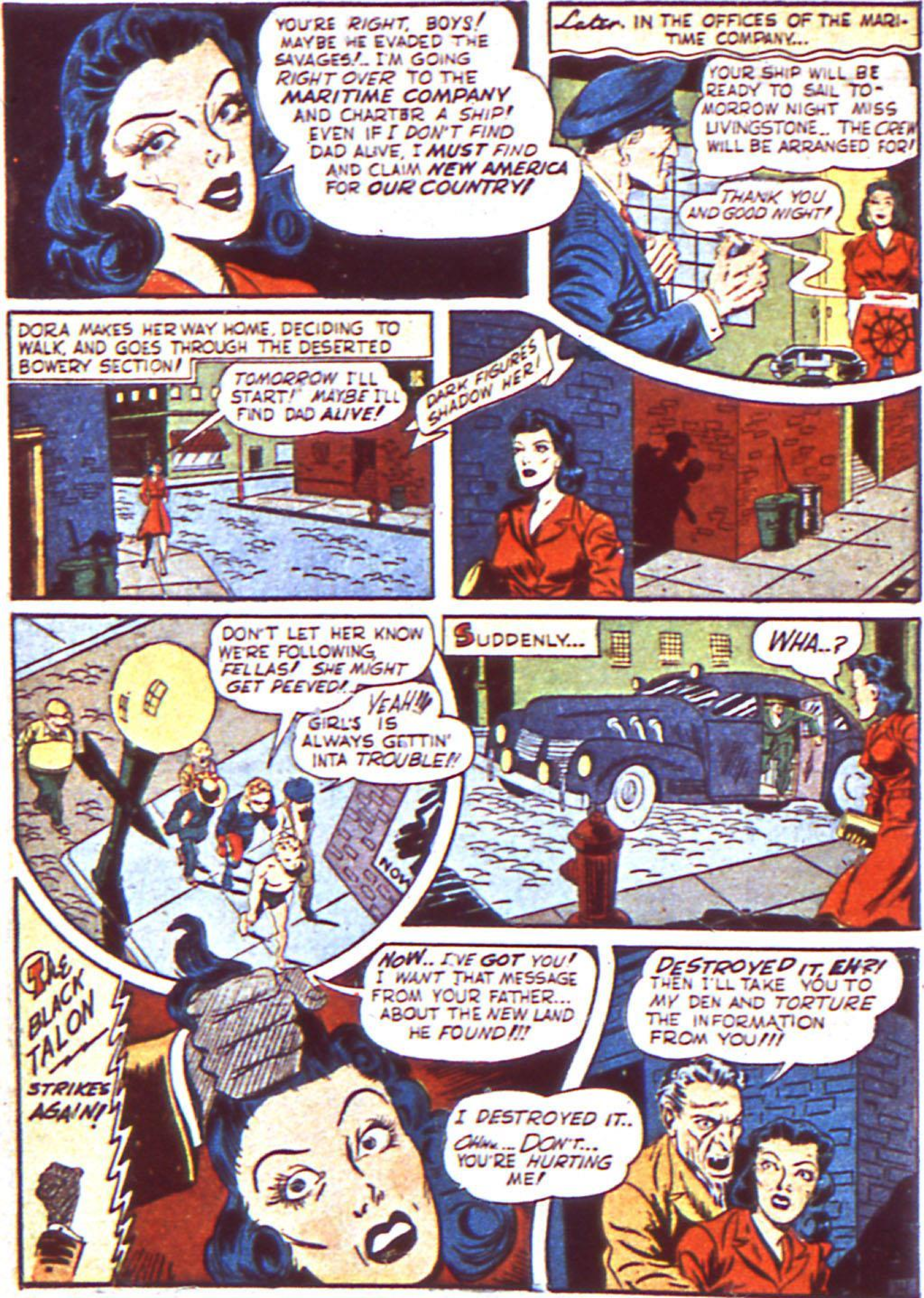
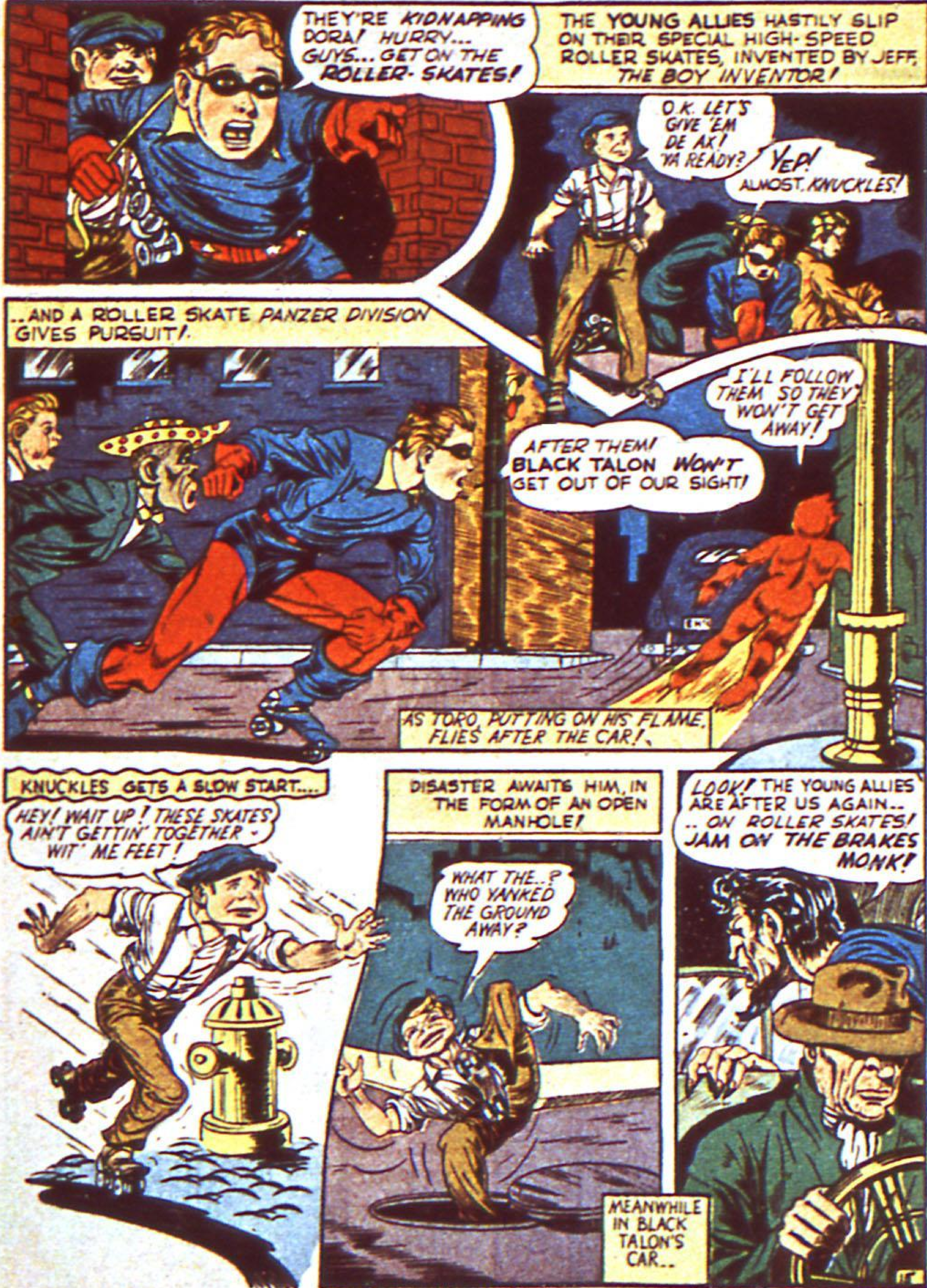
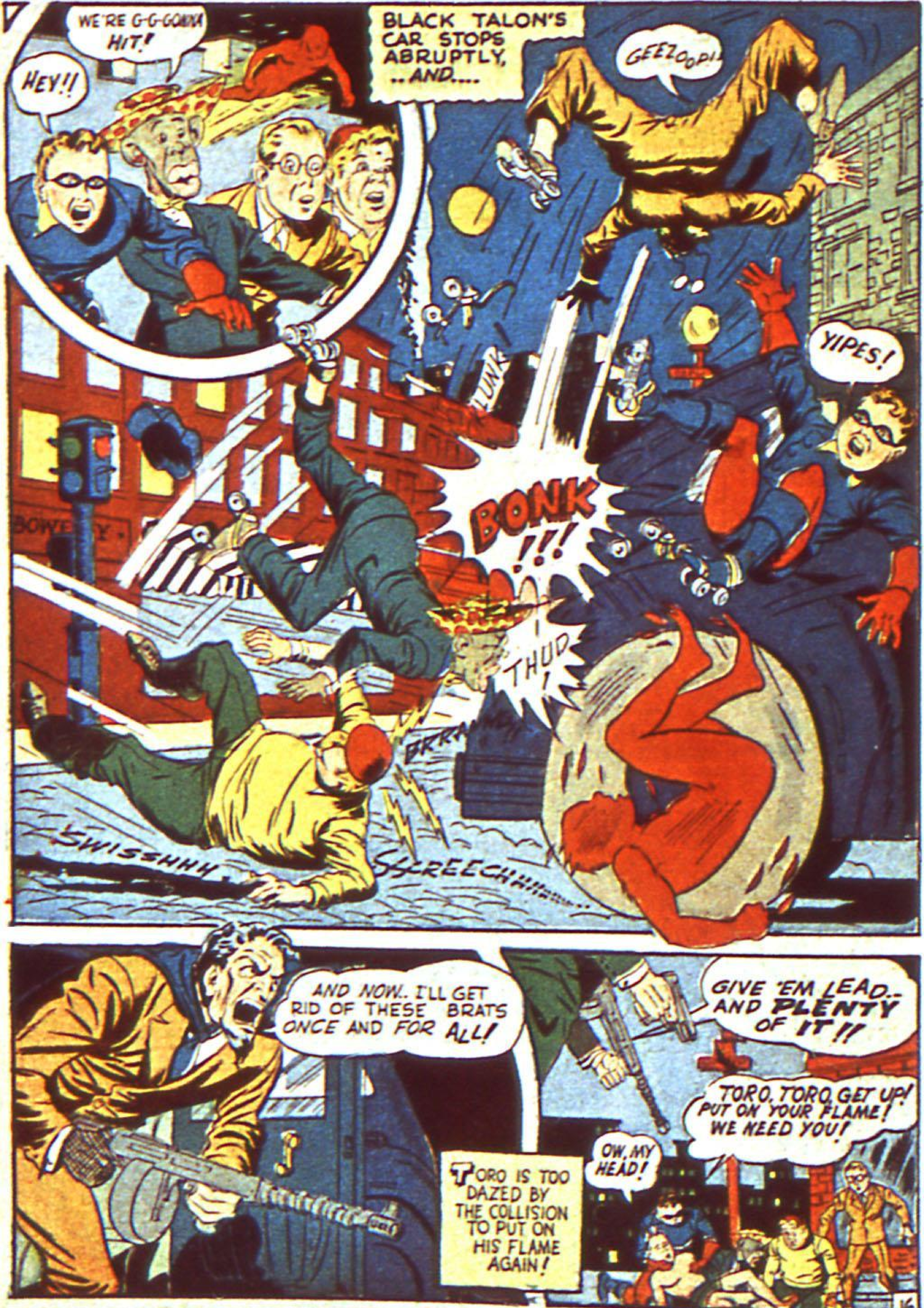
TRAPPED IN THE WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH—

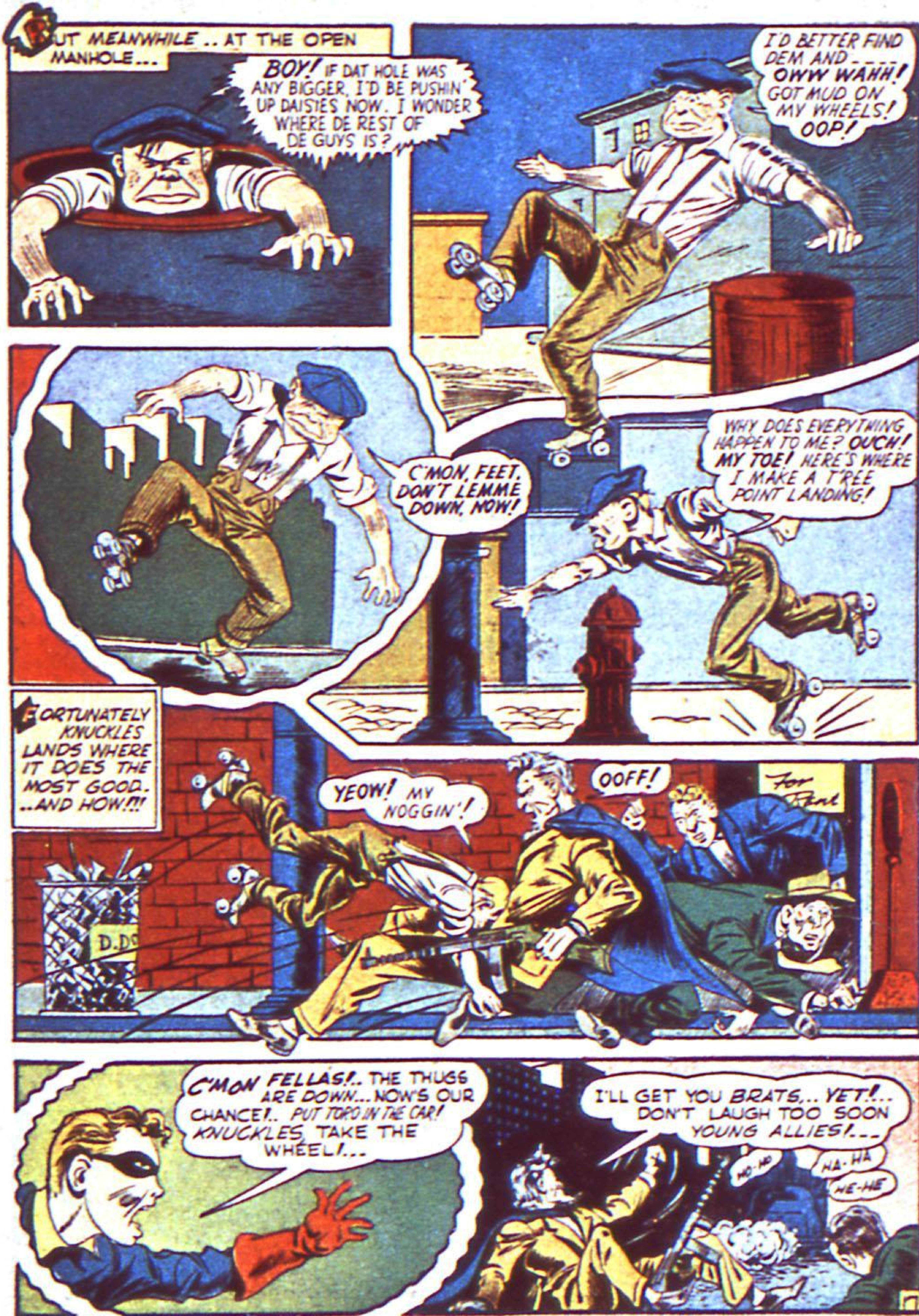

THE THUGS BURST IN AND FIND THE CLUB-HOUSE EMPTY!..
HEY! IT'S EMPTY! THEY MUSTA SLIPPED OUT THE BACK DOOR!
But.. THE BACK DOOR LEADS TO...
AND WITHIN THE CLUBHOUSE.....
TRICKED AGAIN!! WHY... I'LL POUND THEM TO A PULP! OUCH! OWWW!!
ZING
PFFFFTTT- AHA!! BULL'S EYE!
LET'S GIVE THE BLACK TALON A HOT TIME!
YAHOO!! I'M A HUMAN MACHINE-GUN = PFFFTT PFF. PFFFFTTT!
PELTED BY STINGING BUCKSHOT AND SIZZLING FIRE-BALLS BLACK TALON FLEES AS THOUGH FROM A HIVE OF ANGRY BEES! AGAIN THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE TRIUMPHED!
OW! OHH!.. YE GODS I CAN'T STAND IT... !!..
NTINELS OF IBERTY
YOU'VE WON FOR THE TIME BEING, BRATS!!!! BUT... BLACK TALON HAS MANY TRICKS TOO. WE'LL MEET AGAIN.... MUCH TO YOUR SORROW!!!
INSIDE THE CABIN BUCKY EMERGES FROM HIDING!!!
COAST'S CLEAR, FELLAS ..COME OUT!!!

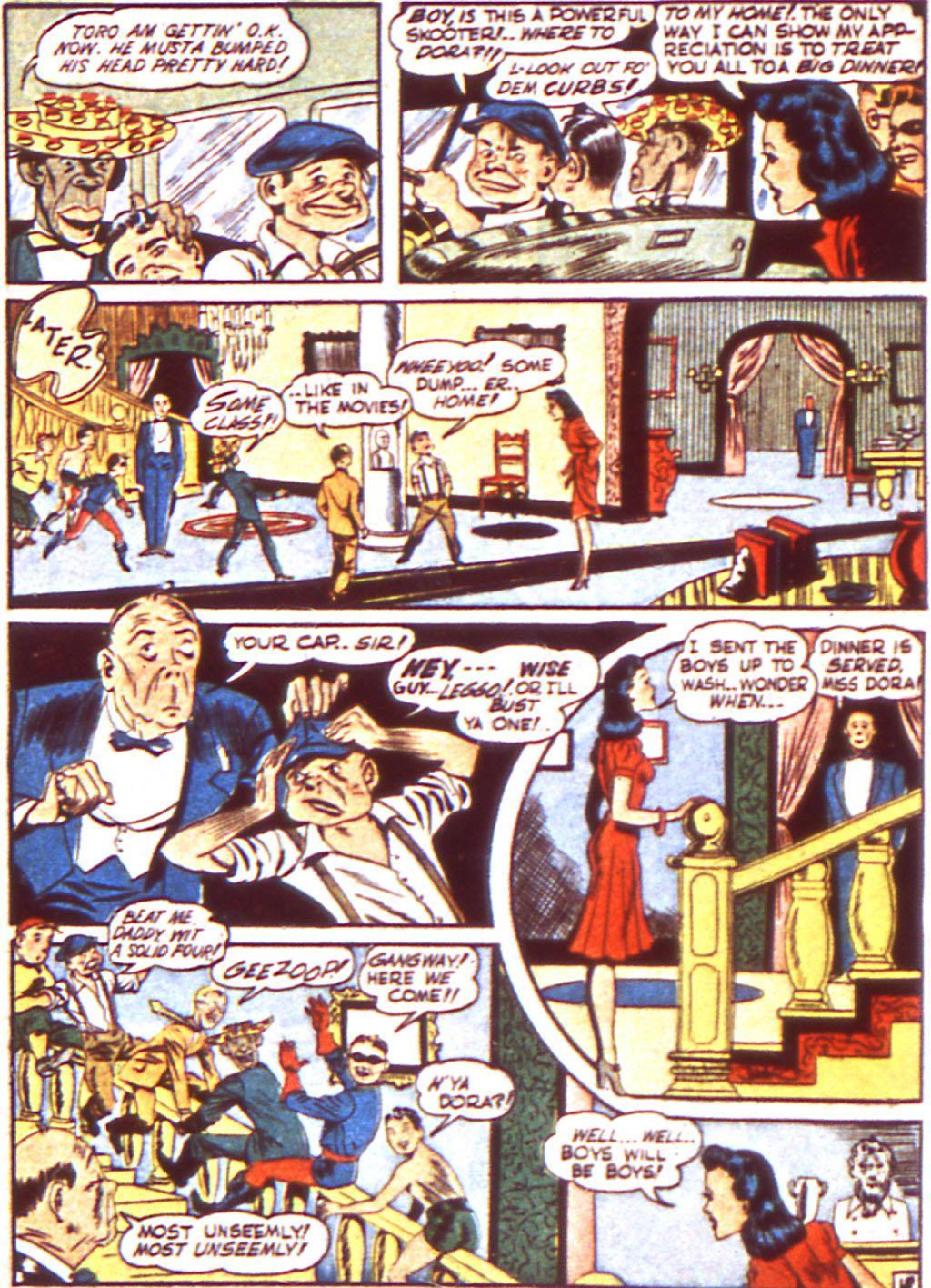

WHERE'S TUBBY?
C'MON.. WE SEE YOU WHITEWASH!
BOY, DID I HIT HIM WITH SOME CORKING SHOTS!
BUCKY OPENS THE SMALL CLOSET DOOR..
Soooo... HERE YOU ARE, TUBBY!
HELP ME OUT!..I'M STUCK! PUFF..!
HEAVE-HO!..
ALL TOGETHER!
YAHOO!
PLEASE EXCUSE ME.. BUT I JUST CAN'T HELP LAUGHING! HA..HA..HA... YOU BOYS ARE SO.O FUNNY!
OOP!
OW! WE MUSTA OVER-DID IT!
I HAVEN'T LAUGHED LIKE THIS IN A YEAR! YOU SEE, MARTIN LIVINGSTONE, MY FATHER WENT EXPLORING A YEAR AGO..... AND NEVER CAME BACK!.. I'LL READ THE MESSAGE.... NOW!
The Last Will and Testament of Dr. Martin Livingstone.
Must write briefly. Attacked by queer s vages unknown to science. No escape.. But I've discovered a new land.. The New America! Can't give compass directions... middle of Atlantic somewhere. The New Am area must be claimed by America, and not fall into foreign hands. If my only child, Dora, reads this, hurry and claim the land for America!!
Dr. Mart. Livingstone, U.S.A.
OH.... MY FATHER'S DEAD!!! KILLED BY SAVAGES...
CAN WE HELP, DORA?
WE ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES!
OUR MOTTO IS TO DEFEND AMERICA, AND ALSO HELP ANYONE THAT NEEDS IT!
THANKS.. G-GUESS YOU CAN'T HELP..THOUGH MY FATHER'S DEAD!
BUT.. MAYBE HE ISN'T! YOU'RE NOT SURE!

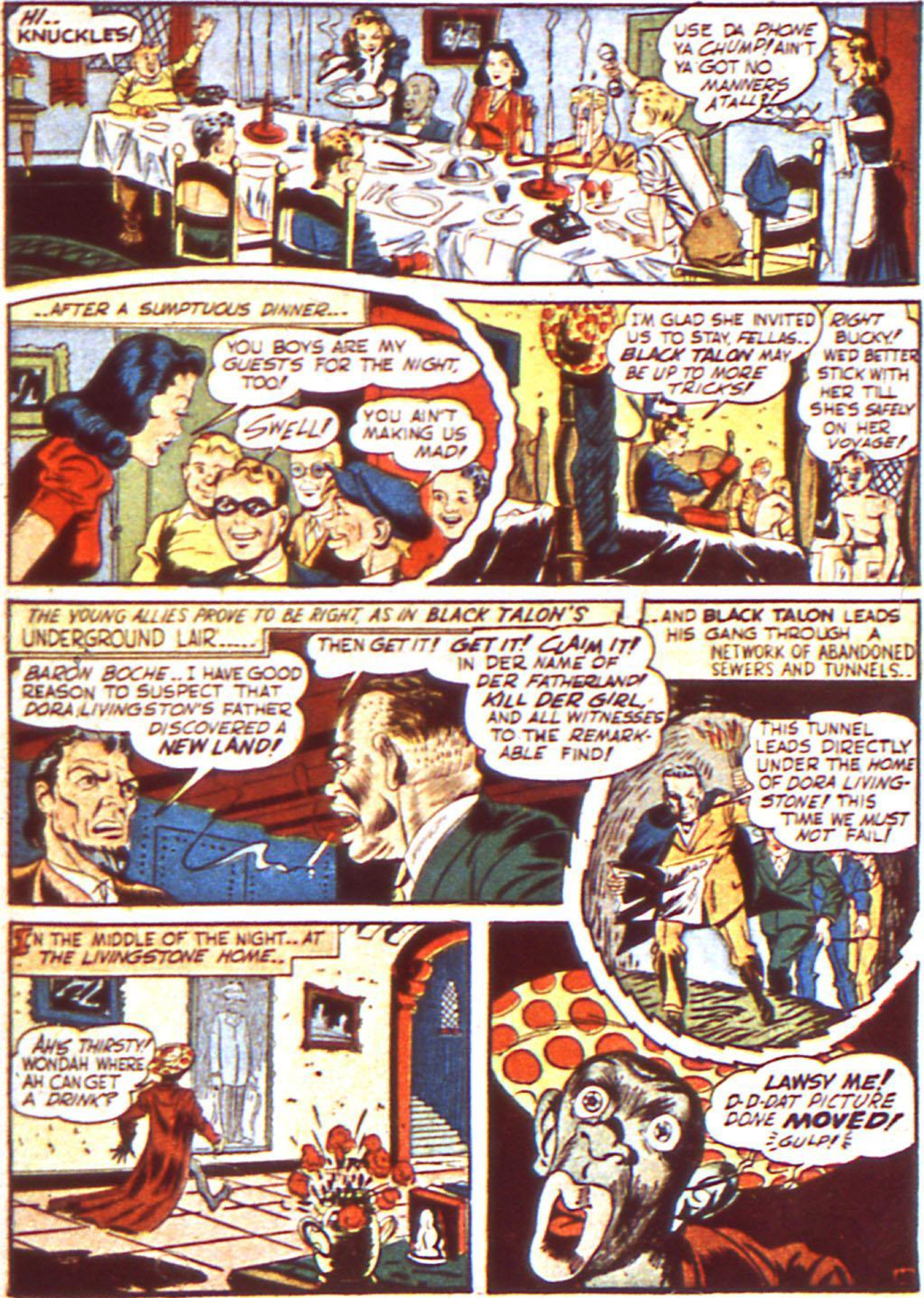

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOYS! MAYBE HE EVADED THE SAVAGES!.. I'M GOING RIGHT OVER TO THE MARITIME COMPANY AND CHARTER A SHIP! EVEN IF I DON'T FIND DAD ALIVE, I MUST FIND AND CLAIM NEW AMERICA FOR OUR COUNTRY!
Later, IN THE OFFICES OF THE MARITIME COMPANY...
YOUR SHIP WILL BE READY TO SAIL TOMORROW NIGHT MISS LIVINGSTONE.. THE CREW WILL BE ARRANGED FOR!
THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT!
DORA MAKES HER WAY HOME, DECIDING TO WALK, AND GOES THROUGH THE DESERTED BOWERY SECTION!
TOMORROW I'LL START! MAYBE I'LL FIND DAD ALIVE!
DARK FIGURES SHADOW HER!
DON'T LET HER KNOW WE'RE FOLLOWING, FELLAS! SHE MIGHT GET PEEVED!
YEAH!! GIRL'S IS ALWAYS GETTIN' INTA TROUBLE!!
NOW
SUDDENLY...
WHA..?
THE BLACK TALON STRIKES AGAIN!
NOW.. I'VE GOT YOU! I WANT THAT MESSAGE FROM YOUR FATHER... ABOUT THE NEW LAND HE FOUND!!!
I DESTROYED IT.. OHHH... DON'T... YOU'RE HURTING ME!
DESTROYED IT, EH?! THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY DEN AND TORTURE THE INFORMATION FROM YOU!!!

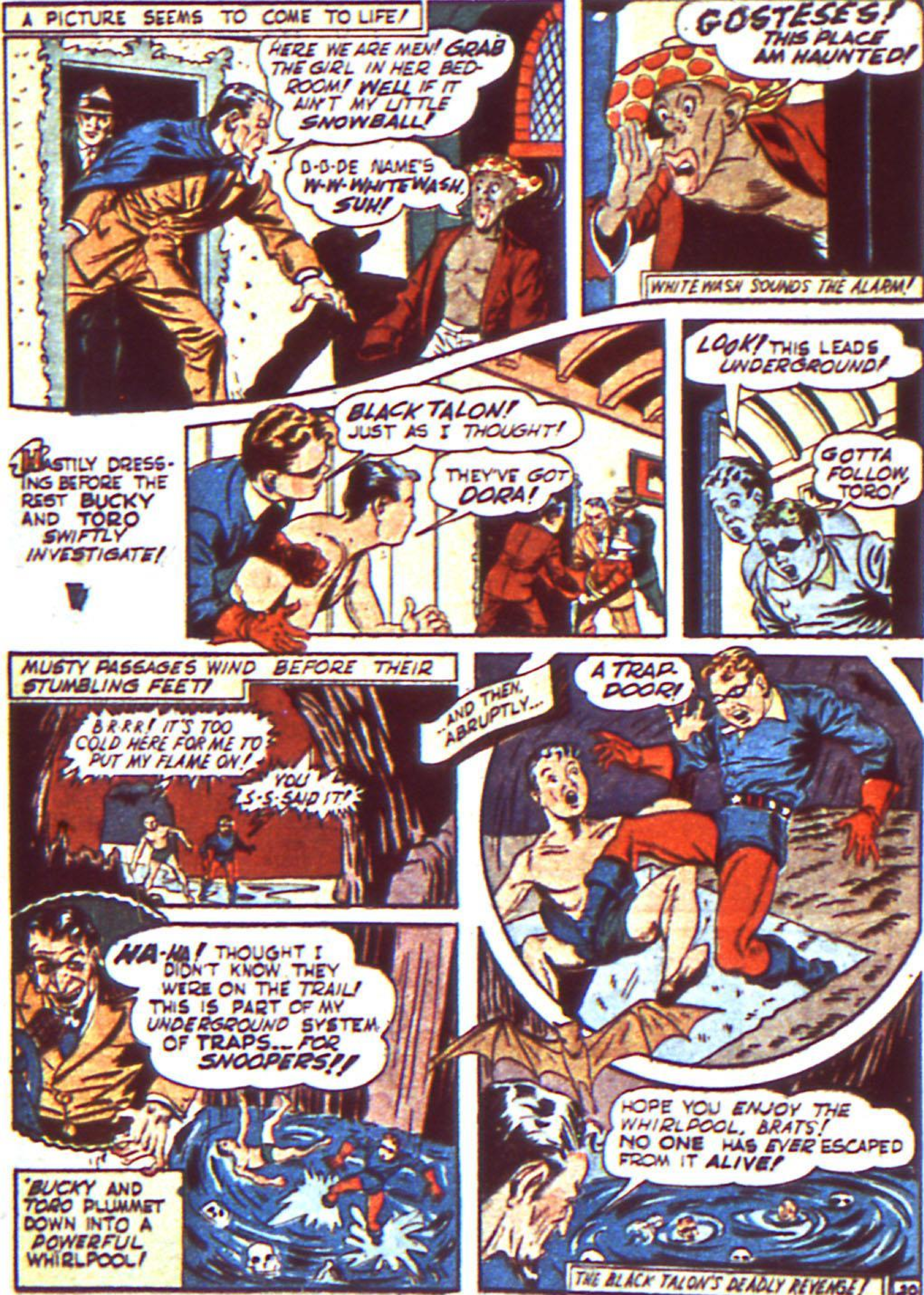

THEY'RE KIDNAPPING DORA! HURRY... GUYS... GET ON THE ROLLER-SKATES!
THE YOUNG ALLIES HASTILY SLIP ON THEIR SPECIAL HIGH-SPEED ROLLER SKATES, INVENTED BY JEFF, THE BOY INVENTOR!
O.K. LET'S GIVE 'EM DE AX! 'YA READY?
YEP! ALMOST, KNUCKLES!
...AND A ROLLER SKATE PANZER DIVISION GIVES PURSUIT!
I'LL FOLLOW THEM SO THEY WON'T GET AWAY!
AFTER THEM! BLACK TALON WON'T GET OUT OF OUR SIGHT!
AS TORO, PUTTING ON HIS FLAME, FLIES AFTER THE CAR!
KNUCKLES GETS A SLOW START....
HEY! WAIT UP! THESE SKATES AIN'T GETTIN' TOGETHER - WIT' ME FEET!
DISASTER AWAITS HIM, IN THE FORM OF AN OPEN MANHOLE!
WHAT THE..? WHO YANKED THE GROUND AWAY?
MEANWHILE IN BLACK TALON'S CAR..
LOOK! THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE AFTER US AGAIN.. ..ON ROLLER SKATES! JAM ON THE BRAKES MONK!

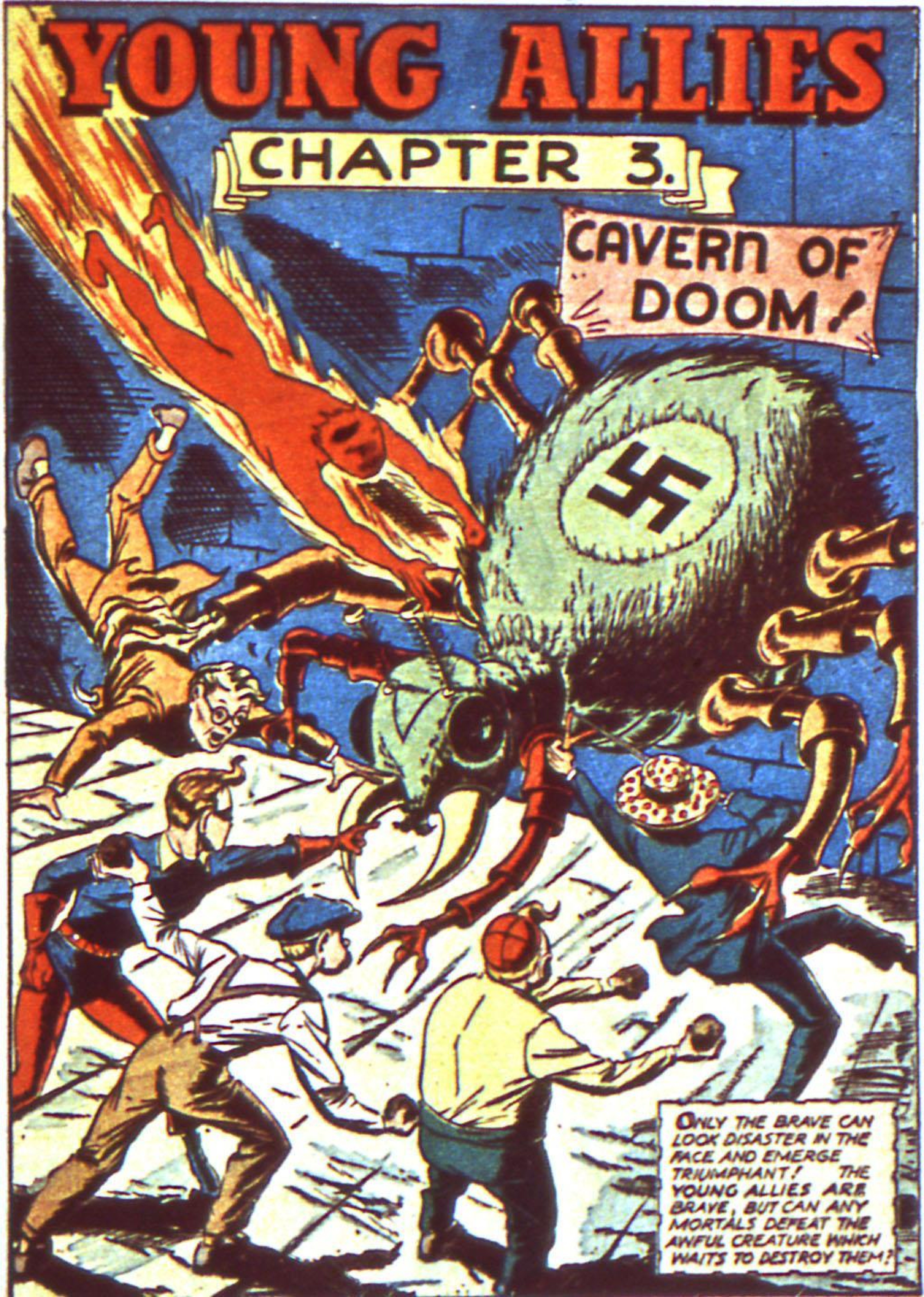

WE'RE G-G-GONNA HIT!
HEY!!
BLACK TALON'S CAR STOPS ABRUPTLY, ...AND....
GEEZOOP!
CLUNK
YIPES!
BOWERY
BONK !?!
THUD!
BRRANG
SWISSHHH
SSCREECHHHH.....
AND NOW.. I'LL GET RID OF THESE BRATS ONCE AND FOR ALL!
GIVE 'EM LEAD.. AND PLENTY OF IT!!
TORO, TORO GET UP! PUT ON YOUR FLAME! WE NEED YOU!
OW, MY HEAD!
TORO IS TOO DAZED BY THE COLLISION TO PUT ON HIS FLAME AGAIN!

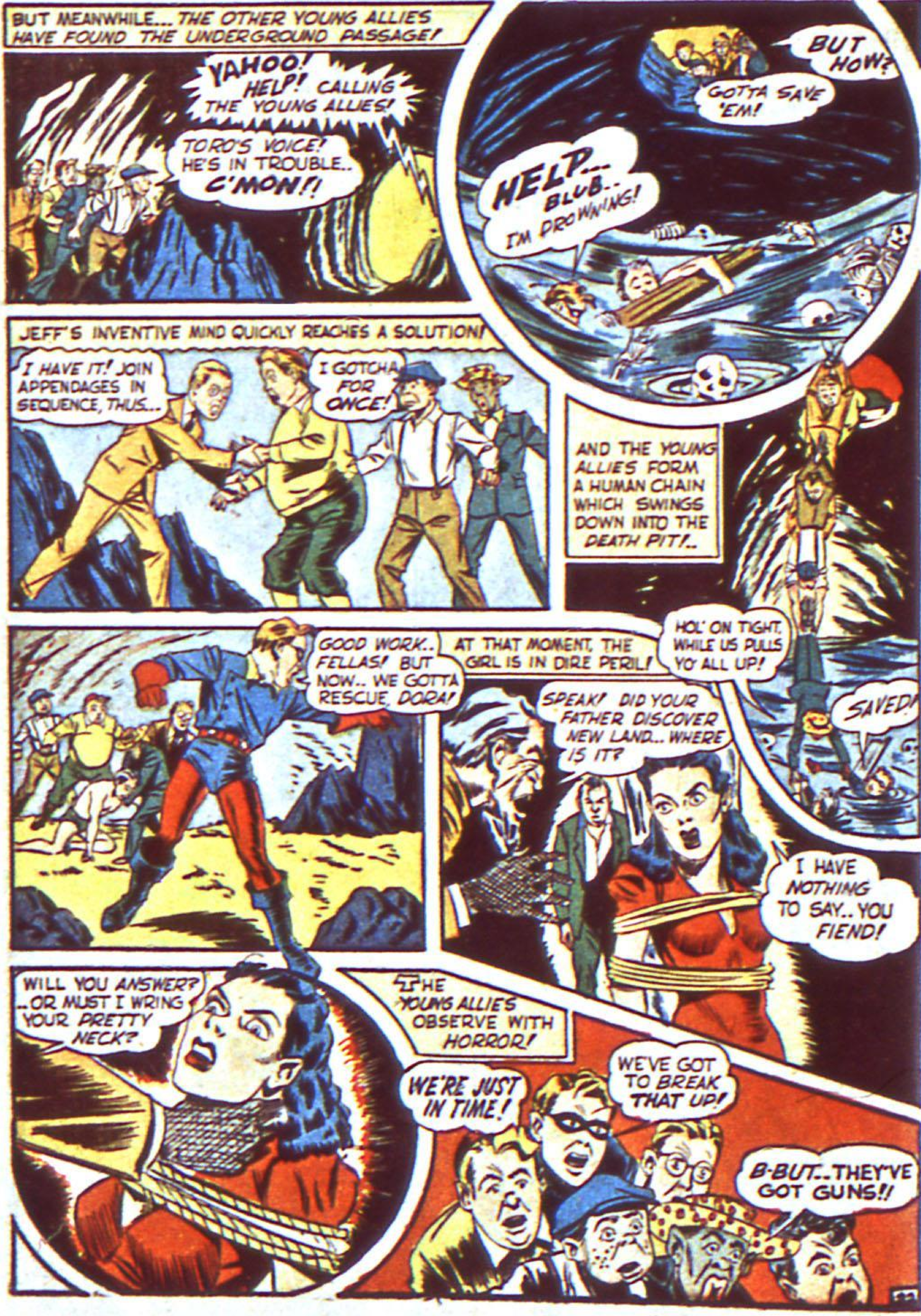

BUT MEANWHILE .. AT THE OPEN MANHOLE...
BOY! IF DAT HOLE WAS ANY BIGGER, I'D BE PUSHIN' UP DAISIES NOW.. I WONDER WHERE DE REST OF DE GUYS IS?
I'D BETTER FIND DEM AND- - - - OWW WAHH! GOT MUD ON MY WHEELS! OOP!
C'MON, FEET, DON'T LEMME DOWN, NOW!
WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME? OUCH! MY TOE! HERE'S WHERE I MAKE A T'REE POINT LANDING!
FORTUNATELY KNUCKLES LANDS WHERE IT DOES THE MOST GOOD. ..AND HOW!!!
YEOW! MY NOGGIN'!
OOFF!
For Rent
D.D.
C'MON FELLAS!.. THE THUGS ARE DOWN... NOW'S OUR CHANCE!.. PUT TORO IN THE CAR! KNUCKLES, TAKE THE WHEEL!...
I'LL GET YOU BRATS,.. YET!.. DON'T LAUGH TOO SOON YOUNG ALLIES!..
HO-HO
HA-HA
HE-HE

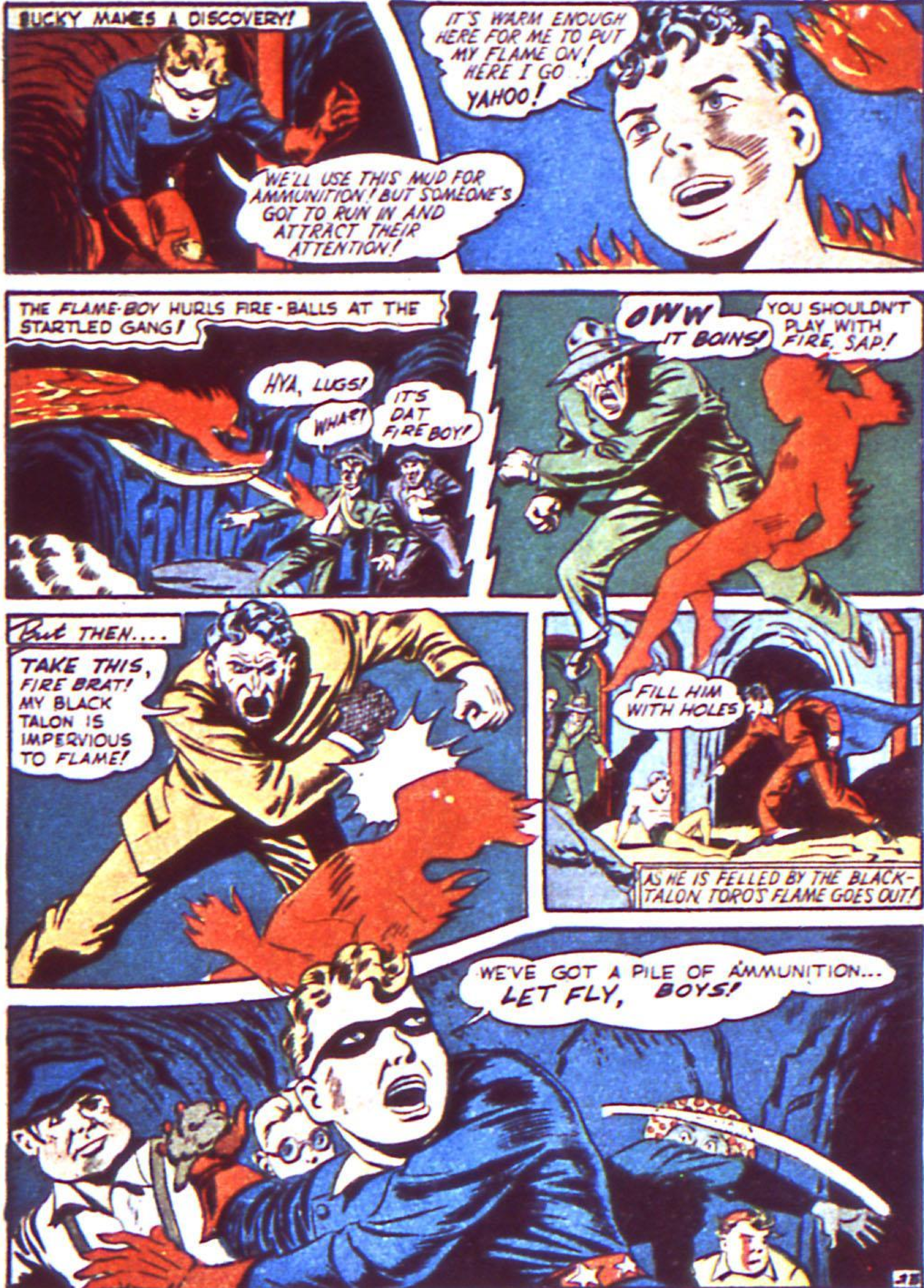

TORO AM 'GETTIN' O.K. NOW. HE MUSTA BUMPED HIS HEAD PRETTY HARD!
BOY, IS THIS A POWERFUL SKOOTER!.. WHERE TO DORA?!!
L-LOOK OUT FO' DEM CURBS!
TO MY HOME!. THE ONLY WAY I CAN SHOW MY APPRECIATION IS TO TREAT YOU ALL TO A BIG DINNER!
LATER.
SOME CLASS!!
..LIKE IN THE MOVIES!
WHEEYOO! SOME DUMP... ER.. HOME!
YOUR CAR.. SIR!
HEY,--- WISE GUY..LEGGO!, OR I'LL BUST YA ONE!.
I SENT THE BOYS UP TO WASH..WONDER WHEN...
DINNER IS SERVED, MISS DORA!
BEAT ME DADDY WIT A SOLID FOUR!
GEEZOOP!
GANGWAY! HERE WE COME!!
N'YA DORA?!
MOST UNSEEMLY! MOST UNSEEMLY!
WELL... WELL.. BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

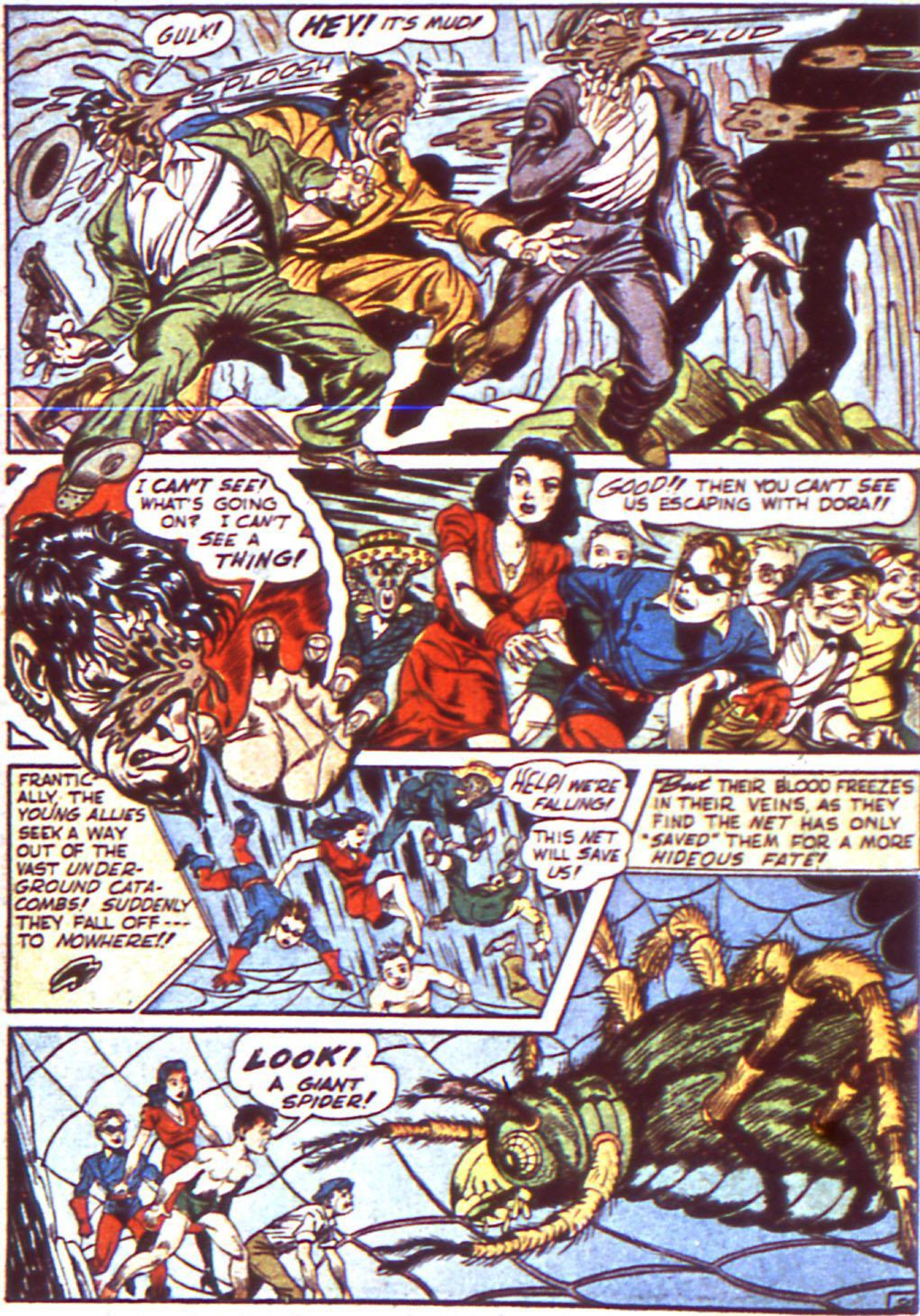

HI.. KNUCKLES!
USE DA PHONE YA CHUMP! AIN'T YA GOT NO MANNERS ATALL?!
..AFTER A SUMPTUOUS DINNER...
YOU BOYS ARE MY GUESTS FOR THE NIGHT, TOO!
SWELL!
YOU AIN'T MAKING US MAD!
I'M GLAD SHE INVITED US TO STAY, FELLAS.. BLACK TALON MAY BE UP TO MORE TRICKS!
RIGHT BUCKY! WE'D BETTER STICK WITH HER TILL SHE'S SAFELY ON HER VOYAGE!
THE YOUNG ALLIES PROVE TO BE RIGHT, AS IN BLACK TALON'S UNDERGROUND LAIR'.....
BARON BOCHE.. I HAVE GOOD REASON TO SUSPECT THAT DORA LIVINGSTON'S FATHER DISCOVERED A NEW LAND!
THEN GET IT! GET IT! CLAIM IT! IN DER NAME OF DER FATHERLAND! KILL DER GIRL, AND ALL WITNESSES TO THE REMARKABLE FIND!
..AND BLACK TALON LEADS HIS GANG THROUGH A NETWORK OF ABANDONED SEWERS AND TUNNELS..
THIS TUNNEL LEADS DIRECTLY UNDER THE HOME OF DORA LIVINGSTONE! THIS TIME WE MUST NOT FAIL!
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.. AT THE LIVINGSTONE HOME..
AH'S THIRSTY! WONDAH WHERE AH CAN GET A DRINK?
LAWSY ME! D-D-DAT PICTURE DONE MOVED!
GULP!

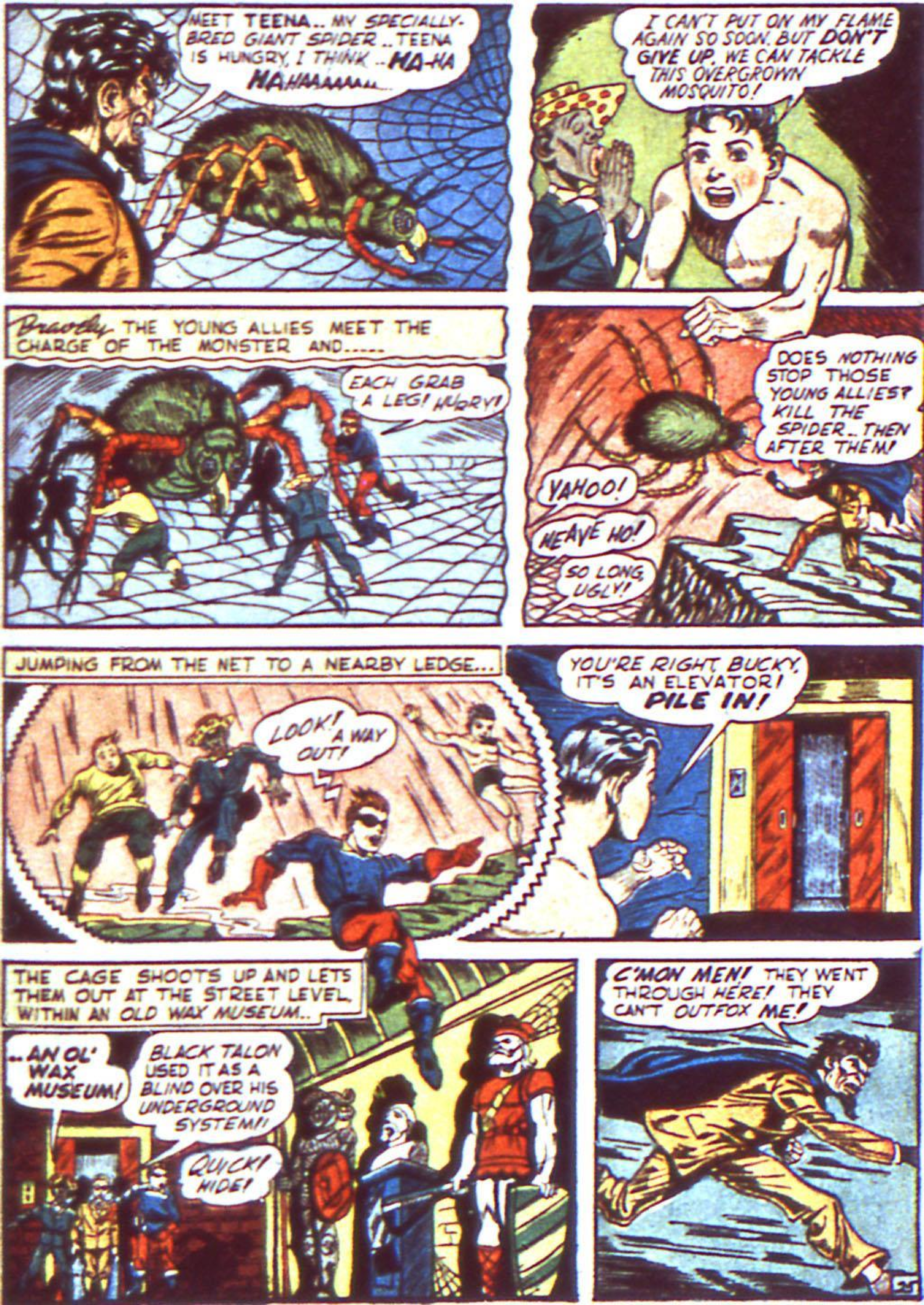

A PICTURE SEEMS TO COME TO LIFE!
HERE WE ARE MEN! GRAB THE GIRL IN HER BEDROOM! WELL IF IT AIN'T MY LITTLE SNOWBALL!
D-D-DE NAME'S W-W-WHITEWASH, SUH!
GOSTESES! THIS PLACE AM HAUNTED!
WHITEWASH SOUNDS THE ALARM!
HASTILY DRESSING BEFORE THE REST BUCKY AND TORO SWIFTLY INVESTIGATE!
BLACK TALON! JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THEY'VE GOT DORA!
LOOK! THIS LEADS UNDERGROUND!
GOTTA FOLLOW, TORO!
MUSTY PASSAGES WIND BEFORE THEIR STUMBLING FEET!
B-R-R-R! IT'S TOO COLD HERE FOR ME TO PUT MY FLAME ON!
YOU S-S-SAID IT!
...AND THEN, ABRUPTLY...
A TRAP-DOOR!
HA-HA! THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE ON THE TRAIL! THIS IS PART OF MY UNDERGROUND SYSTEM OF TRAPS... FOR SNOOPERS!!
BUCKY AND TORO PLUMMET DOWN INTO A POWERFUL WHIRLPOOL!
HOPE YOU ENJOY THE WHIRLPOOL, BRATS! NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM IT ALIVE!
THE BLACK TALON'S DEADLY REVENGE!

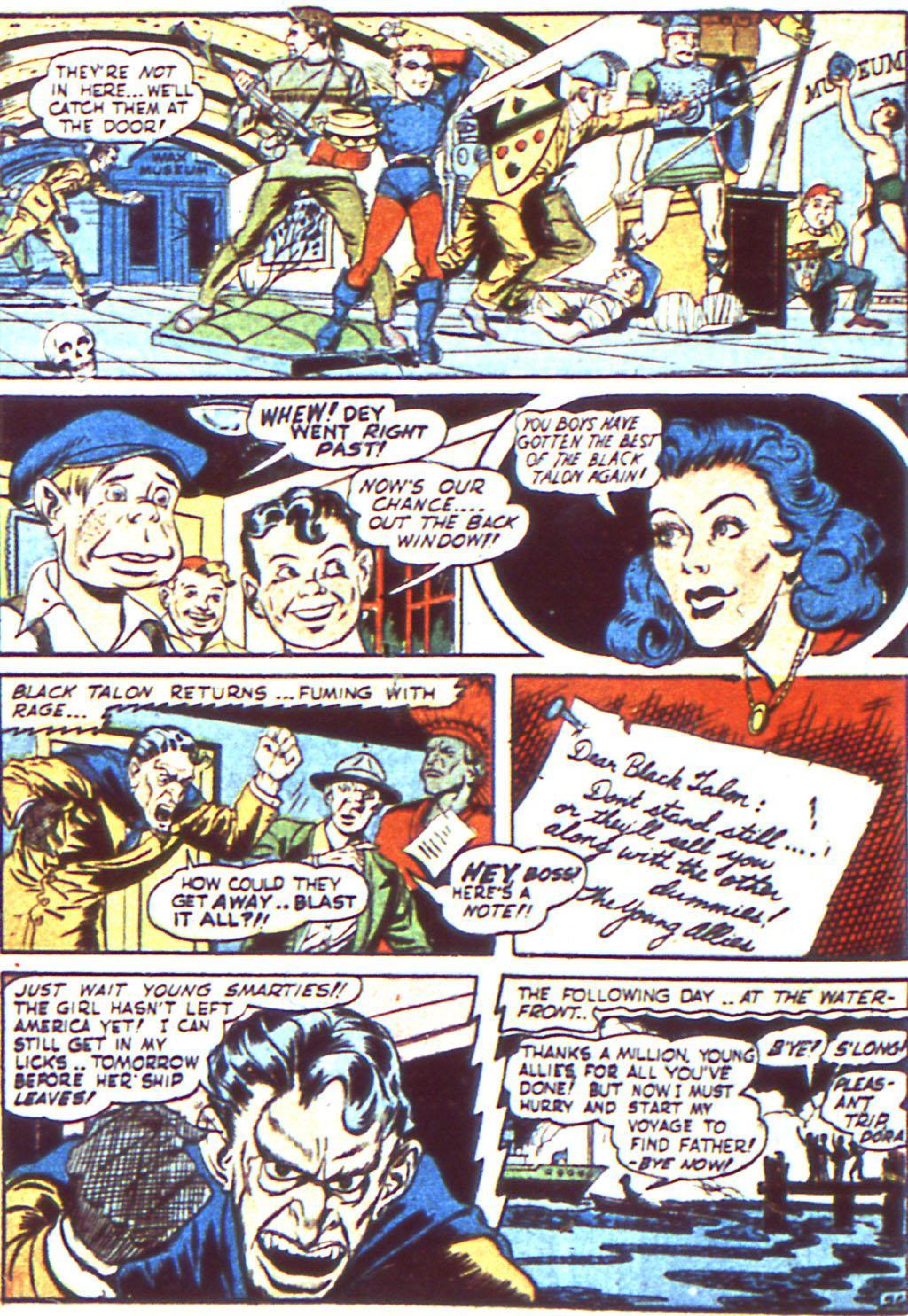

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3.
CAVERN OF DOOM!
ONLY THE BRAVE CAN LOOK DISASTER IN THE FACE AND EMERGE TRIUMPHANT! THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE BRAVE, BUT CAN ANY MORTALS DEFEAT THE AWFUL CREATURE WHICH WAITS TO DESTROY THEM?

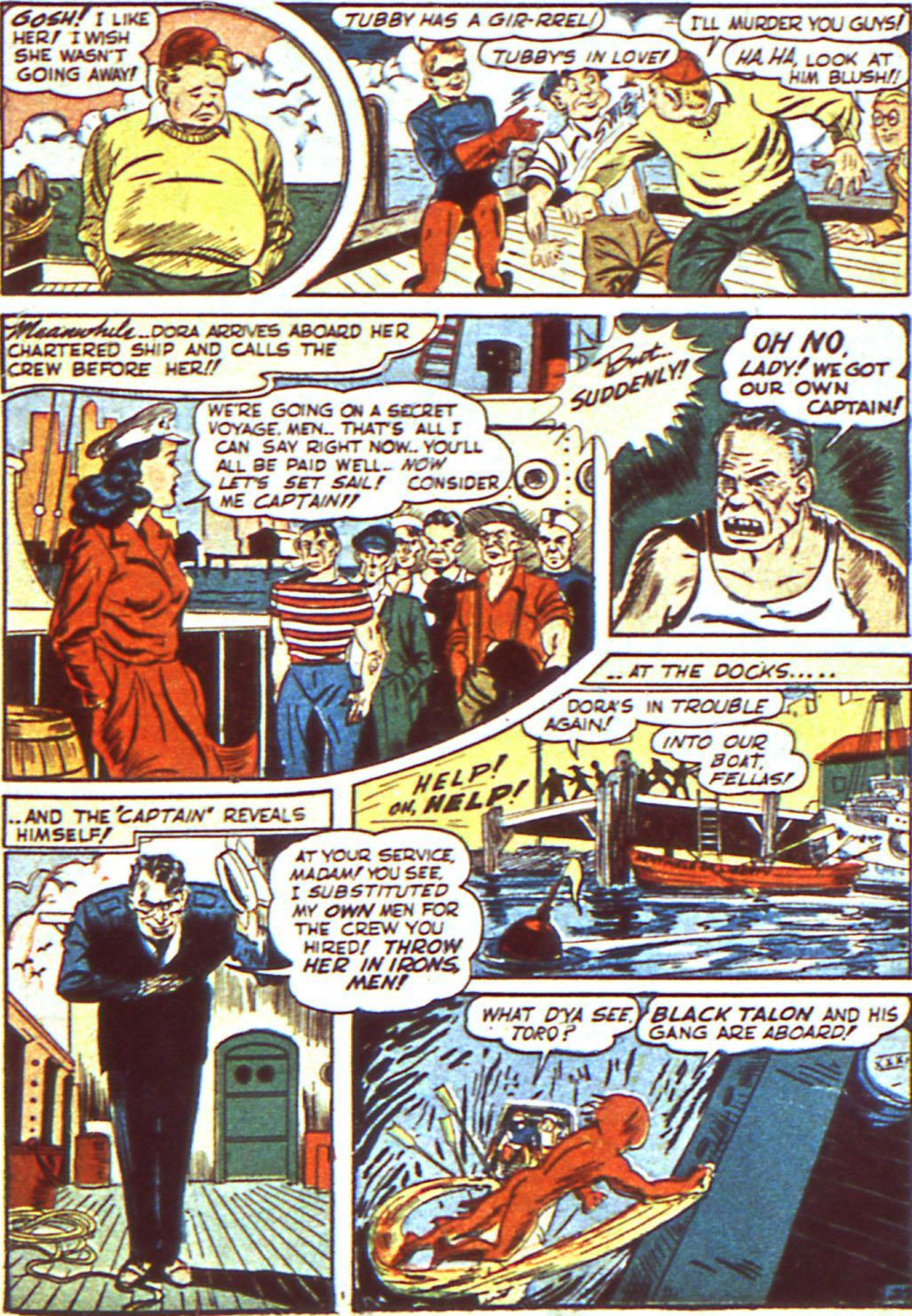

BUT MEANWHILE... THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIE'S HAVE FOUND THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!
YAHOO! HELP! CALLING THE YOUNG ALLIES!
TORO'S VOICE! HE'S IN TROUBLE.. C'MON!!
BUT HOW?
GOTTA SAVE 'EM!
HELP... BLUB.. I'M DROWNING!
JEFF'S INVENTIVE MIND QUICKLY REACHES A SOLUTION!
I HAVE IT! JOIN APPENDAGES IN SEQUENCE, THUS...
I GOTCHA FOR ONCE!
AND THE YOUNG ALLIE'S FORM A HUMAN CHAIN WHICH SWINGS DOWN INTO THE DEATH PIT!..
HOL' ON TIGHT, WHILE US PULLS YO' ALL UP!
SAVED!
GOOD WORK.. FELLAS! BUT NOW.. WE GOTTA RESCUE DORA!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE GIRL IS IN DIRE PERIL!
SPEAK! DID YOUR FATHER DISCOVER NEW LAND... WHERE IS IT?
I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.. YOU FIEND!
WILL YOU ANSWER? ..OR MUST I WRING YOUR PRETTY NECK?
THE YOUNG ALLIE'S OBSERVE WITH HORROR!
WE'RE JUST IN TIME!
WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THAT UP!
B-BUT.. THEY'VE GOT GUNS!!

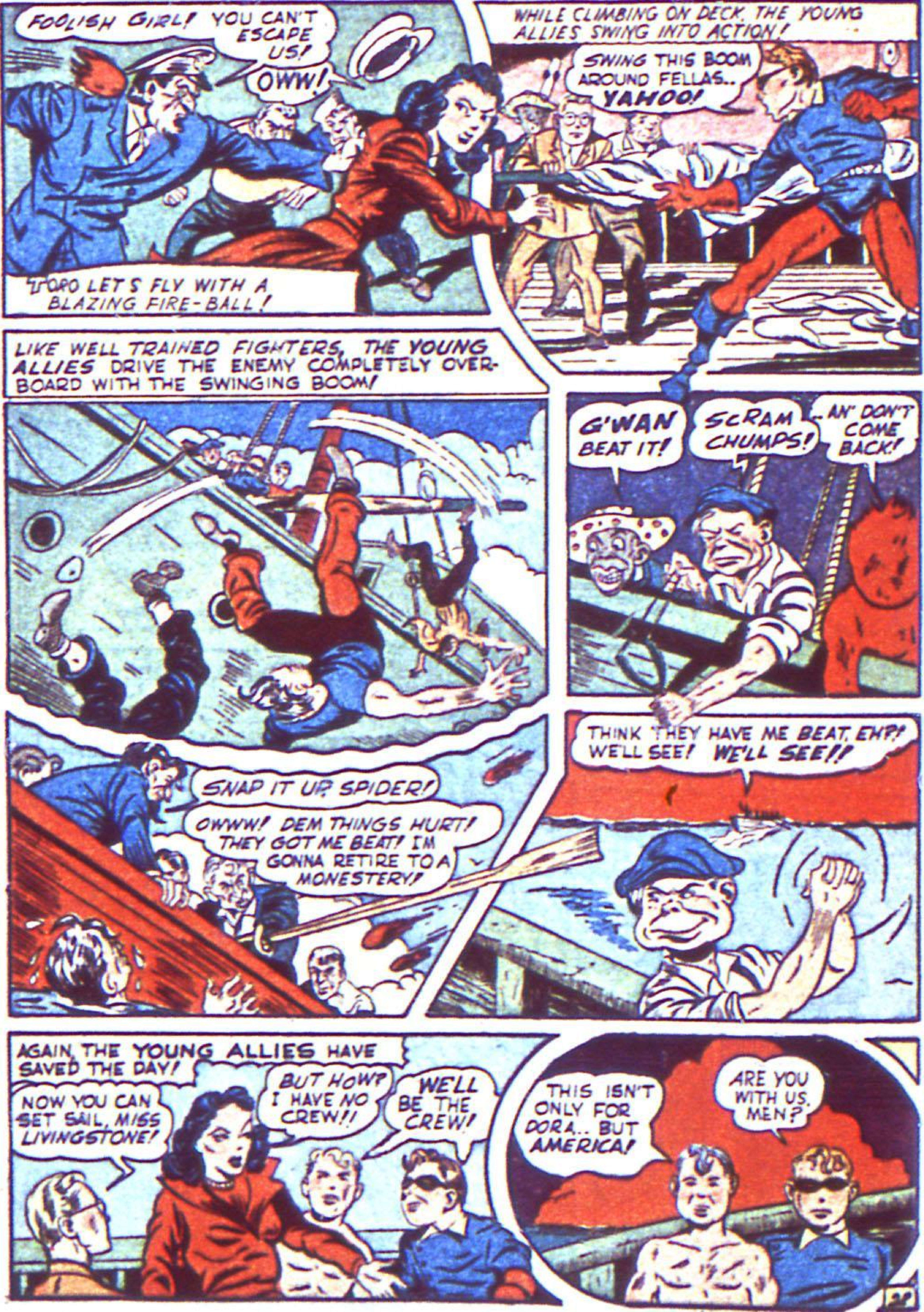

BUCKY MAKES A DISCOVERY!
WE'LL USE THIS MUD FOR AMMUNITION! BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO RUN IN AND ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION!
IT'S WARM ENOUGH HERE FOR ME TO PUT MY FLAME ON! HERE I GO... YAHOO!
THE FLAME-BOY HURLS FIRE-BALLS AT THE STARTLED GANG!
HYA, LUGS!
WHAT?
IT'S DAT FIRE BOY!
OWW IT BOINS!
YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH FIRE, SAP!
But THEN....
TAKE THIS, FIRE BRAT! MY BLACK TALON IS IMPERVIOUS TO FLAME!
FILL HIM WITH HOLES
AS HE IS FELLED BY THE BLACK-TALON TORO'S FLAME GOES OUT!
WE'VE GOT A PILE OF AMMUNITION... LET FLY, BOYS!

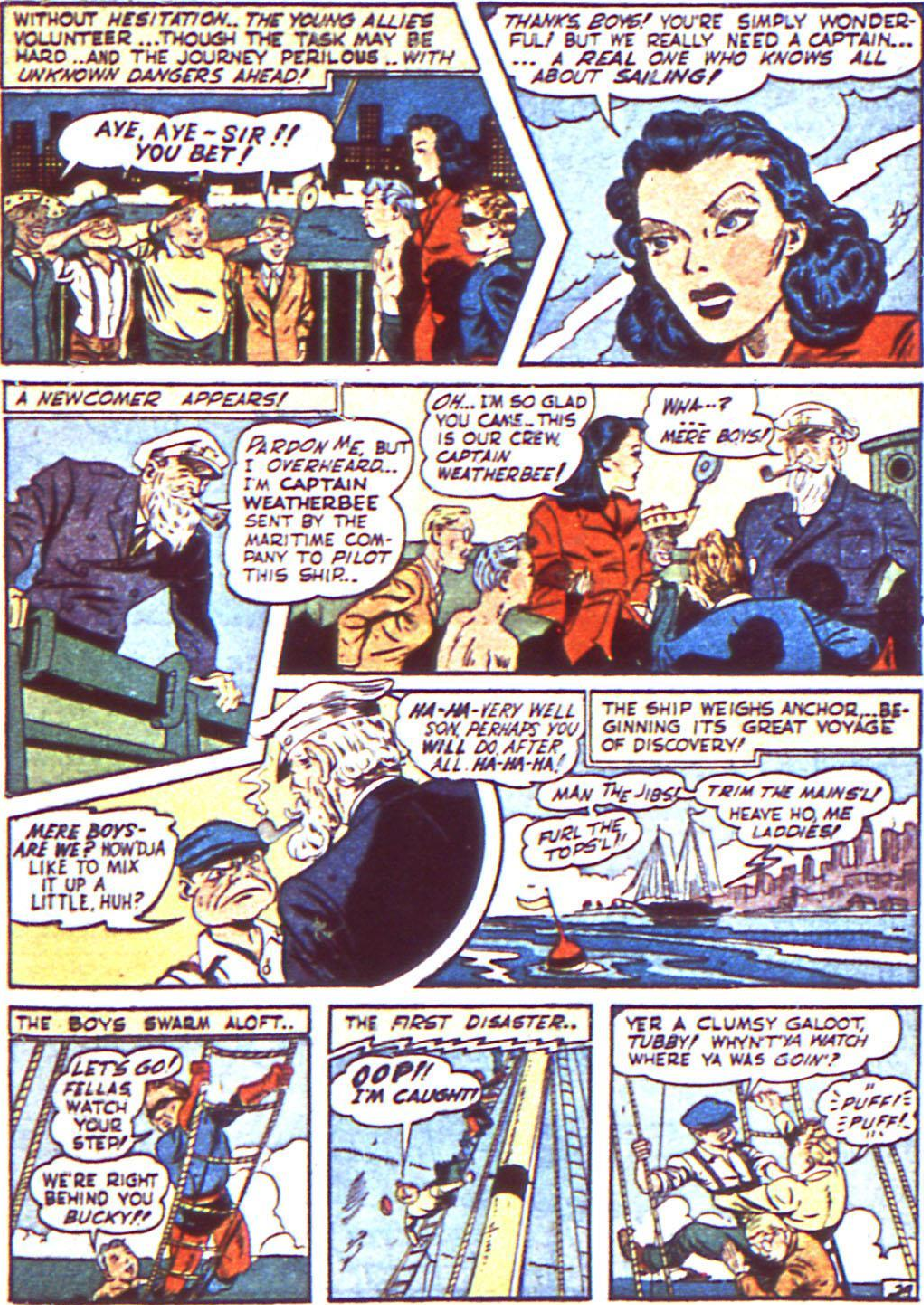

GULK!
HEY! IT'S MUD!
SPLOOSH
SPLUD
I CAN'T SEE! WHAT'S GOING ON? I CAN'T SEE A THING!
GOOD!! THEN YOU CAN'T SEE US ESCAPING WITH DORA!!
FRANTICALLY, THE YOUNG ALLIES SEEK A WAY OUT OF THE VAST UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS! SUDDENLY THEY FALL OFF--- TO NOWHERE!!
HELP! WE'RE FALLING!
THIS NET WILL SAVE US!
But THEIR BLOOD FREEZES IN THEIR VEINS, AS THEY FIND THE NET HAS ONLY "SAVED" THEM FOR A MORE HIDEOUS FATE!
LOOK! A GIANT SPIDER!

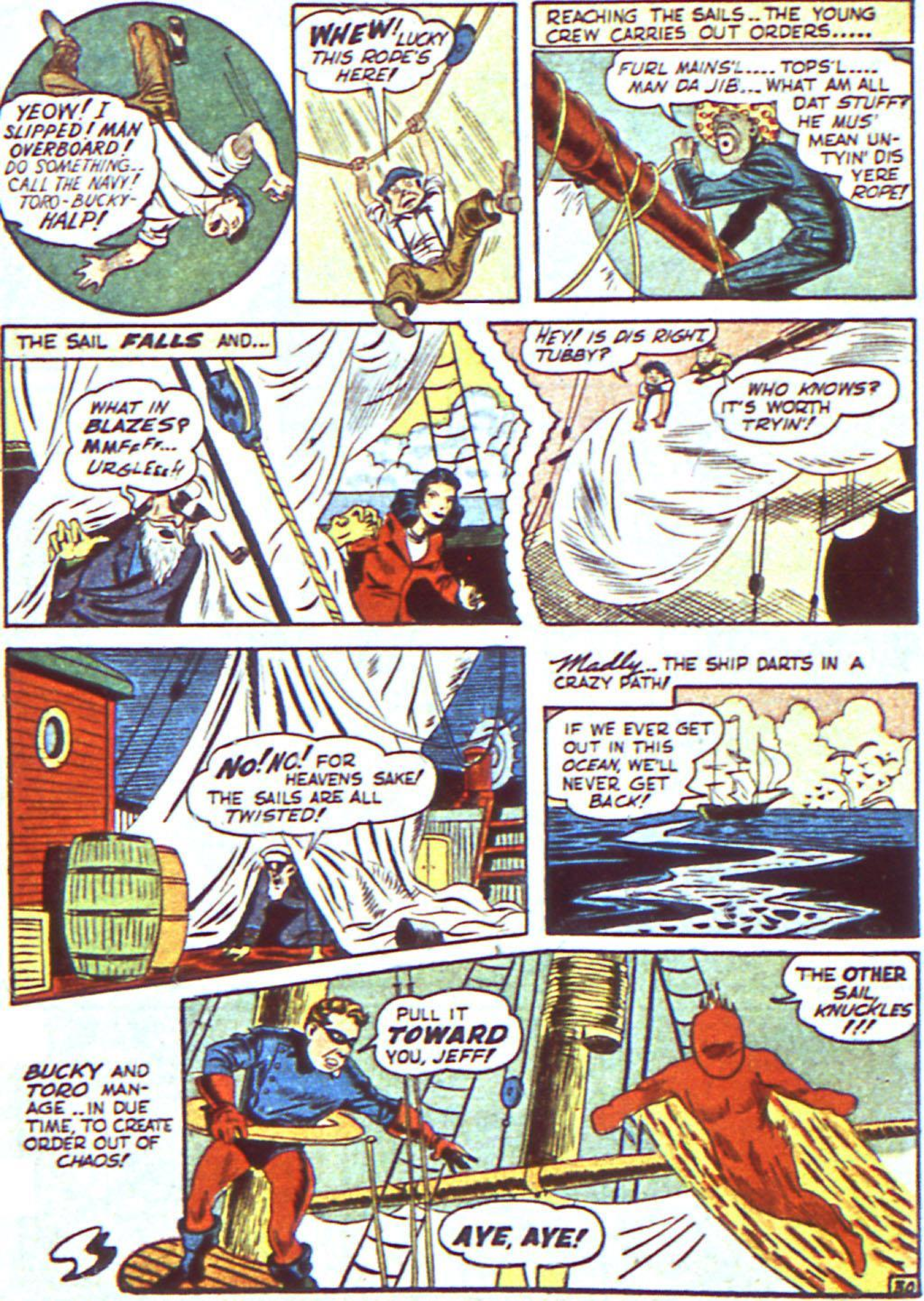

MEET TEENA.. MY SPECIALLY-BRED GIANT SPIDER.. TEENA IS HUNGRY, I THINK.. HA-HA HAHAAAAAAA..
I CAN'T PUT ON MY FLAME AGAIN SO SOON, BUT DON'T GIVE UP. WE CAN TACKLE THIS OVERGROWN MOSQUITO!
Bravely THE YOUNG ALLIES MEET THE CHARGE OF THE MONSTER AND.....
EACH GRAB A LEG! HURRY!
DOES NOTHING STOP THOSE YOUNG ALLIES? KILL THE SPIDER.. THEN AFTER THEM!
YAHOO!
HEAVE HO!
SO LONG, UGLY!
JUMPING FROM THE NET TO A NEARBY LEDGE...
LOOK! A WAY OUT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKY, IT'S AN ELEVATOR! PILE IN!
THE CAGE SHOOTS UP AND LETS THEM OUT AT THE STREET LEVEL, WITHIN AN OLD WAX MUSEUM..
..AN OL' WAX MUSEUM!
BLACK TALON USED IT AS A BLIND OVER HIS UNDERGROUND SYSTEM!!
QUICK! HIDE!
C'MON MEN! THEY WENT THROUGH HERE! THEY CAN'T OUTFOX ME!

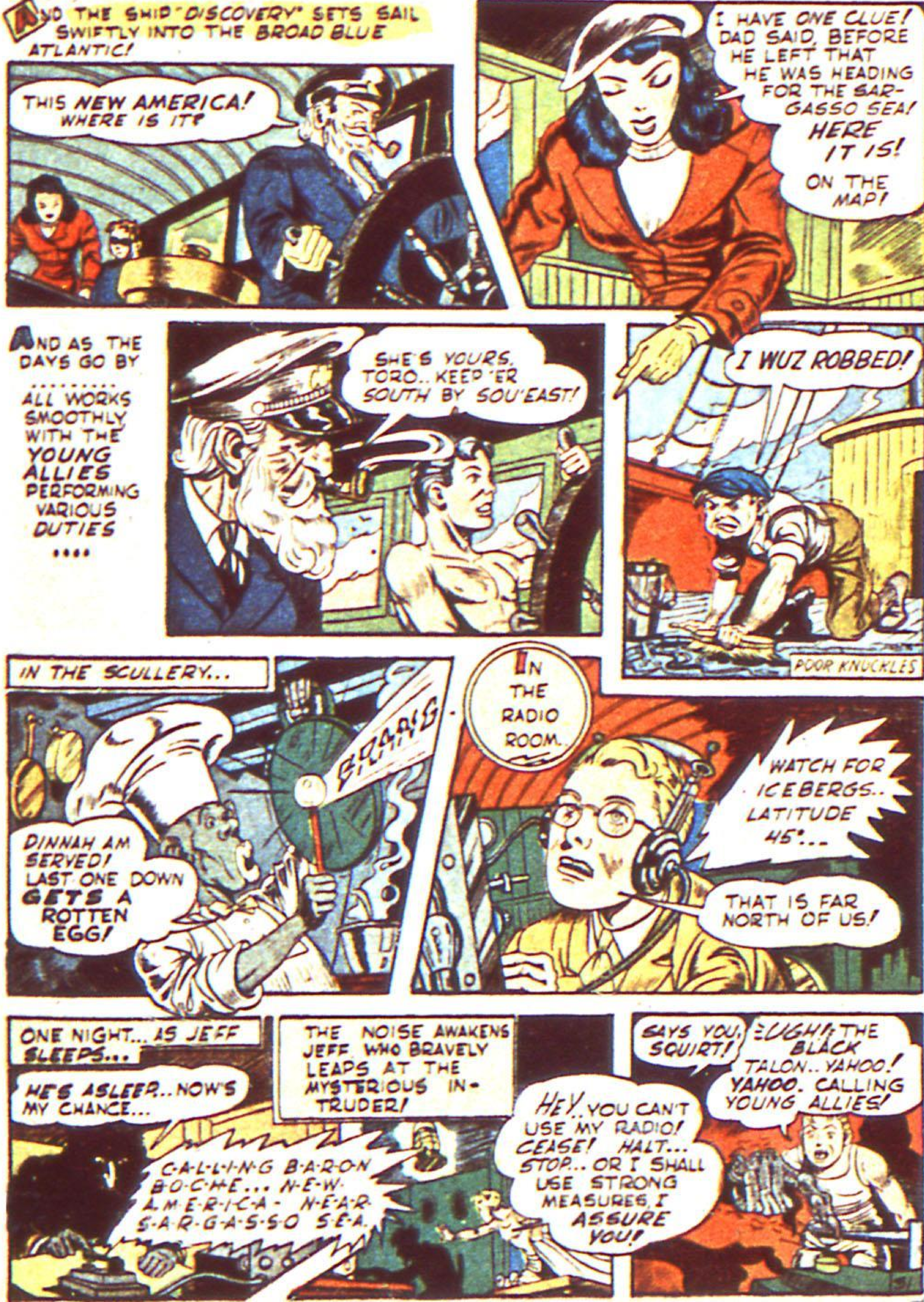

THEY'RE NOT IN HERE... WE'LL CATCH THEM AT THE DOOR!
WAX MUSEUM
MUSEUM
WHEW! DEY WENT RIGHT PAST!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE.... OUT THE BACK WINDOW!!
YOU BOYS HAVE GOTTEN THE BEST OF THE BLACK TALON AGAIN!
BLACK TALON RETURNS ...FUMING WITH RAGE...
HOW COULD THEY GET AWAY.. BLAST IT ALL?!!
HEY, BOSS! HERE'S A NOTE?!
Dear Black Talon: Don't stand still....! or they'll sell you along with the other dummies! The Young Allies
JUST WAIT YOUNG SMARTIES!! THE GIRL HASN'T LEFT AMERICA YET! I CAN STILL GET IN MY LICKS.. TOMORROW BEFORE HER SHIP LEAVES!
THE FOLLOWING DAY .. AT THE WATER-FRONT..
THANKS A MILLION, YOUNG ALLIES, FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE! BUT NOW I MUST HURRY AND START MY VOYAGE TO FIND FATHER! -BYE NOW!
B'YE!
S'LONG
PLEAS-ANT TRIP, DORA


GOSH! I LIKE HER! I WISH SHE WASN'T GOING AWAY!
TUBBY HAS A GIR-RREL!
TUBBY'S IN LOVE!
I'LL MURDER YOU GUYS!
HA, HA, LOOK AT HIM BLUSH!!
SWISH
Meanwhile...DORA ARRIVES ABOARD HER CHARTERED SHIP AND CALLS THE CREW BEFORE HER!!
WE'RE GOING ON A SECRET VOYAGE, MEN... THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY RIGHT NOW.. YOU'LL ALL BE PAID WELL.. NOW LET'S SET SAIL! CONSIDER ME CAPTAIN!!
But.. SUDDENLY!
OH NO, LADY! WE GOT OUR OWN CAPTAIN!
..AND THE "CAPTAIN" REVEALS HIMSELF!
AT YOUR SERVICE, MADAM! YOU SEE, I SUBSTITUTED MY OWN MEN FOR THE CREW YOU HIRED! THROW HER IN IRONS, MEN!
.. AT THE DOCKS.....
DORA'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
INTO OUR BOAT, FELLAS!
HELP! OH, HELP!
WHAT D'YA SEE, TORO?
BLACK TALON AND HIS GANG ARE ABOARD!

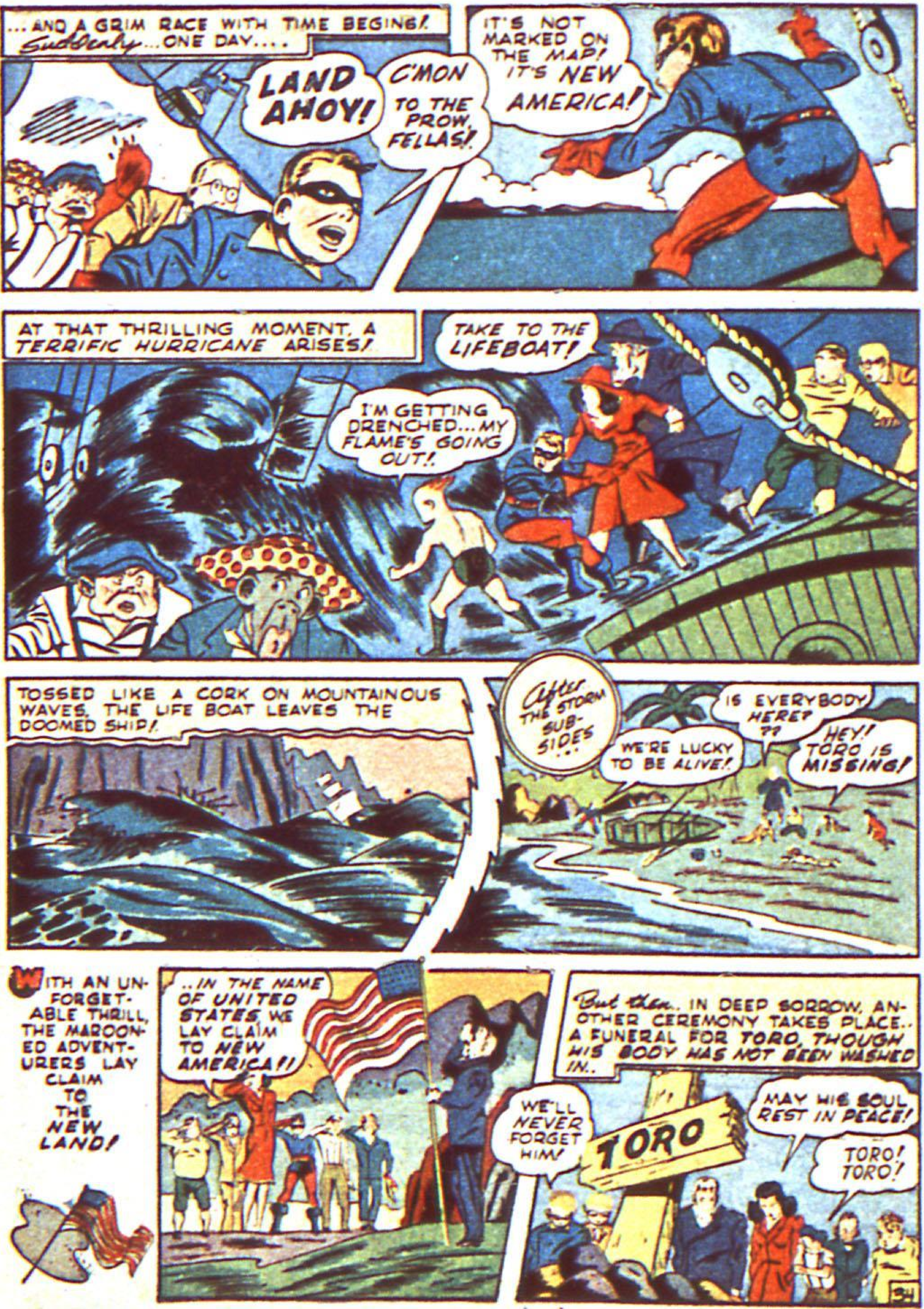

FOOLISH GIRL! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE US!
OWW!
TORO LET'S FLY WITH A BLAZING FIRE-BALL!
WHILE CLIMBING ON DECK, THE YOUNG ALLIES SWING INTO ACTION!
SWING THIS BOOM AROUND FELLAS.. YAHOO!
LIKE WELL TRAINED FIGHTERS, THE YOUNG ALLIES DRIVE THE ENEMY COMPLETELY OVERBOARD WITH THE SWINGING BOOM!
G'WAN BEAT IT!
SCRAM CHUMPS!
..AN' DON'T COME BACK!
SNAP IT UP, SPIDER!
OWWW! DEM THINGS HURT! THEY GOT ME BEAT! I'M GONNA RETIRE TO A MONESTERY!
THINK THEY HAVE ME BEAT, EH?! WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!!
AGAIN, THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE SAVED THE DAY!
NOW YOU CAN SET SAIL, MISS LIVINGSTONE!
BUT HOW? I HAVE NO CREW!!
WE'LL BE THE CREW!
THIS ISN'T ONLY FOR DORA.. BUT AMERICA!
ARE YOU WITH US, MEN?

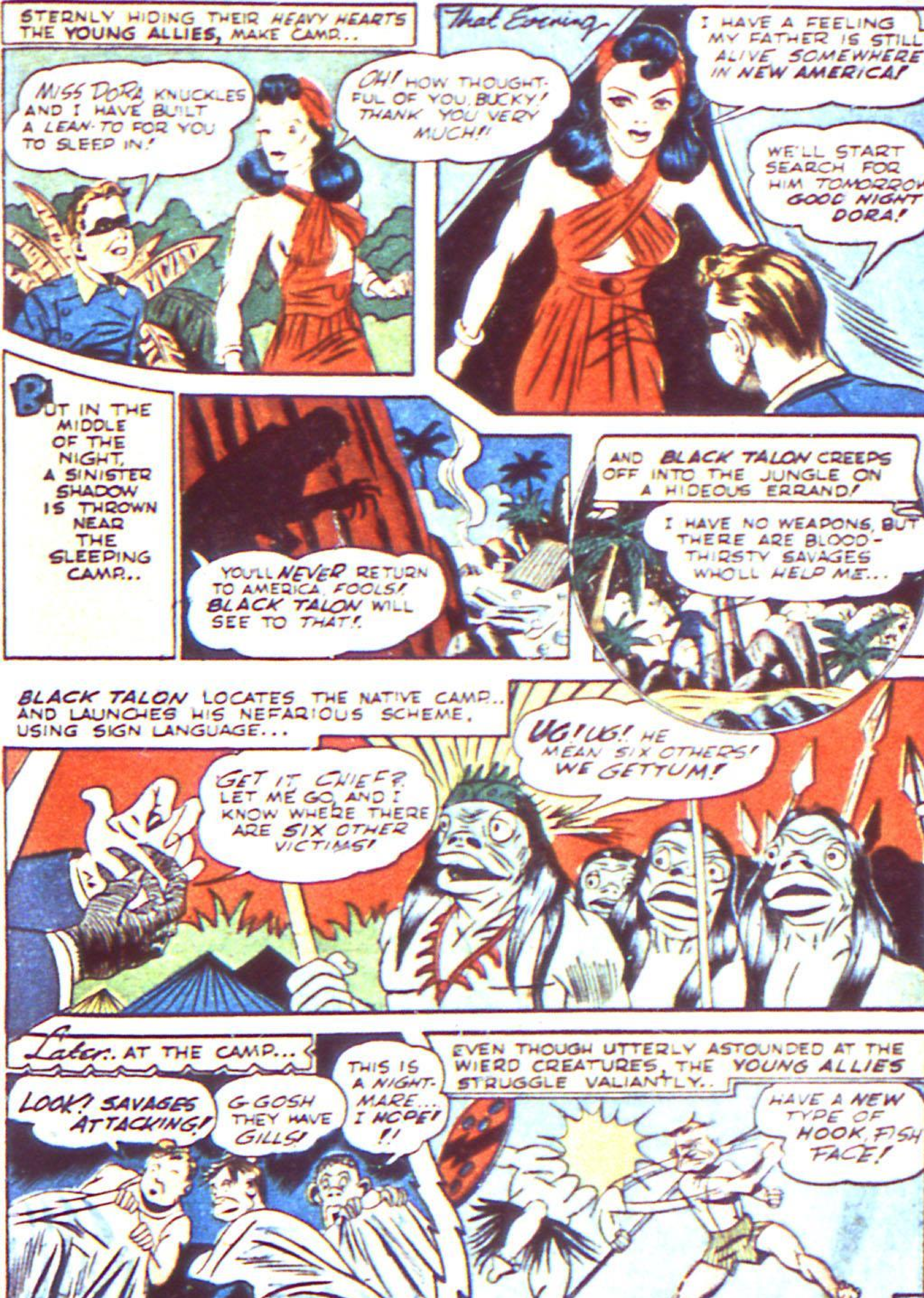

WITHOUT HESITATION.. THE YOUNG ALLIES VOLUNTEER ...THOUGH THE TASK MAY BE HARD ..AND THE JOURNEY PERILOUS .. WITH UNKNOWN DANGERS AHEAD!
AYE, AYE - SIR !! YOU BET!
THANKS, BOYS! YOU'RE SIMPLY WONDERFUL! BUT WE REALLY NEED A CAPTAIN... ... A REAL ONE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT SAILING!
A NEWCOMER APPEARS!
PARDON ME, BUT I OVERHEARD... I'M CAPTAIN WEATHERBEE SENT BY THE MARITIME COMPANY TO PILOT THIS SHIP...
OH... I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME.. THIS IS OUR CREW, CAPTAIN WEATHERBEE!
WHA--? ... MERE BOYS!
MERE BOYS- ARE WE? HOW'DJA LIKE TO MIX IT UP A LITTLE, HUH?
HA-HA-VERY WELL SON, PERHAPS YOU WILL DO, AFTER ALL. HA-HA-HA!
THE SHIP WEIGHS ANCHOR...BEGINNING ITS GREAT VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY!
MAN THE JIBS!
FURL THE TOPS'L'!!
TRIM THE MAINS'L! HEAVE HO, ME LADDIES!
THE BOYS SWARM ALOFT..
LET'S GO! FELLAS, WATCH YOUR STEP!
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU BUCKY!!
THE FIRST DISASTER..
OOP!! I'M CAUGHT!
YER A CLUMSY GALOOT, TUBBY! WHYN'T'YA WATCH WHERE YA WAS GOIN'?
"PUFF! PUFF!"

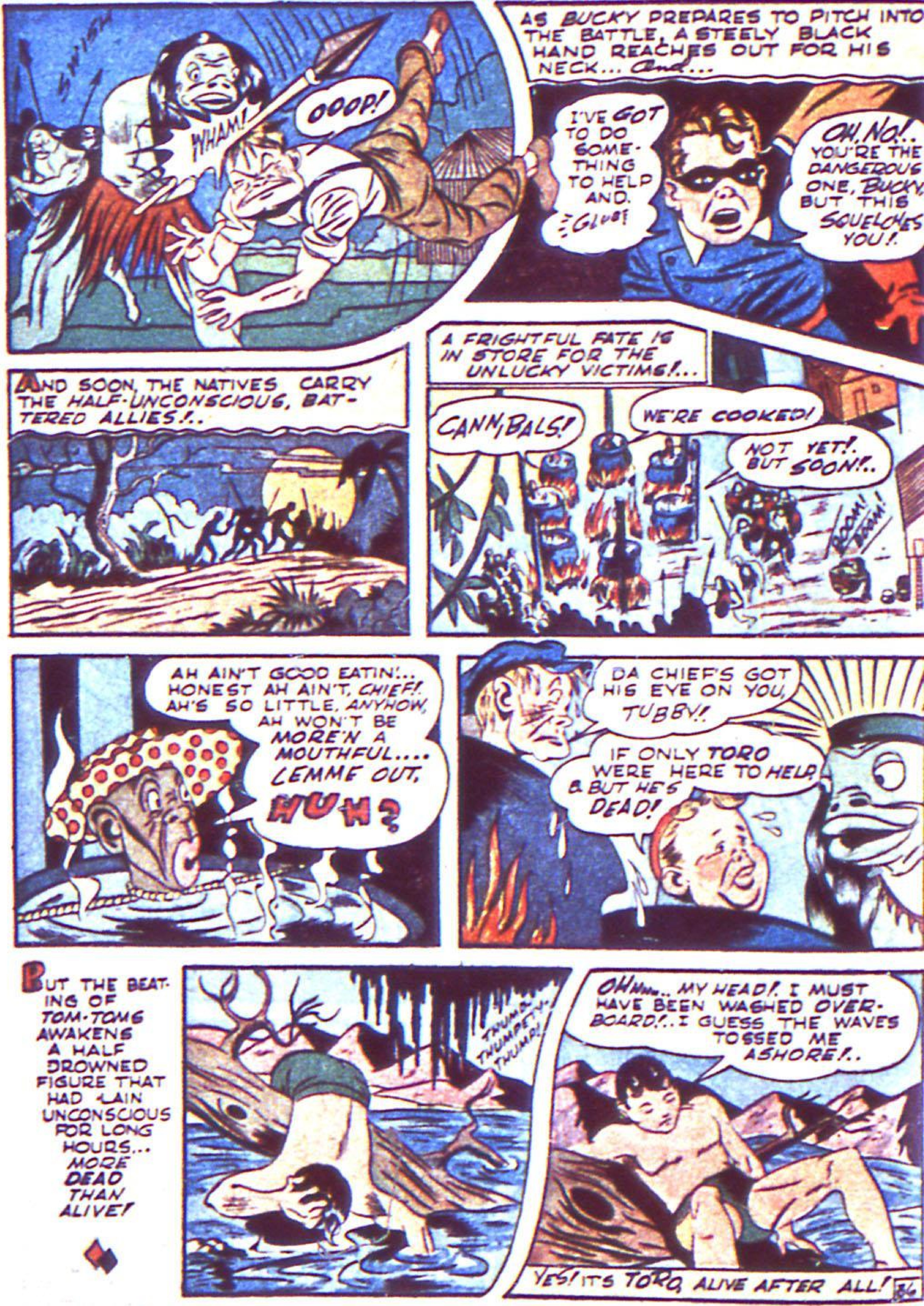

YEOW! I SLIPPED! MAN OVERBOARD! DO SOMETHING.. CALL THE NAVY! TORO-BUCKY-HALP!
WHEW! LUCKY THIS ROPE'S HERE!
REACHING THE SAILS..THE YOUNG CREW CARRIES OUT ORDERS.....
FURL MAINS'L.....TOPS'L.... MAN DA JIB...WHAT AM ALL DAT STUFF? HE MUS' MEAN UN-TYIN' DIS YERE ROPE!
THE SAIL FALLS AND...
WHAT IN BLAZES? MMFFFr... URGLEEE!!
HEY! IS DIS RIGHT, TUBBY?
WHO KNOWS? IT'S WORTH TRYIN'!
NO! NO! FOR HEAVENS SAKE! THE SAILS ARE ALL TWISTED!
Madly... THE SHIP DARTS IN A CRAZY PATH!
IF WE EVER GET OUT IN THIS OCEAN, WE'LL NEVER GET BACK!
BUCKY AND TORO MANAGE ..IN DUE TIME, TO CREATE ORDER OUT OF CHAOS!
PULL IT TOWARD YOU, JEFF!
THE OTHER SAIL, KNUCKLES!!!
AYE, AYE!

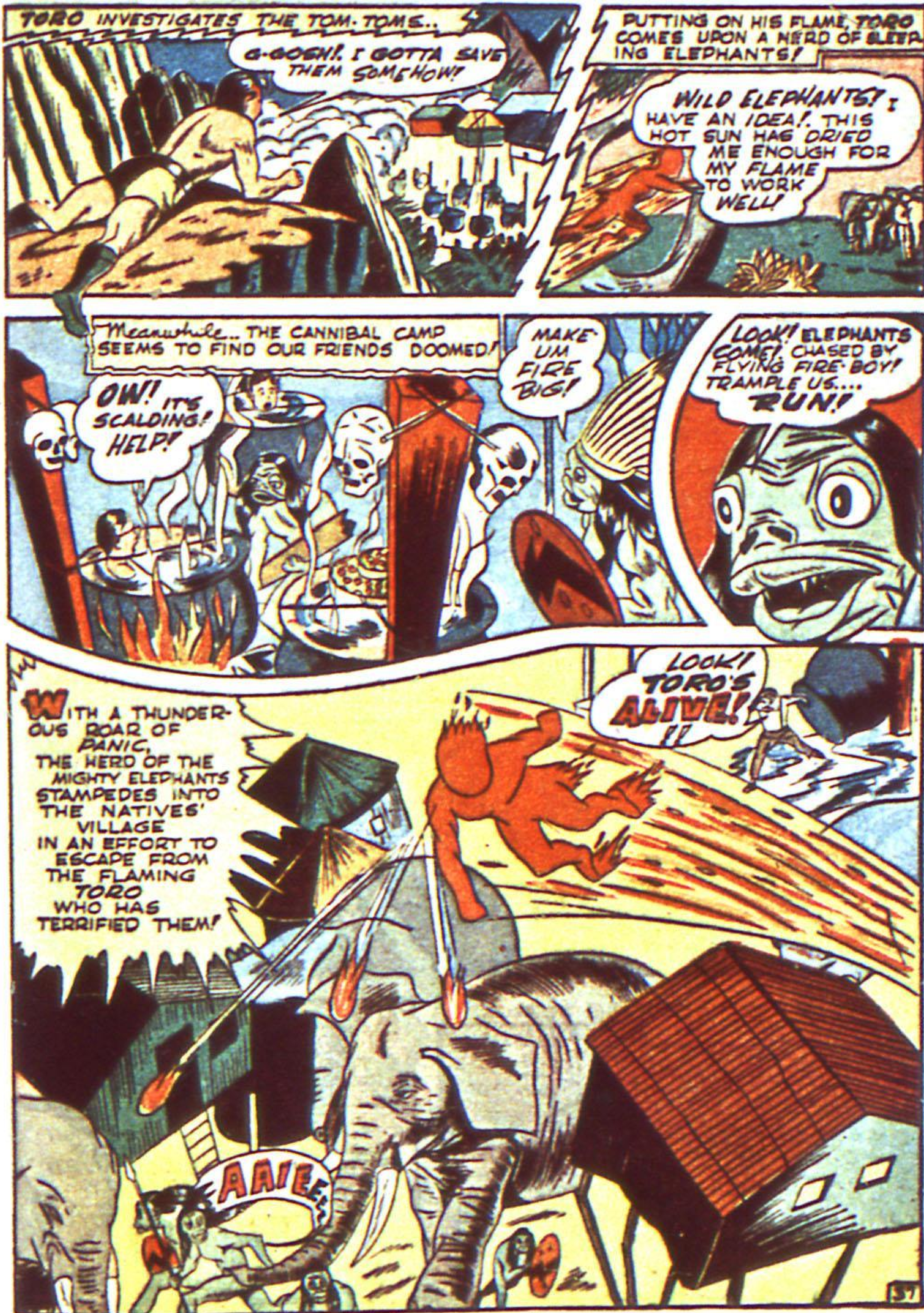

AND THE SHIP "DISCOVERY" SETS SAIL SWIFTLY INTO THE BROAD BLUE ATLANTIC!
THIS NEW AMERICA! WHERE IS IT?
I HAVE ONE CLUE! DAD SAID, BEFORE HE LEFT THAT HE WAS HEADING FOR THE SARGASSO SEA! HERE IT IS! ON THE MAP!
AND AS THE DAYS GO BY .... ALL WORKS SMOOTHLY WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES PERFORMING VARIOUS DUTIES ....
SHE'S YOURS, TORO.. KEEP 'ER SOUTH BY SOU'EAST!
I WUZ ROBBED!
POOR KNUCKLES
IN THE SCULLERY...
BRANG
DINNAH AM SERVED! LAST ONE DOWN GETS A ROTTEN EGG!
IN THE RADIO ROOM.
WATCH FOR ICEBERGS.. LATITUDE 45°...
THAT IS FAR NORTH OF US!
ONE NIGHT... AS JEFF SLEEPS...
HE'S ASLEEP...NOW'S MY CHANCE...
THE NOISE AWAKENS JEFF, WHO BRAVELY LEAPS AT THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER!
C-A-L-L-I-N-G B-A-R-O-N B-O-C-H-E... N-E-W-A-M-E-R-I-C-A- N-E-A-R S-A-R-G-A-S-S-O S-E-A.
HEY..YOU CAN'T USE MY RADIO! CEASE! HALT... STOP... OR I SHALL USE STRONG MEASURES, I ASSURE YOU!
SAYS YOU, SQUIRT!
EUGH! THE BLACK TALON.. YAHOO! YAHOO. CALLING YOUNG ALLIES!

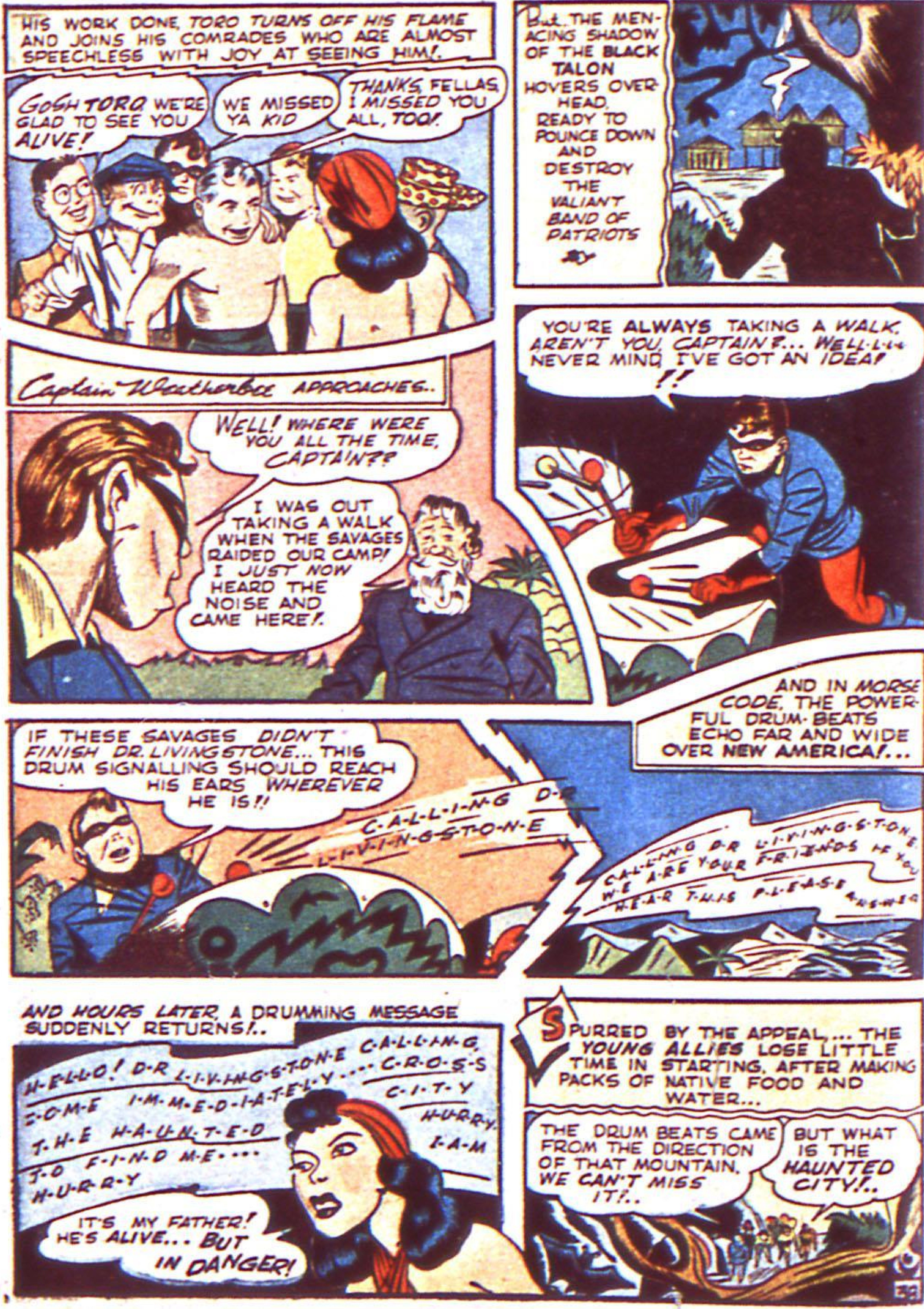
YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 4
JEFF'S CRY OF ALARM BRINGS THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES FROM THE BUNKS.
IT'S BLACK TALON, I TELL YOU!
WHAT, BLACK TALON ABOARD?
GET HIM!
The FIGURE IS CAUGHT...
GOT HIM!
HOLD HIM!
YOU'RE CAUGHT BLACK TALON, RELAX!
BUT A STRANGE ERROR HAS BEEN MADE!
CAPTAIN WEATHER-BEE!
YES, IT'S ME! CAN'T I TAKE A NIGHT WALK WITHOUT BEING JUMPED UPON!
But WE'RE CHASING BLACK TALON. HE'S ON THIS SHIP... AS A STOWAWAY!
SEARCH THE SHIP!
LATER...
NOR AT THE STERN!
NOR AFT!
HE'S NOT IN THE HOLD, SIR!
VERY STRANGE...

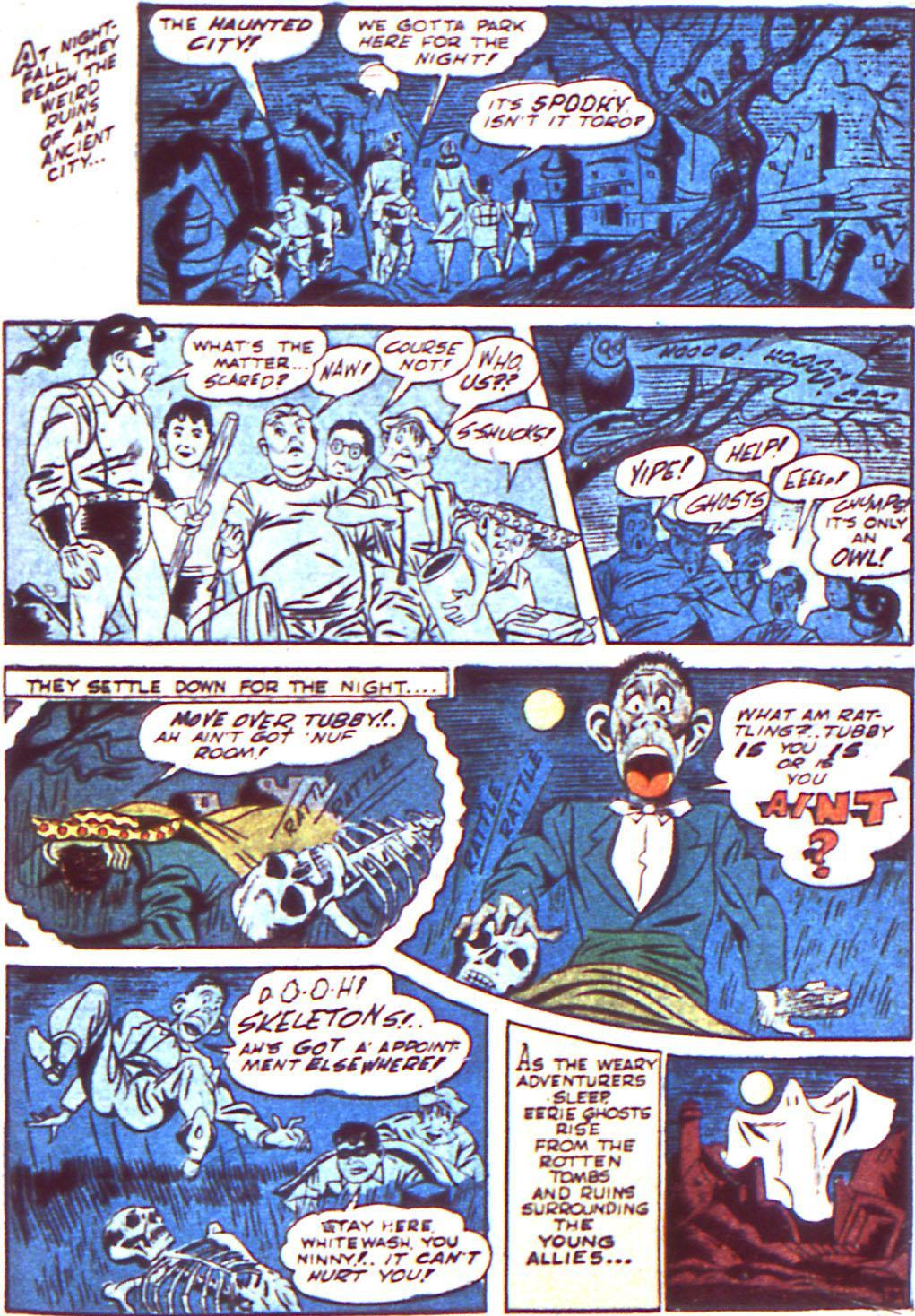

...AND A GRIM RACE WITH TIME BEGINS! Suddenly... ONE DAY....
LAND AHOY!
C'MON TO THE PROW, FELLAS!
IT'S NOT MARKED ON THE MAP! IT'S NEW AMERICA!
AT THAT THRILLING MOMENT, A TERRIFIC HURRICANE ARISES!
TAKE TO THE LIFEBOAT!
I'M GETTING DRENCHED... MY FLAME'S GOING OUT!
TOSSED LIKE A CORK ON MOUNTAINOUS WAVES, THE LIFE BOAT LEAVES THE DOOMED SHIP!
After THE STORM SUBSIDES..
IS EVERYBODY HERE??
WE'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!
HEY! TORO IS MISSING!
WITH AN UNFORGETTABLE THRILL, THE MAROONED ADVENTURERS LAY CLAIM TO THE NEW LAND!
..IN THE NAME OF UNITED STATES WE LAY CLAIM TO NEW AMERICA!!
But then.. IN DEEP SORROW, ANOTHER CEREMONY TAKES PLACE.. A FUNERAL FOR TORO, THOUGH HIS BODY HAS NOT BEEN WASHED IN..
WE'LL NEVER FORGET HIM!
TORO
MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE!
TORO! TORO!

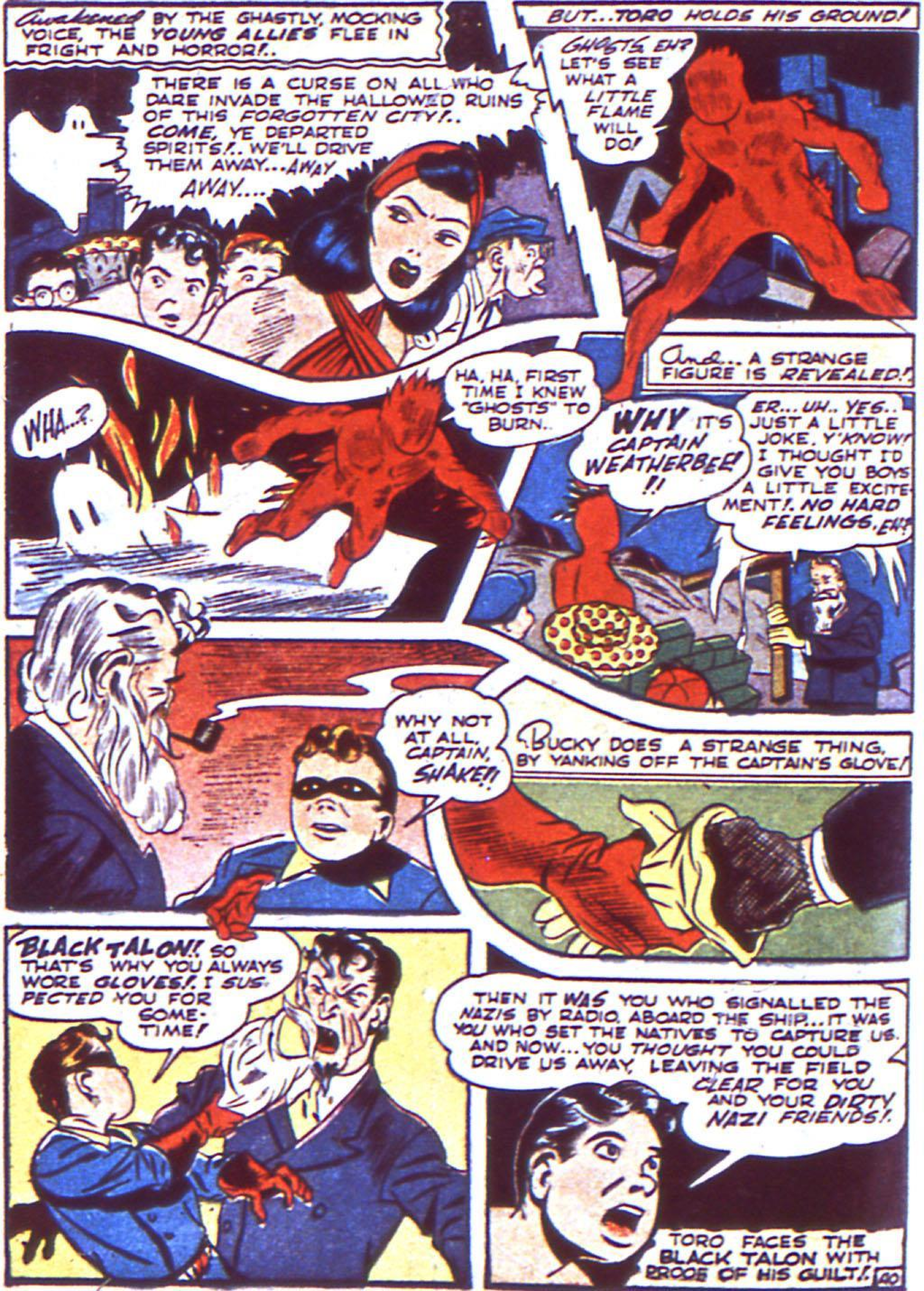

STERNLY HIDING THEIR HEAVY HEARTS THE YOUNG ALLIES, MAKE CAMP..
MISS DORA KNUCKLES AND I HAVE BUILT A LEAN-TO FOR YOU TO SLEEP IN!
OH! HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, BUCKY! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!!
That Evening
I HAVE A FEELING MY FATHER IS STILL ALIVE SOMEWHERE IN NEW AMERICA!
WE'LL START SEARCH FOR HIM TOMORROW GOOD NIGHT DORA!
BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, A SINISTER SHADOW IS THROWN NEAR THE SLEEPING CAMP..
YOU'LL NEVER RETURN TO AMERICA, FOOLS! BLACK TALON WILL SEE TO THAT!.
AND BLACK TALON CREEPS OFF INTO THE JUNGLE ON A HIDEOUS ERRAND!
I HAVE NO WEAPONS, BUT THERE ARE BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGES WHO'LL HELP ME...
BLACK TALON LOCATES THE NATIVE CAMP.. AND LAUNCHES HIS NEFARIOUS SCHEME, USING SIGN LANGUAGE...
GET IT, CHIEF? LET ME GO AND I KNOW WHERE THERE ARE SIX OTHER VICTIMS!
UG! UG! HE MEAN SIX OTHERS! WE GETTUM!
Later.. AT THE CAMP...
LOOK! SAVAGES ATTACKING!
G-GOSH THEY HAVE GILLS!
THIS IS A NIGHTMARE... I HOPE! !!
EVEN THOUGH UTTERLY ASTOUNDED AT THE WIERD CREATURES, THE YOUNG ALLIES STRUGGLE VALIANTLY..
HAVE A NEW TYPE OF HOOK, FISH FACE!


SWISH
WHAM!
OOOP!
AS BUCKY PREPARES TO PITCH INTO THE BATTLE, A STEELY BLACK HAND REACHES OUT FOR HIS NECK... And...
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP AND. GLUB!
OH, NO!.. YOU'RE THE DANGEROUS ONE, BUCKY, BUT THIS SQUELCHES YOU!.
AND SOON, THE NATIVES CARRY THE HALF-UNCONSCIOUS, BATTERED ALLIES!..
A FRIGHTFUL FATE IS IN STORE FOR THE UNLUCKY VICTIMS!...
CANNIBALS!
WE'RE COOKED!
NOT YET!. BUT SOON!..
BOOM! BOOM!
AH AIN'T GOOD EATIN'!.. HONEST AH AIN'T, CHIEF!. AH'S SO LITTLE, ANYHOW, AH WON'T BE MORE'N A MOUTHFUL.... LEMME OUT, HUH?
DA CHIEF'S GOT HIS EYE ON YOU, TUBBY!.
IF ONLY TORO WERE HERE TO HELP, BUT HE'S DEAD!
BUT THE BEATING OF TOM-TOMS AWAKENS A HALF DROWNED FIGURE THAT HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS FOR LONG HOURS... MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE!
THUMP! THUMPETY! THUMP!
OHhh.. MY HEAD!. I MUST HAVE BEEN WASHED OVERBOARD!.. I GUESS THE WAVES TOSSED ME ASHORE!..
YES! IT'S TORO, ALIVE AFTER ALL!


TORO INVESTIGATES THE TOM-TOMS..
G-GOSH!. I GOTTA SAVE THEM SOMEHOW!
PUTTING ON HIS FLAME, TORO COMES UPON A HERD OF SLEEPING ELEPHANTS!
WILD ELEPHANTS! I HAVE AN IDEA!. THIS HOT SUN HAS DRIED ME ENOUGH FOR MY FLAME TO WORK WELL!
Meanwhile... THE CANNIBAL CAMP SEEMS TO FIND OUR FRIENDS DOOMED!
OW! IT'S SCALDING! HELP!
MAKE-UM FIRE BIG!
LOOK! ELEPHANTS COME!. CHASED BY FLYING FIRE-BOY! TRAMPLE US.... RUN!
WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR OF PANIC, THE HERD OF THE MIGHTY ELEPHANTS STAMPEDES INTO THE NATIVES' VILLAGE IN AN EFFORT TO ESCAPE FROM THE FLAMING TORO WHO HAS TERRIFIED THEM!
LOOK! TORO'S ALIVE!
AAIEE...

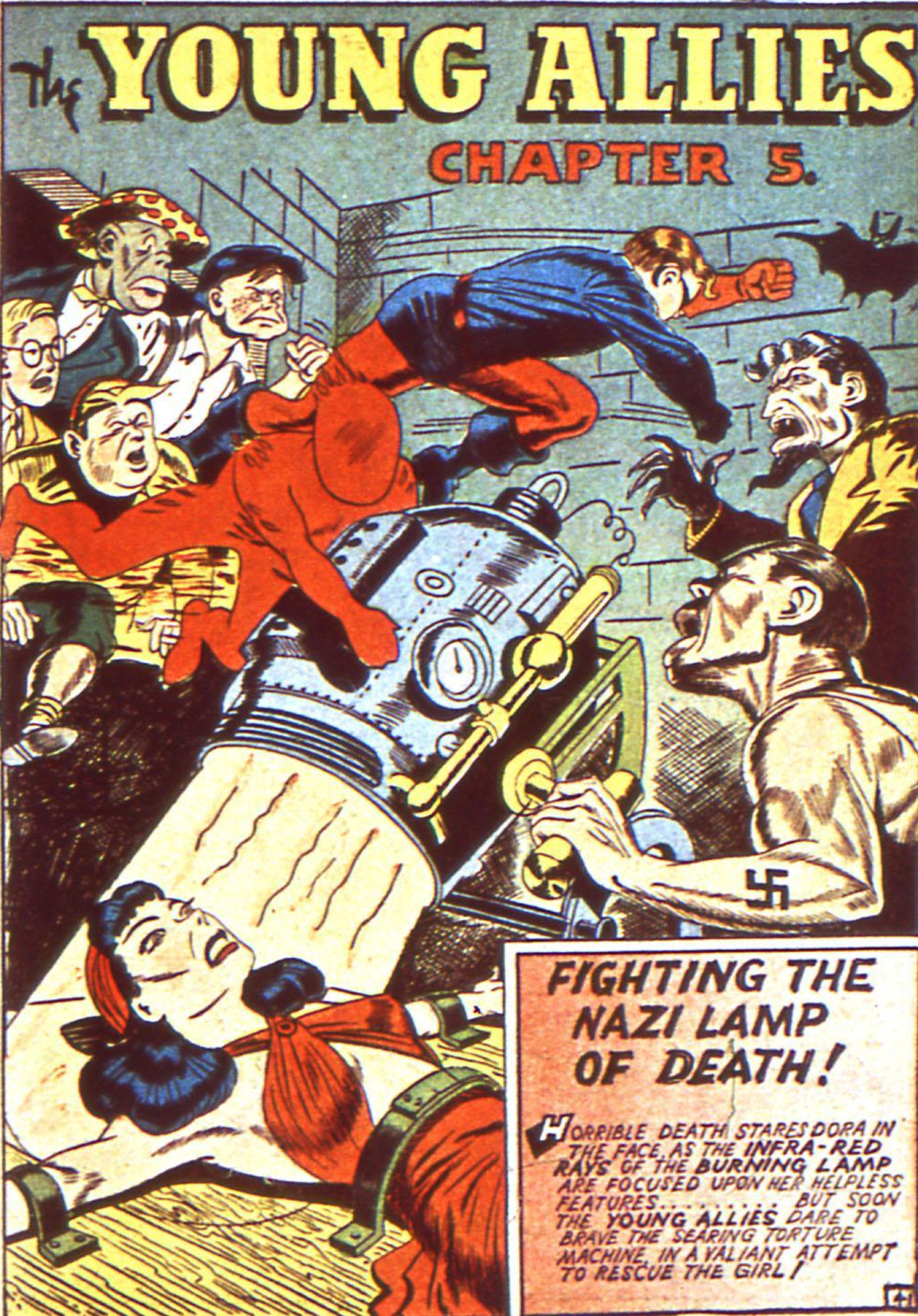

HIS WORK DONE, TORO TURNS OFF HIS FLAME AND JOINS HIS COMRADES WHO ARE ALMOST SPEECHLESS WITH JOY AT SEEING HIM!.
GOSH TORO WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU ALIVE!
WE MISSED YA KID
THANKS FELLAS I MISSED YOU ALL, TOO!
But THE MENACING SHADOW OF THE BLACK TALON HOVERS OVERHEAD, READY TO POUNCE DOWN AND DESTROY THE VALIANT BAND OF PATRIOTS
Captain Weatherbee APPROACHES..
WELL! WHERE WERE YOU ALL THE TIME, CAPTAIN??
I WAS OUT TAKING A WALK WHEN THE SAVAGES RAIDED OUR CAMP! I JUST NOW HEARD THE NOISE AND CAME HERE!.
YOU'RE ALWAYS TAKING A WALK, AREN'T YOU, CAPTAIN?... WELL-L-L NEVER MIND, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! !!
IF THESE SAVAGES DIDN'T FINISH DR. LIVINGSTONE... THIS DRUM SIGNALLING SHOULD REACH HIS EARS WHEREVER HE IS!!
C-A-L-L-I-N-G D-R L-I-V-I-N-G-S-T-O-N-E
AND IN MORSE CODE, THE POWERFUL DRUM-BEATS ECHO FAR AND WIDE OVER NEW AMERICA!...
C-A-L-L-I-N-G D-R L-I-V-I-N-G-S-T-O-N-E W-E A-R-E Y-O-U-R F-R-I-E-N-D-S IF YOU H-E-A-R T-H-I-S P-L-E-A-S-E A-N-S-W-E-R
AND HOURS LATER, A DRUMMING MESSAGE SUDDENLY RETURNS!..
H-E-L-L-O! D-R L-I-V-I-N-G-S-T-O-N-E C-A-L-L-I-N-G, C-O-M-E I-M-M-E-D-I-A-T-E-L-Y.... C-R-O-S-S T-H-E H-A-U-N-T-E-D C-I-T-Y H-U-R-R-Y. I-A-M T-O F-I-N-D M-E.... H-U-R-R-Y
IT'S MY FATHER! HE'S ALIVE... BUT IN DANGER!
SPURRED BY THE APPEAL,... THE YOUNG ALLIES LOSE LITTLE TIME IN STARTING, AFTER MAKING PACKS OF NATIVE FOOD AND WATER...
THE DRUM BEATS CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THAT MOUNTAIN, WE CAN'T MISS IT!..
BUT WHAT IS THE HAUNTED CITY!..


AT NIGHTFALL THEY REACH THE WEIRD RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY...
THE HAUNTED CITY!
WE GOTTA PARK HERE FOR THE NIGHT!
IT'S SPOOKY, ISN'T IT TORO?
WHAT'S THE MATTER... SCARED?
NAW!
COURSE NOT!
WHO, US??
S-SHUCKS!
HOOOO! HOOOO! OOO
YIPE!
HELP!
GHOSTS
EEEE!
CHUMPS! IT'S ONLY AN OWL!
THEY SETTLE DOWN FOR THE NIGHT....
MOVE OVER TUBBY!.. AH AIN'T GOT 'NUF ROOM!
RATTLE RATTLE
RATTLE RATTLE
WHAT AM RATTLING?.. TUBBY IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T ?
O-O-O-H! SKELETONS!.. AH'S GOT A' APPOINTMENT ELSEWHERE!
STAY HERE, WHITEWASH, YOU NINNY!.. IT CAN'T HURT YOU!
AS THE WEARY ADVENTURERS SLEEP, EERIE GHOSTS RISE FROM THE ROTTEN TOMBS AND RUINS SURROUNDING THE YOUNG ALLIES...


Awakened BY THE GHASTLY, MOCKING VOICE, THE YOUNG ALLIES FLEE IN FRIGHT AND HORROR!..
THERE IS A CURSE ON ALL WHO DARE INVADE THE HALLOWED RUINS OF THIS FORGOTTEN CITY!.. COME, YE DEPARTED SPIRITS!.. WE'LL DRIVE THEM AWAY...AWAY AWAY....
BUT...TORO HOLDS HIS GROUND!
GHOSTS, EH? LET'S SEE WHAT A LITTLE FLAME WILL DO!
WHA..?
HA, HA, FIRST TIME I KNEW "GHOSTS" TO BURN..
And... A STRANGE FIGURE IS REVEALED!
WHY IT'S CAPTAIN WEATHERBEE!!
ER...UH.. YES.. JUST A LITTLE JOKE, Y'KNOW! I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU BOYS A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!. NO HARD FEELINGS, EH?
WHY NOT AT ALL, CAPTAIN, SHAKE!!
BUCKY DOES A STRANGE THING, BY YANKING OFF THE CAPTAIN'S GLOVE!
BLACK TALON!! SO THAT'S WHY YOU ALWAYS WORE GLOVES!. I SUSPECTED YOU FOR SOME-TIME!
THEN IT WAS YOU WHO SIGNALLED THE NAZIS BY RADIO, ABOARD THE SHIP...IT WAS YOU WHO SET THE NATIVES TO CAPTURE US. AND NOW...YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DRIVE US AWAY, LEAVING THE FIELD CLEAR FOR YOU AND YOUR DIRTY NAZI FRIENDS!.
TORO FACES THE BLACK TALON WITH PROOF OF HIS GUILT!.

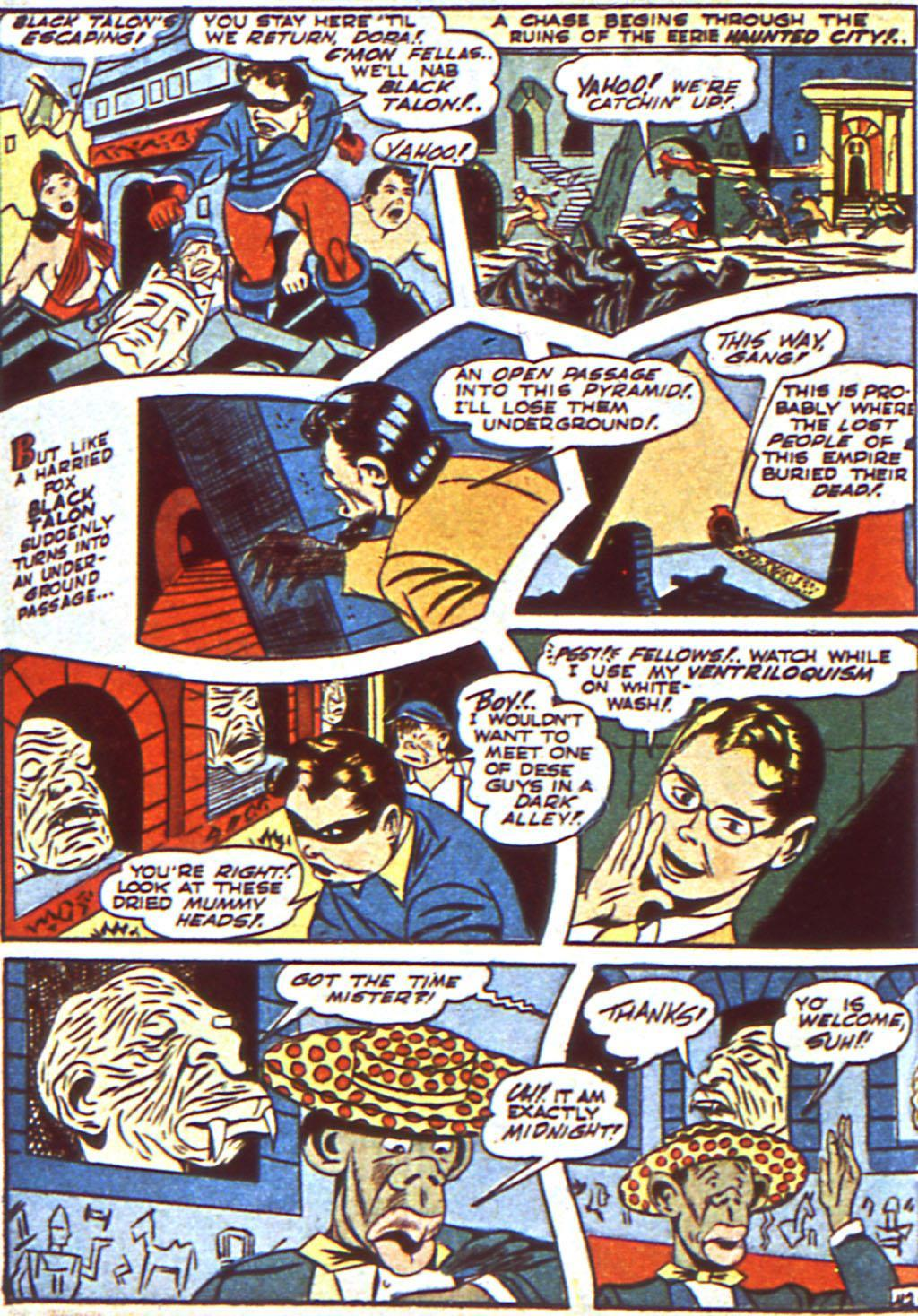
The YOUNG ALLIES

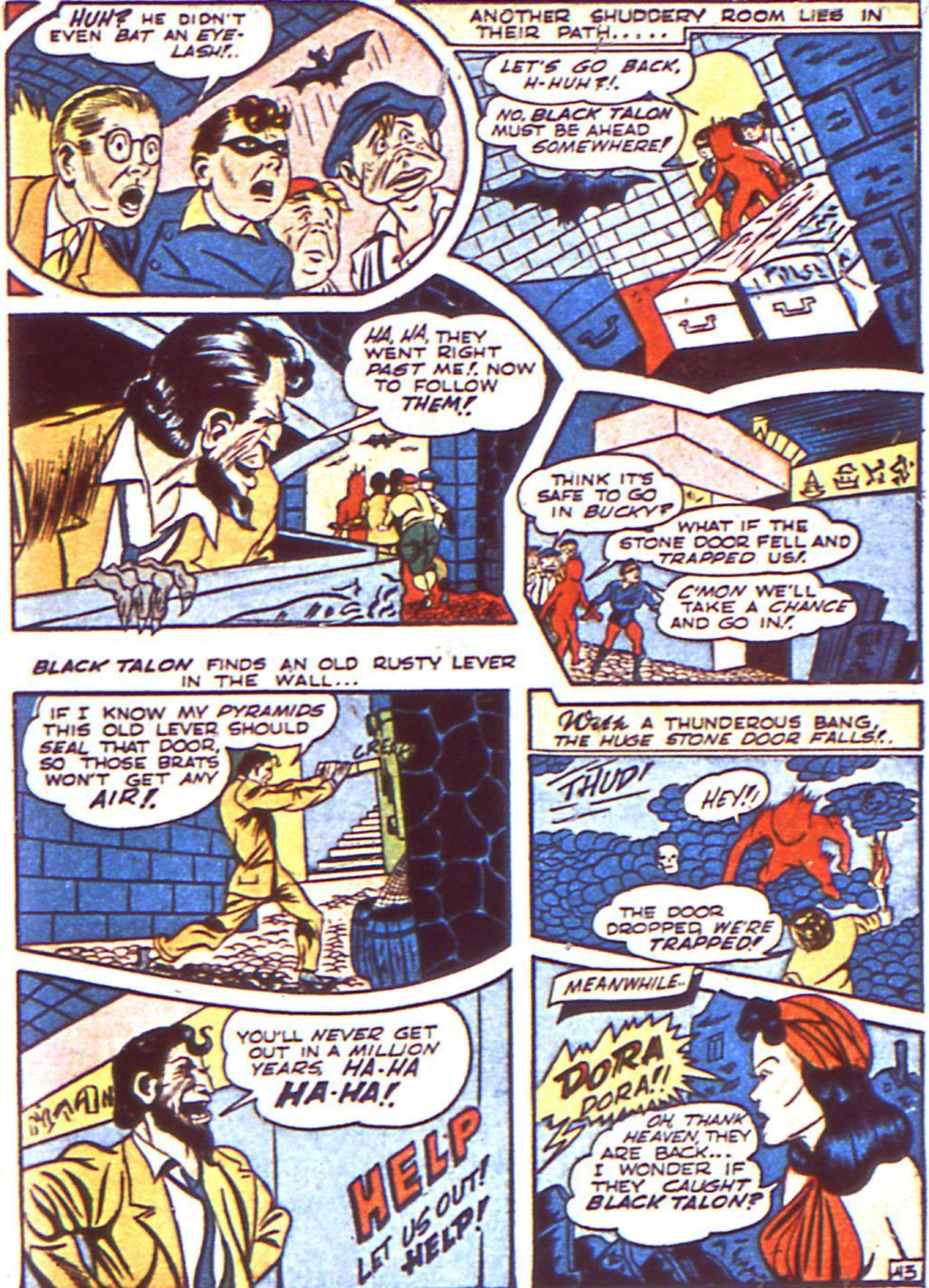
CHAPTER 5.

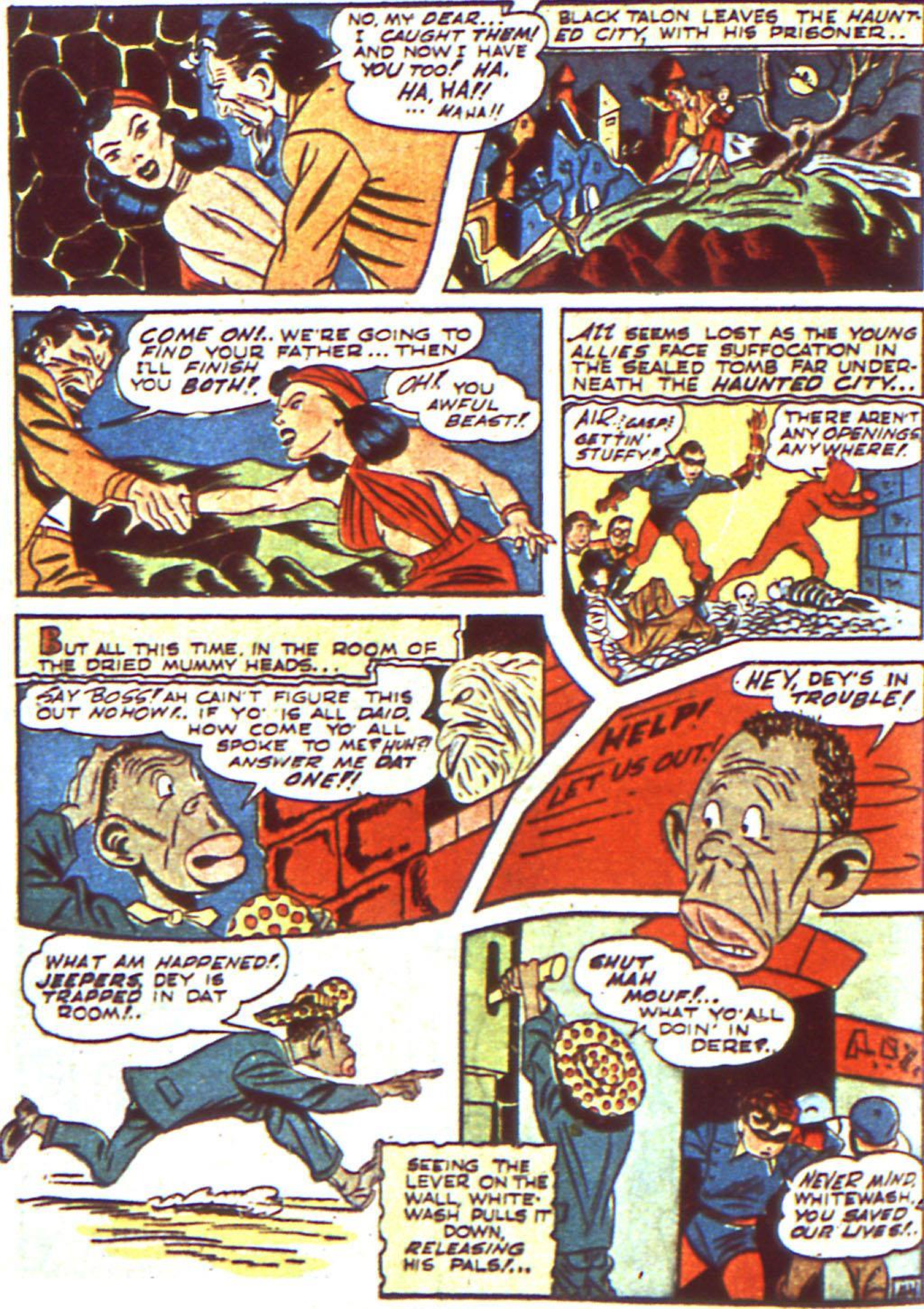


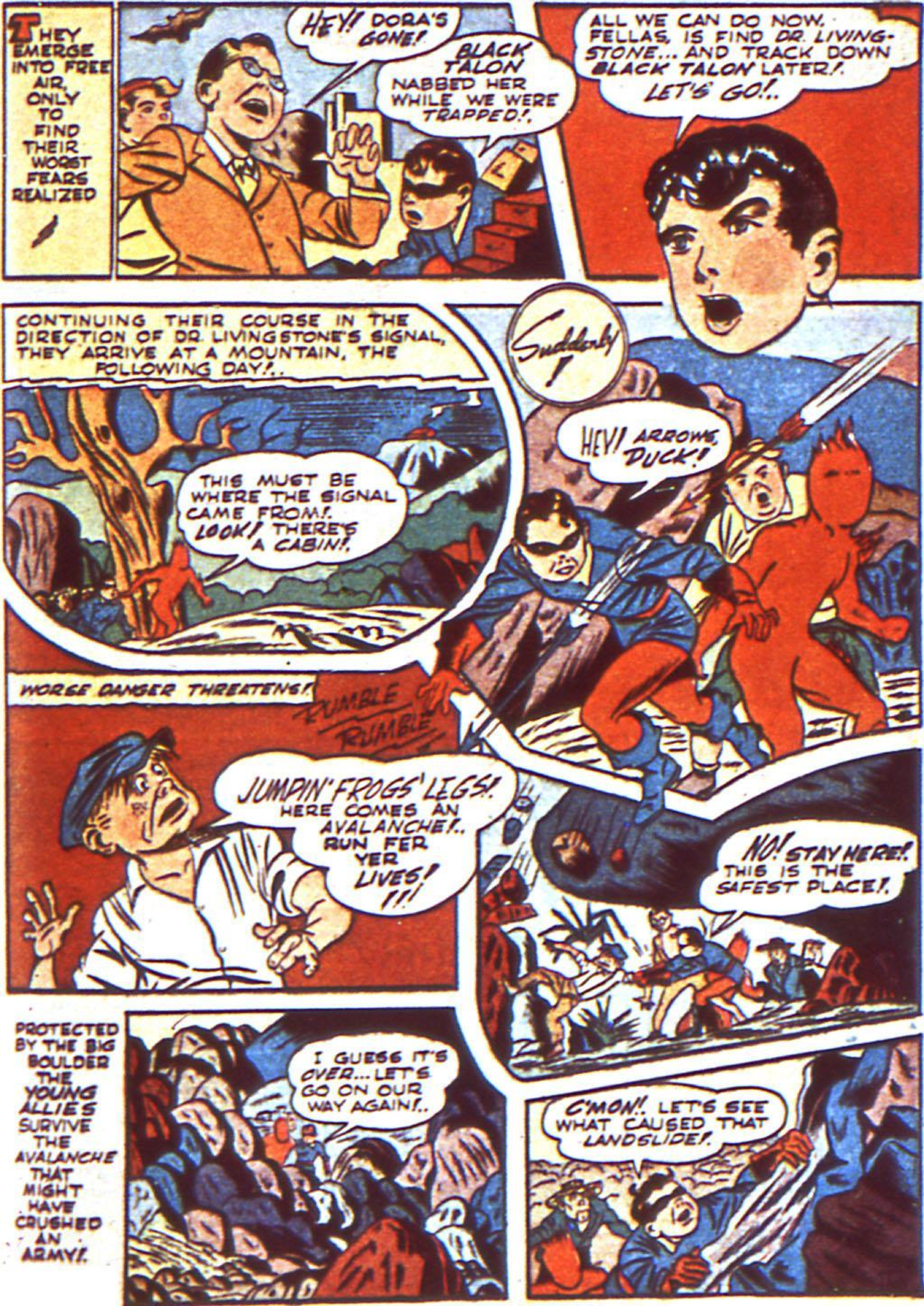
FIGHTING THE NAZI LAMP OF DEATH!

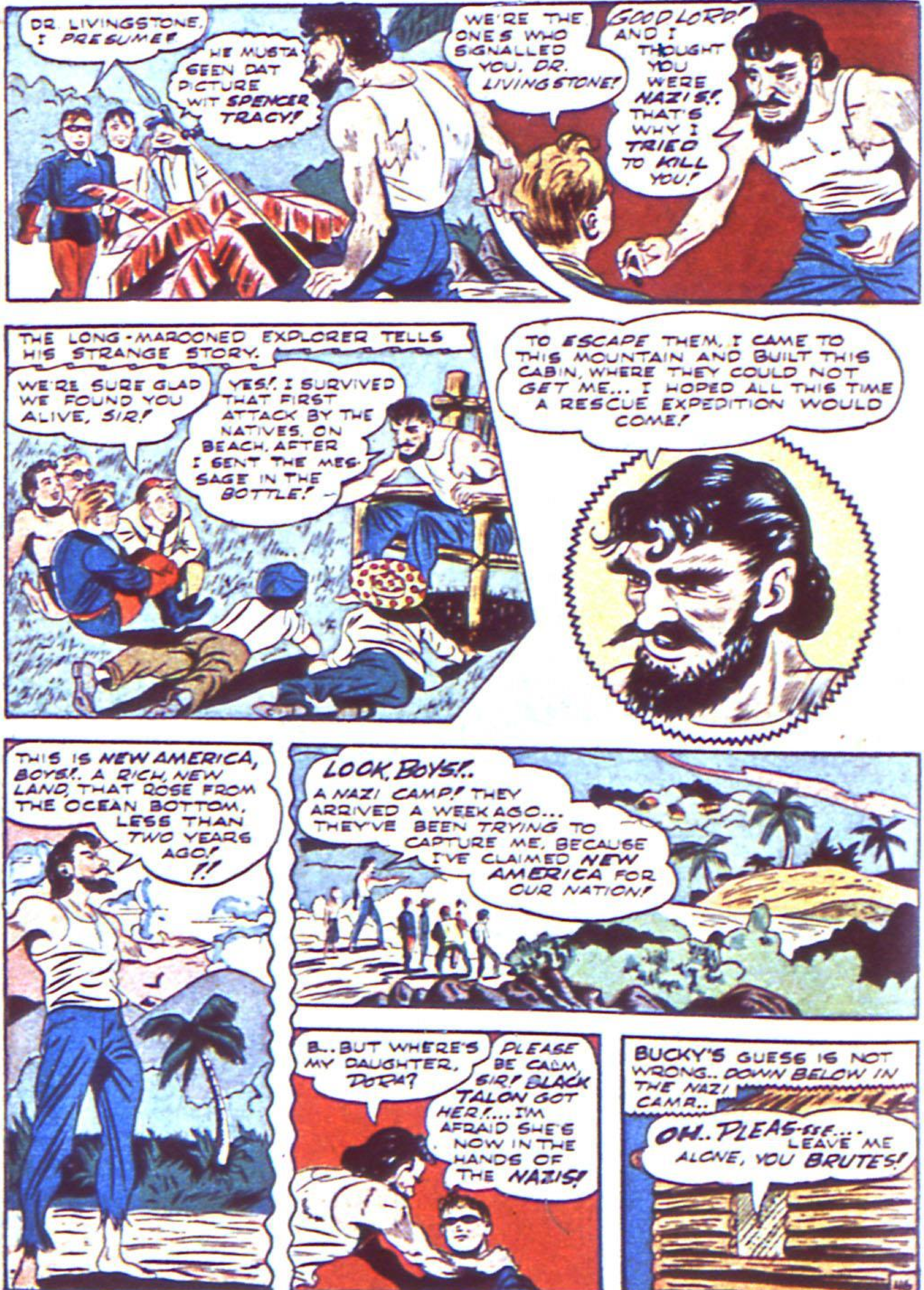
HORRIBLE DEATH STARES DORA IN THE FACE, AS THE **INFRA-RED RAYS** OF THE **BURNING LAMP** ARE FOCUSED UPON HER HELPLESS FEATURES......... BUT SOON THE **YOUNG ALLIES** DARE TO BRAVE THE SEARING TORTURE MACHINE, IN A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE GIRL!

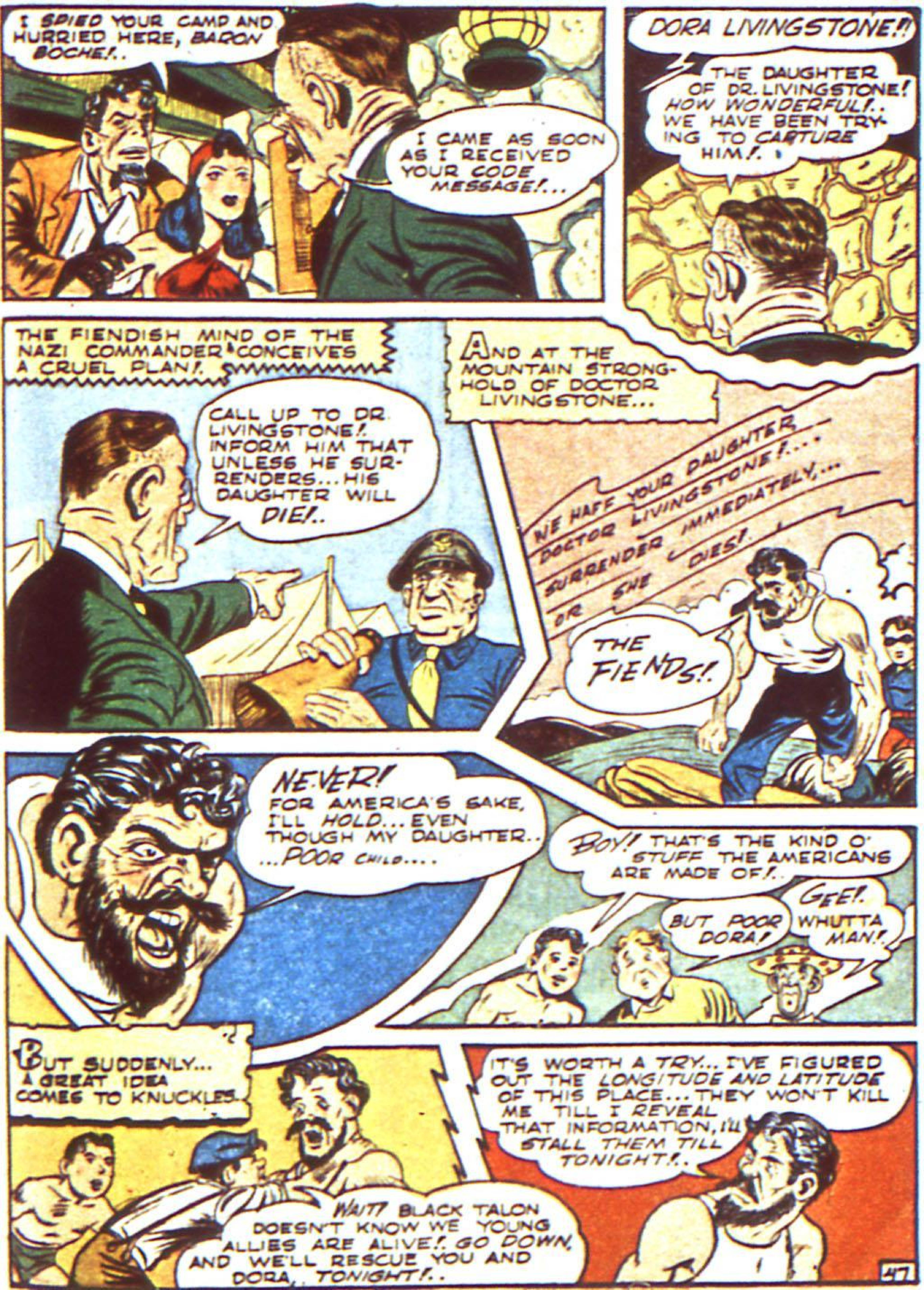

BLACK TALON'S ESCAPING!
YOU STAY HERE 'TIL WE RETURN, DORA!. C'MON FELLAS.. WE'LL NAB BLACK TALON!..
YAHOO!
A CHASE BEGINS THROUGH THE RUINS OF THE EERIE HAUNTED CITY!..
YAHOO! WE'RE CATCHIN' UP!
BUT LIKE A HARRIED FOX BLACK TALON SUDDENLY TURNS INTO AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE...
AN OPEN PASSAGE INTO THIS PYRAMID!. I'LL LOSE THEM UNDERGROUND!.
THIS WAY, GANG!
THIS IS PROBABLY WHERE THE LOST PEOPLE OF THIS EMPIRE BURIED THEIR DEAD!.
BOY!. I WOULDN'T WANT TO MEET ONE OF DESE GUYS IN A DARK ALLEY!.
YOU'RE RIGHT!. LOOK AT THESE DRIED MUMMY HEADS!.
PSST!! FELLOWS!.. WATCH WHILE I USE MY VENTRILOQUISM ON WHITE-WASH!.
GOT THE TIME MISTER?!
UH!. IT AM EXACTLY MIDNIGHT!
THANKS!
YO' IS WELCOME, SUH!!

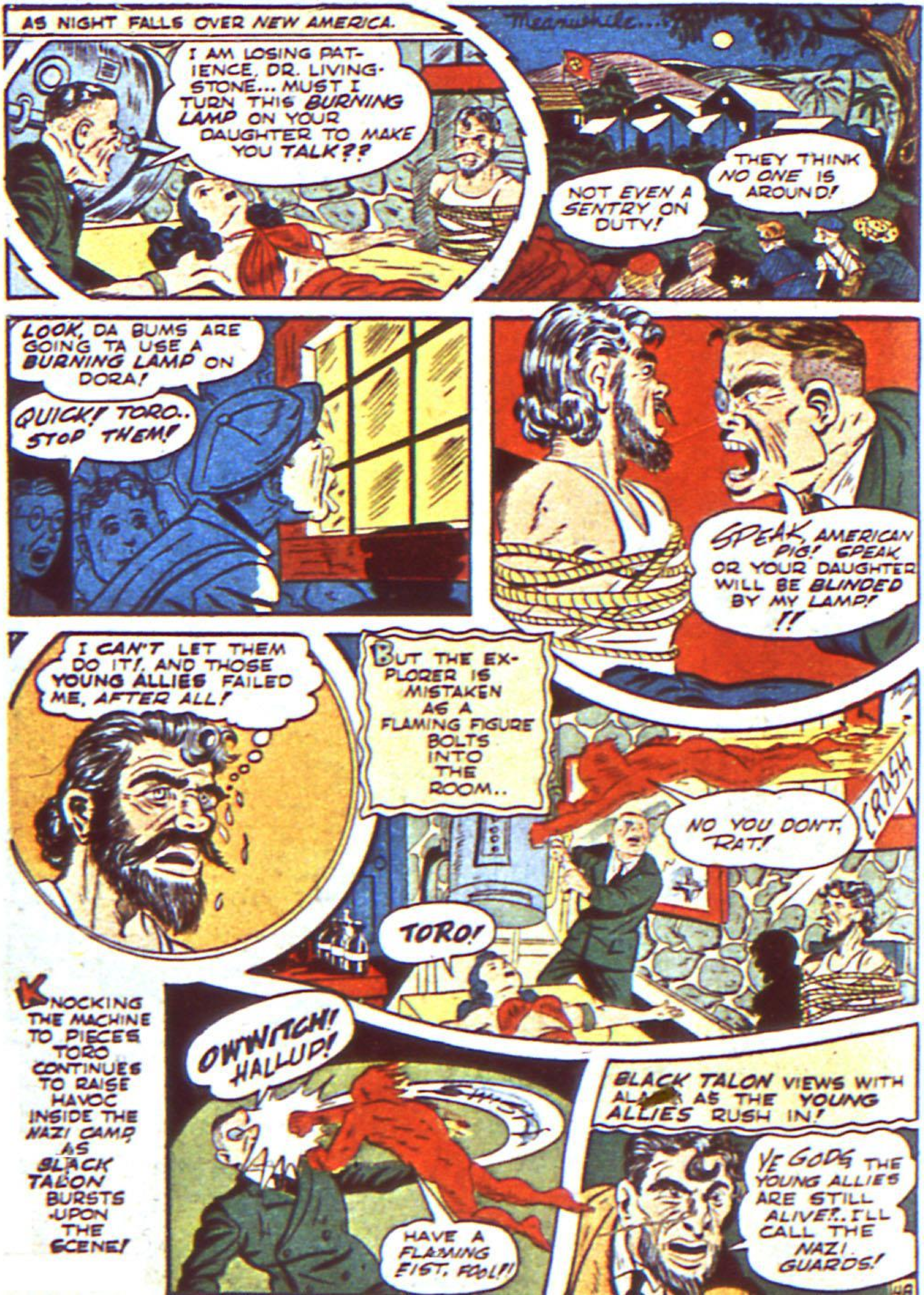

HUH? HE DIDN'T EVEN BAT AN EYE-LASH!..
ANOTHER SHUDDERY ROOM LIES IN THEIR PATH.....
LET'S GO BACK, H-HUH?!.
NO. BLACK TALON MUST BE AHEAD SOMEWHERE!
HA, HA, THEY WENT RIGHT PAST ME!. NOW TO FOLLOW THEM!
THINK IT'S SAFE TO GO IN BUCKY?
WHAT IF THE STONE DOOR FELL AND TRAPPED US!.
C'MON WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND GO IN!.
BLACK TALON FINDS AN OLD RUSTY LEVER IN THE WALL...
IF I KNOW MY PYRAMIDS THIS OLD LEVER SHOULD SEAL THAT DOOR, SO THOSE BRATS WON'T GET ANY AIR!.
CREAK
With A THUNDEROUS BANG, THE HUGE STONE DOOR FALLS!.
THUD!
HEY!!
THE DOOR DROPPED WE'RE TRAPPED!
YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT IN A MILLION YEARS, HA-HA HA-HA!
HELP
LET US OUT! HELP!
MEANWHILE..
DORA DORA!!
OH, THANK HEAVEN, THEY ARE BACK... I WONDER IF THEY CAUGHT BLACK TALON?

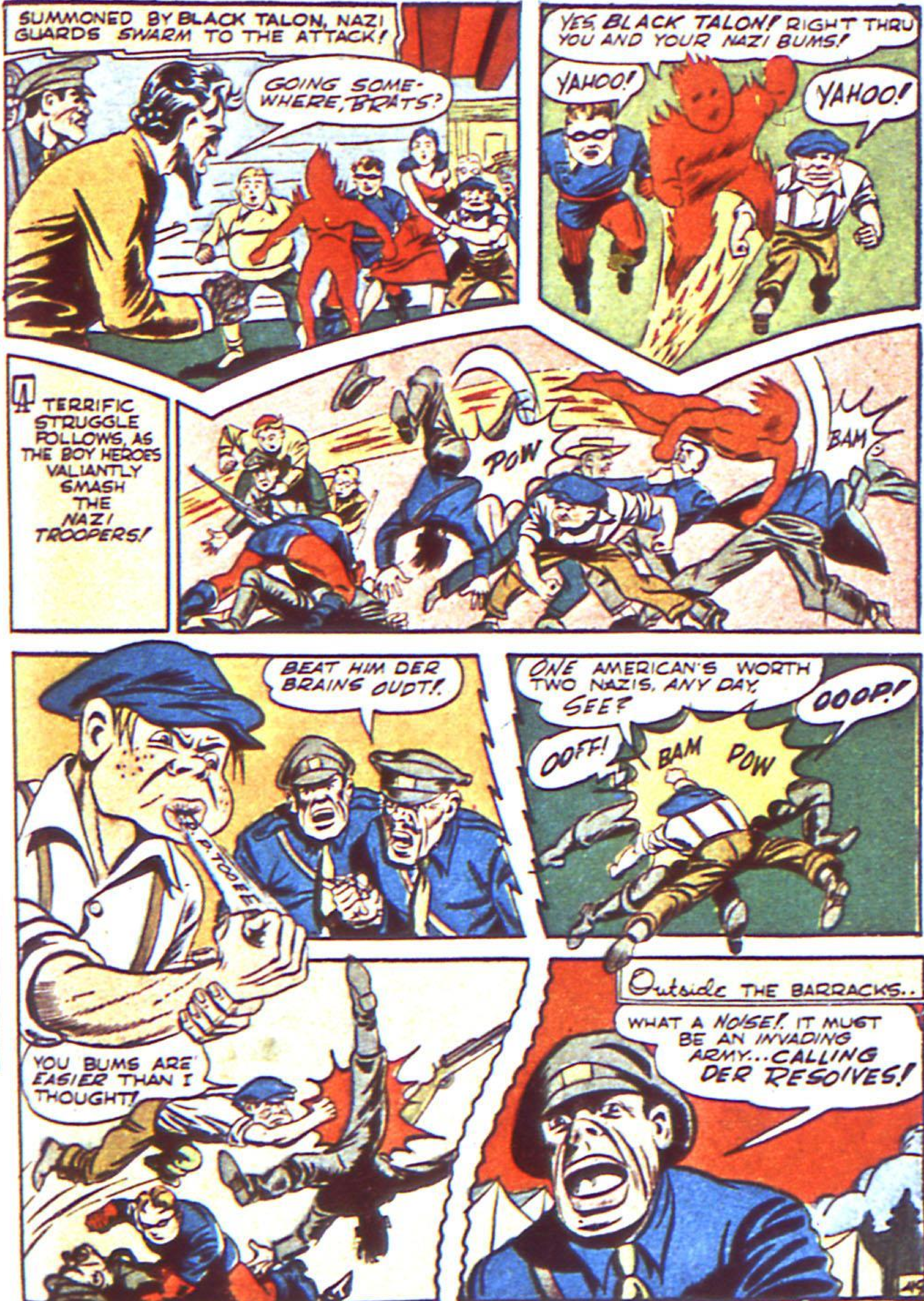

NO, MY DEAR... I CAUGHT THEM! AND NOW I HAVE YOU TOO! HA. HA, HA!! ... HAHA!!
BLACK TALON LEAVES THE HAUNTED CITY, WITH HIS PRISONER..
COME ON!.. WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR FATHER... THEN I'LL FINISH YOU BOTH!
OH! YOU AWFUL BEAST!
ALL SEEMS LOST AS THE YOUNG ALLIES FACE SUFFOCATION IN THE SEALED TOMB FAR UNDERNEATH THE HAUNTED CITY...
AIR..GASP! GETTIN' STUFFY!
THERE AREN'T ANY OPENINGS ANYWHERE!
BUT ALL THIS TIME, IN THE ROOM OF THE DRIED MUMMY HEADS...
SAY BOSS! AH CAIN'T FIGURE THIS OUT NOHOW!.. IF YO' IS ALL DAID, HOW COME YO' ALL SPOKE TO ME? HUH?! ANSWER ME DAT ONE!!
HEY, DEY'S IN TROUBLE!
HELP! LET US OUT!
WHAT AM HAPPENED!. JEEPERS, DEY IS TRAPPED IN DAT ROOM!..
SHUT MAH MOUF!.. WHAT YO'ALL DOIN' IN DERE?.
SEEING THE LEVER ON THE WALL, WHITEWASH PULLS IT DOWN, RELEASING HIS PALS!..
NEVER MIND, WHITEWASH, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!..


THEY EMERGE INTO FREE AIR, ONLY TO FIND THEIR WORST FEARS REALIZED
HEY!! DORA'S GONE!
BLACK TALON NABBED HER WHILE WE WERE TRAPPED!.
ALL WE CAN DO NOW, FELLAS, IS FIND DR. LIVINGSTONE... AND TRACK DOWN BLACK TALON LATER!. LET'S GO!..
CONTINUING THEIR COURSE IN THE DIRECTION OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SIGNAL, THEY ARRIVE AT A MOUNTAIN, THE FOLLOWING DAY!..
THIS MUST BE WHERE THE SIGNAL CAME FROM!. LOOK!! THERE'S A CABIN!.
Suddenly!
HEY!! ARROWS, DUCK!
WORSE DANGER THREATENS!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
JUMPIN' FROGS' LEGS!! HERE COMES AN AVALANCHE!.. RUN FER YER LIVES! !!
NO! STAY HERE!. THIS IS THE SAFEST PLACE!.
PROTECTED BY THE BIG BOULDER THE YOUNG ALLIES SURVIVE THE AVALANCHE THAT MIGHT HAVE CRUSHED AN ARMY!.
I GUESS IT'S OVER... LET'S GO ON OUR WAY AGAIN!..
C'MON!. LET'S SEE WHAT CAUSED THAT LANDSLIDE!.


DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME!
HE MUSTA SEEN DAT PICTURE WIT SPENCER TRACY!
WE'RE THE ONES WHO SIGNALLED YOU, DR. LIVINGSTONE!
GOOD LORD! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE NAZIS!. THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO KILL YOU!
THE LONG-MAROONED EXPLORER TELLS HIS STRANGE STORY.
WE'RE SURE GLAD WE FOUND YOU ALIVE, SIR!
YES!. I SURVIVED THAT FIRST ATTACK BY THE NATIVES, ON BEACH, AFTER I SENT THE MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE!
TO ESCAPE THEM, I CAME TO THIS MOUNTAIN AND BUILT THIS CABIN, WHERE THEY COULD NOT GET ME... I HOPED ALL THIS TIME A RESCUE EXPEDITION WOULD COME!
THIS IS NEW AMERICA, BOYS!.. A RICH, NEW LAND, THAT ROSE FROM THE OCEAN BOTTOM, LESS THAN TWO YEARS AGO! ?!
LOOK, BOYS!.. A NAZI CAMP! THEY ARRIVED A WEEK AGO... THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO CAPTURE ME, BECAUSE I'VE CLAIMED NEW AMERICA FOR OUR NATION!
B.. BUT WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER, DORA?
PLEASE BE CALM, SIR! BLACK TALON GOT HER!... I'M AFRAID SHE'S NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS!
BUCKY'S GUESS IS NOT WRONG.. DOWN BELOW IN THE NAZI CAMP..
OH.. PLEAS-SSE.... LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU BRUTES!

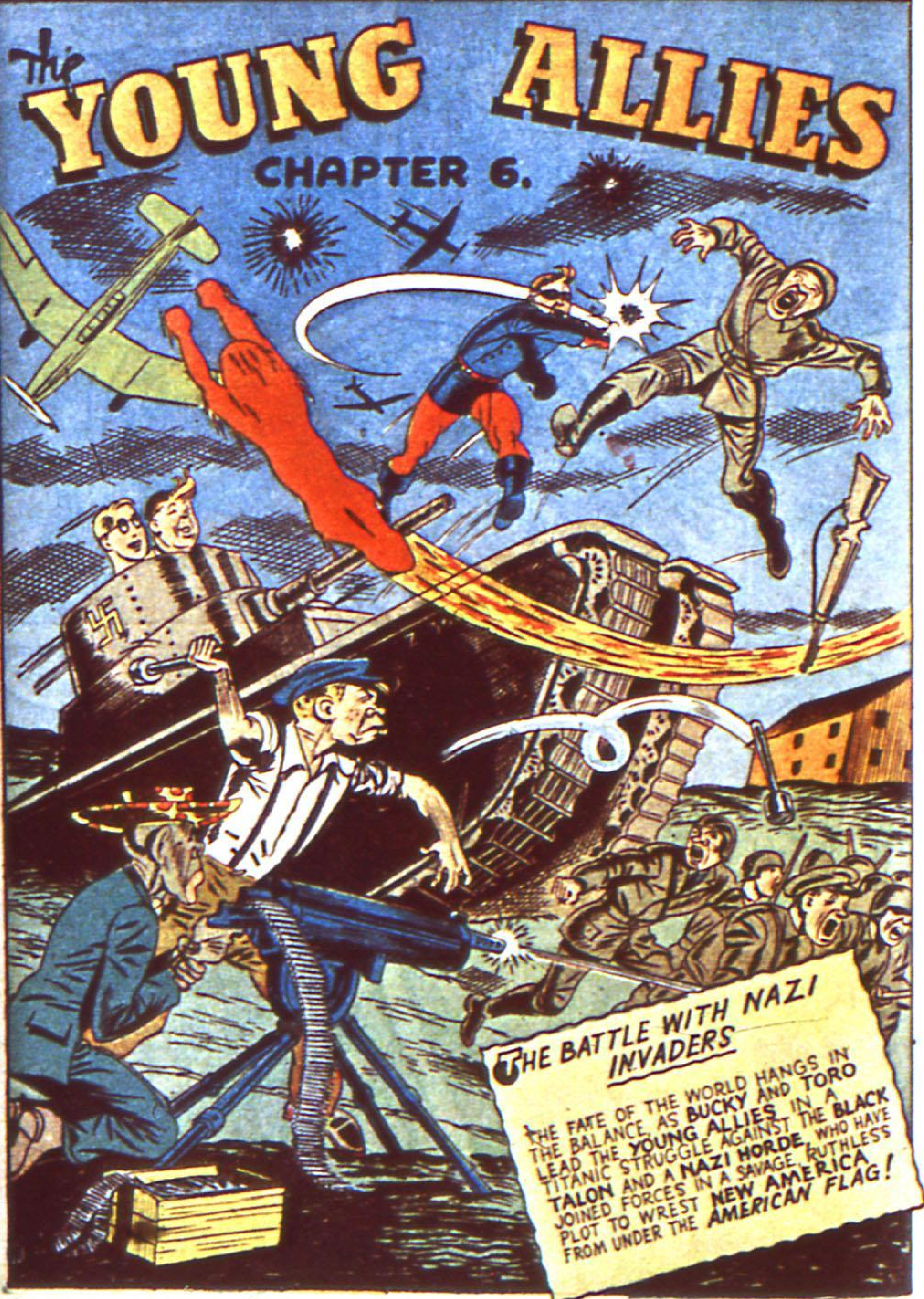

I SPIED YOUR CAMP AND HURRIED HERE, BARON BOCHE!..
I CAME AS SOON AS I RECEIVED YOUR CODE MESSAGE!...
DORA LIVINGSTONE!!
THE DAUGHTER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE! HOW WONDERFUL!.. WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CARTURE HIM!.
THE FIENDISH MIND OF THE NAZI COMMANDER CONCEIVES A CRUEL PLAN!.
CALL UP TO DR. LIVINGSTONE!. INFORM HIM THAT UNLESS HE SURRENDERS... HIS DAUGHTER WILL DIE!..
AND AT THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD OF DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE...
WE HAFF YOUR DAUGHTER, DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE!... SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY,... OR SHE DIES!
THE FIENDS!.
NEVER! FOR AMERICA'S SAKE, I'LL HOLD... EVEN THOUGH MY DAUGHTER.. ...POOR CHILD....
BOY!! THAT'S THE KIND O' STUFF THE AMERICANS ARE MADE OF!.
BUT POOR DORA!
GEE!. WHUTTA MAN!.
BUT SUDDENLY... A GREAT IDEA COMES TO KNUCKLES.
WAIT! BLACK TALON DOESN'T KNOW WE YOUNG ALLIES ARE ALIVE!. GO DOWN, AND WE'LL RESCUE YOU AND DORA, TONIGHT!..
IT'S WORTH A TRY... I'VE FIGURED OUT THE LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE OF THIS PLACE... THEY WON'T KILL ME TILL I REVEAL THAT INFORMATION, I'LL STALL THEM TILL TONIGHT!..

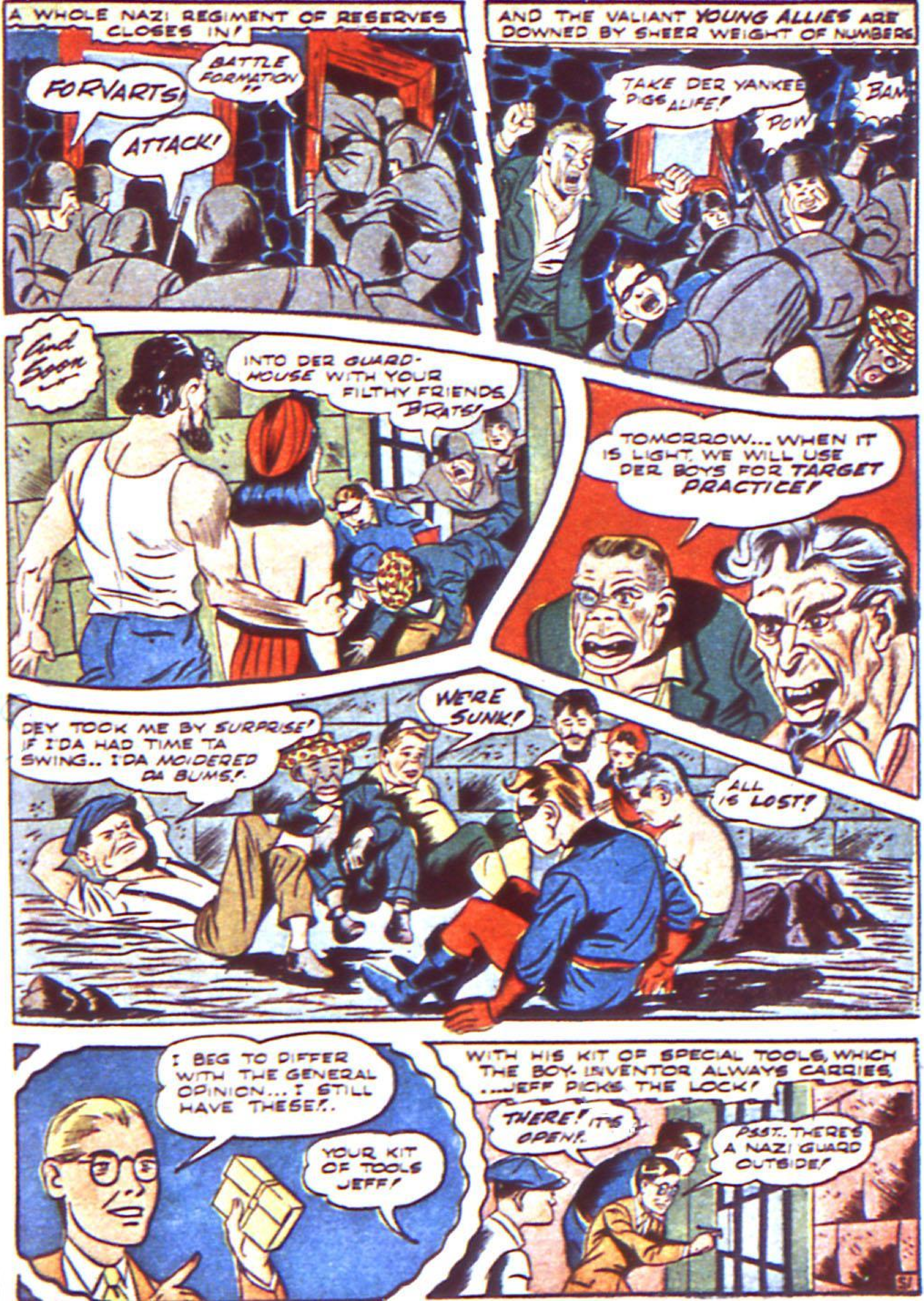

AS NIGHT FALLS OVER NEW AMERICA.
I AM LOSING PATIENCE, DR. LIVINGSTONE... MUST I TURN THIS BURNING LAMP ON YOUR DAUGHTER TO MAKE YOU TALK??
Meanwhile...
THEY THINK NO ONE IS AROUND!
NOT EVEN A SENTRY ON DUTY!
LOOK, DA BUMS ARE GOING TA USE A BURNING LAMP ON DORA!
QUICK! TORO.. STOP THEM!
SPEAK, AMERICAN PIG! SPEAK, OR YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE BLINDED BY MY LAMP!!!
I CAN'T LET THEM DO IT!. AND THOSE YOUNG ALLIES FAILED ME, AFTER ALL!
BUT THE EXPLORER IS MISTAKEN AS A FLAMING FIGURE BOLTS INTO THE ROOM..
CRASH
NO YOU DON'T, RAT!
TORO!
KNOCKING THE MACHINE TO PIECES TORO CONTINUES TO RAISE HAVOC INSIDE THE NAZI CAMP AS BLACK TALON BURSTS UPON THE SCENE!
OWWTCH! HALLUP!
HAVE A FLAMING FIST, FOOL!!
BLACK TALON VIEWS WITH ALARM AS THE YOUNG ALLIES RUSH IN!
YE GODS, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE STILL ALIVE?..I'LL CALL THE NAZI GUARDS!

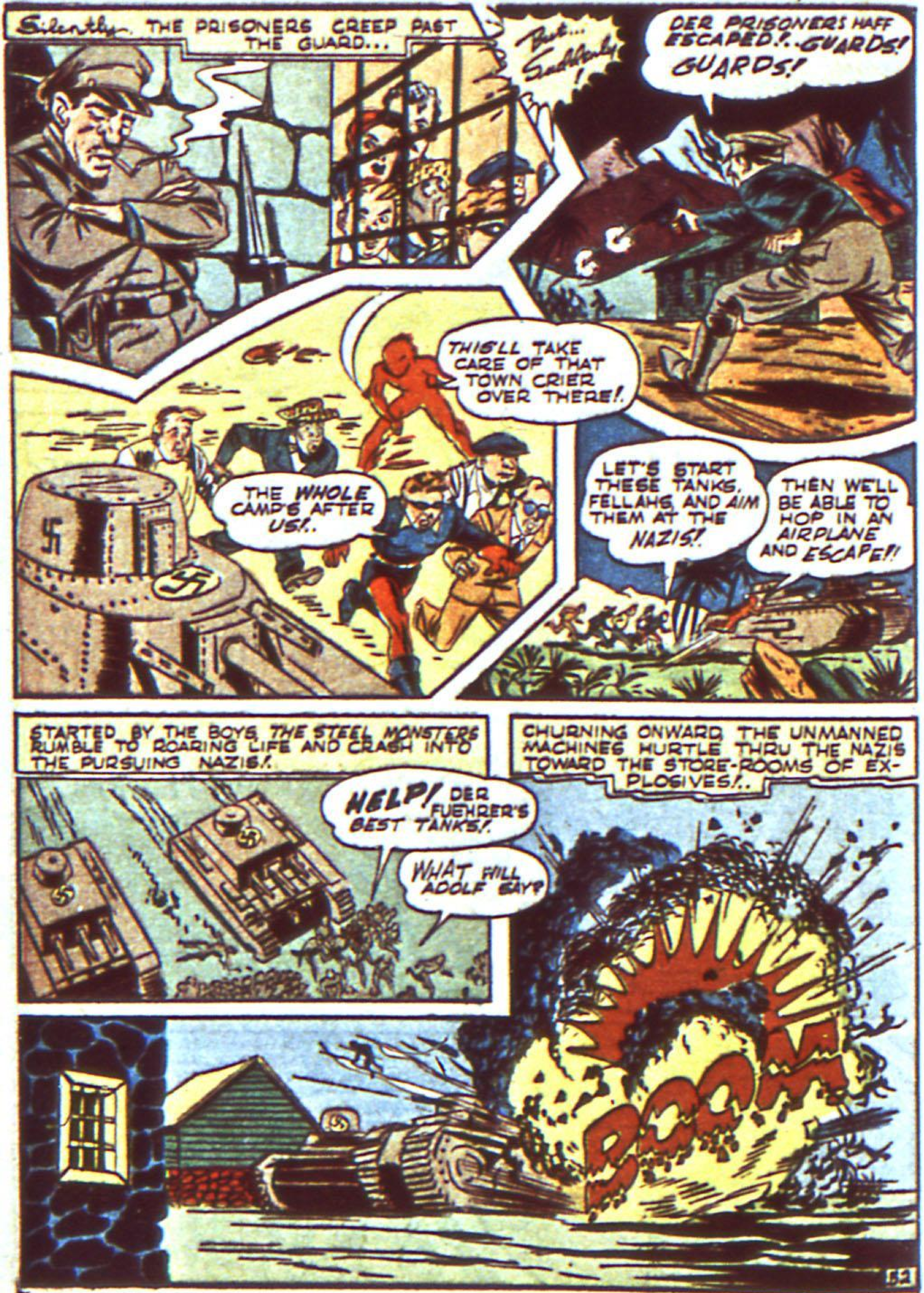

SUMMONED BY BLACK TALON, NAZI GUARDS *SWARM* TO THE ATTACK!
GOING SOMEWHERE, BRATS?
YES, *BLACK TALON!* RIGHT THRU YOU AND YOUR *NAZI BUMS!*
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE FOLLOWS, AS THE BOY HEROES VALIANTLY SMASH THE *NAZI TROOPERS!*
POW
BAM
BEAT HIM DER BRAINS OUDT!
P. TOOFE
ONE AMERICAN'S WORTH TWO NAZIS, ANY DAY, SEE?
OOOP!
OOFF!
BAM
POW
YOU BUMS ARE *EASIER* THAN I THOUGHT!
Outside THE BARRACKS..
WHAT A *NOISE!* IT MUST BE AN *INVADING ARMY*...CALLING DER RESOIVES!

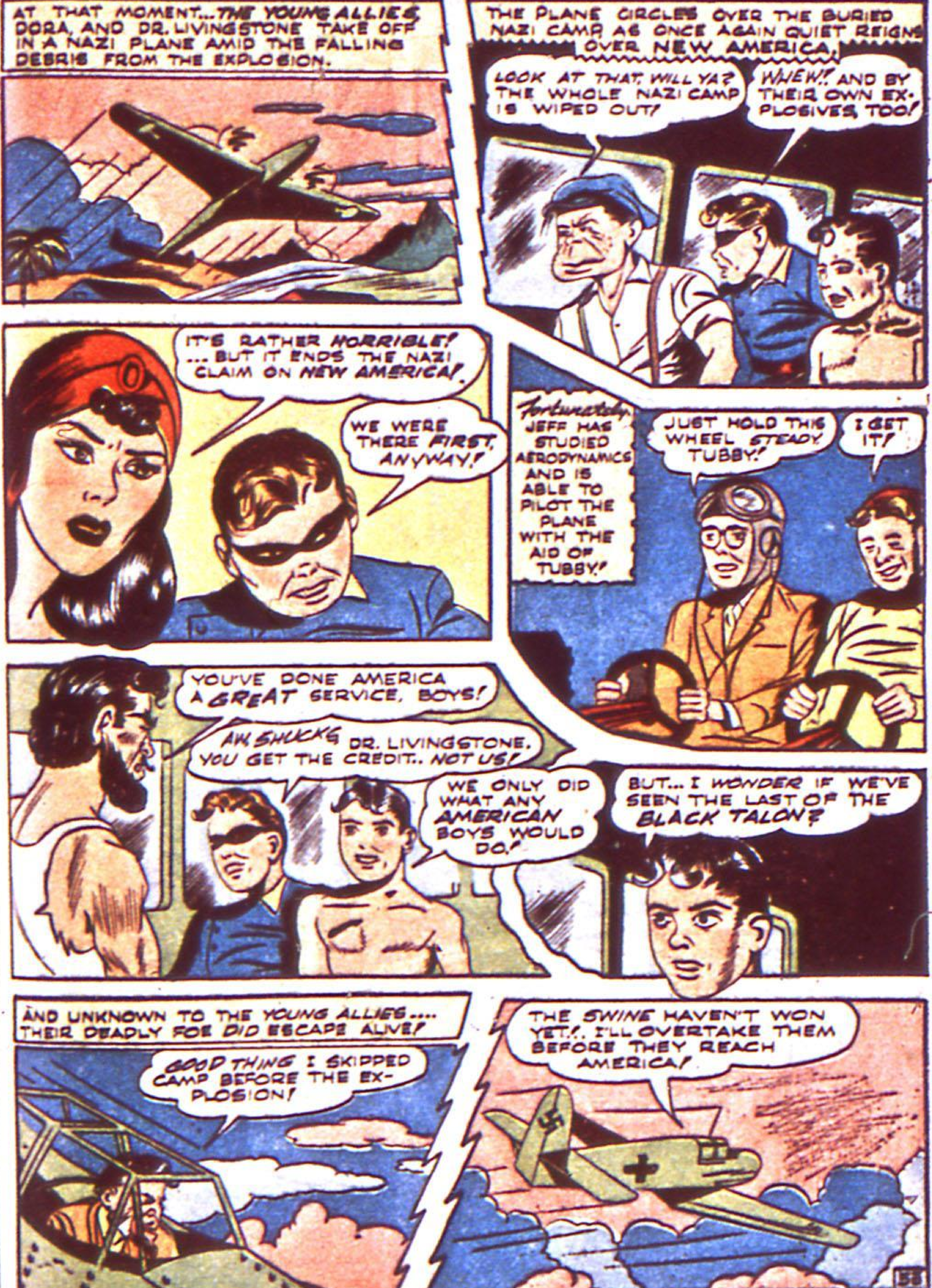
The YOUNG ALLIES

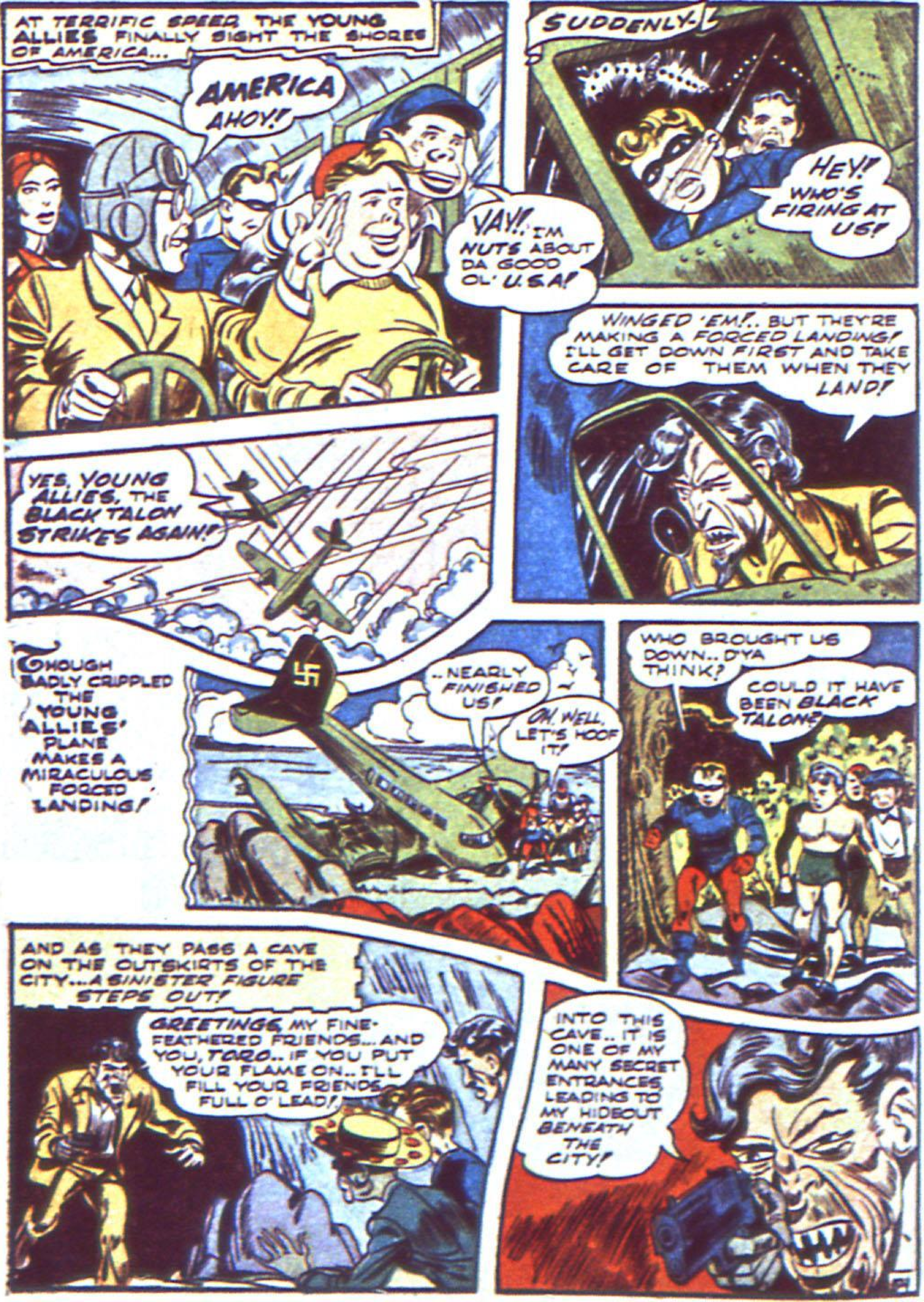
CHAPTER 6.

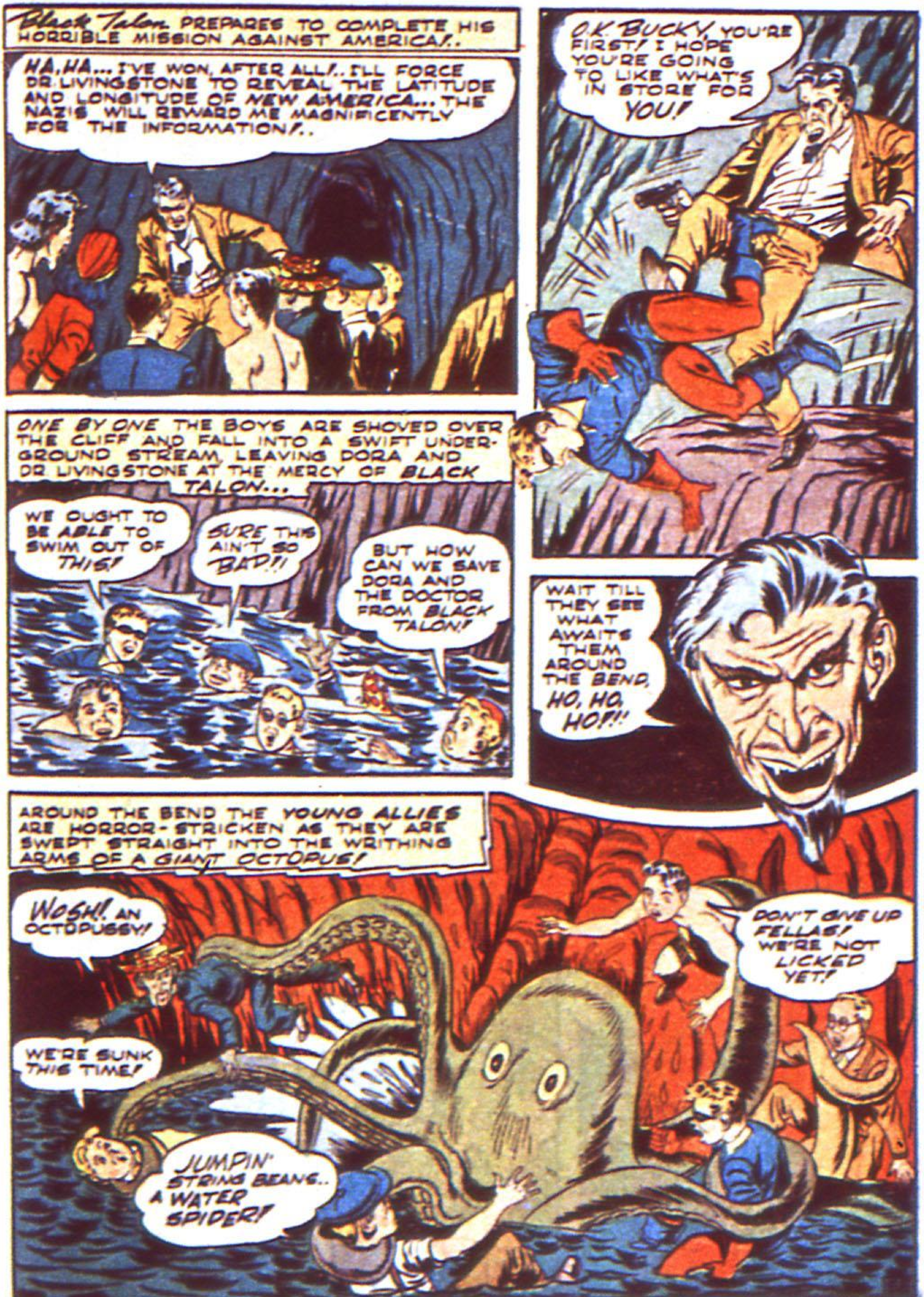

THE BATTLE WITH NAZI INVADERS
THE FATE OF THE WORLD HANGS IN THE BALANCE AS **BUCKY** AND **TORO** LEAD THE **YOUNG ALLIES** IN A TITANIC STRUGGLE AGAINST THE **BLACK TALON** AND A **NAZI HORDE**, WHO HAVE JOINED FORCES IN A SAVAGE, RUTHLESS PLOT TO WREST **NEW AMERICA** FROM UNDER THE ***AMERICAN FLAG!***

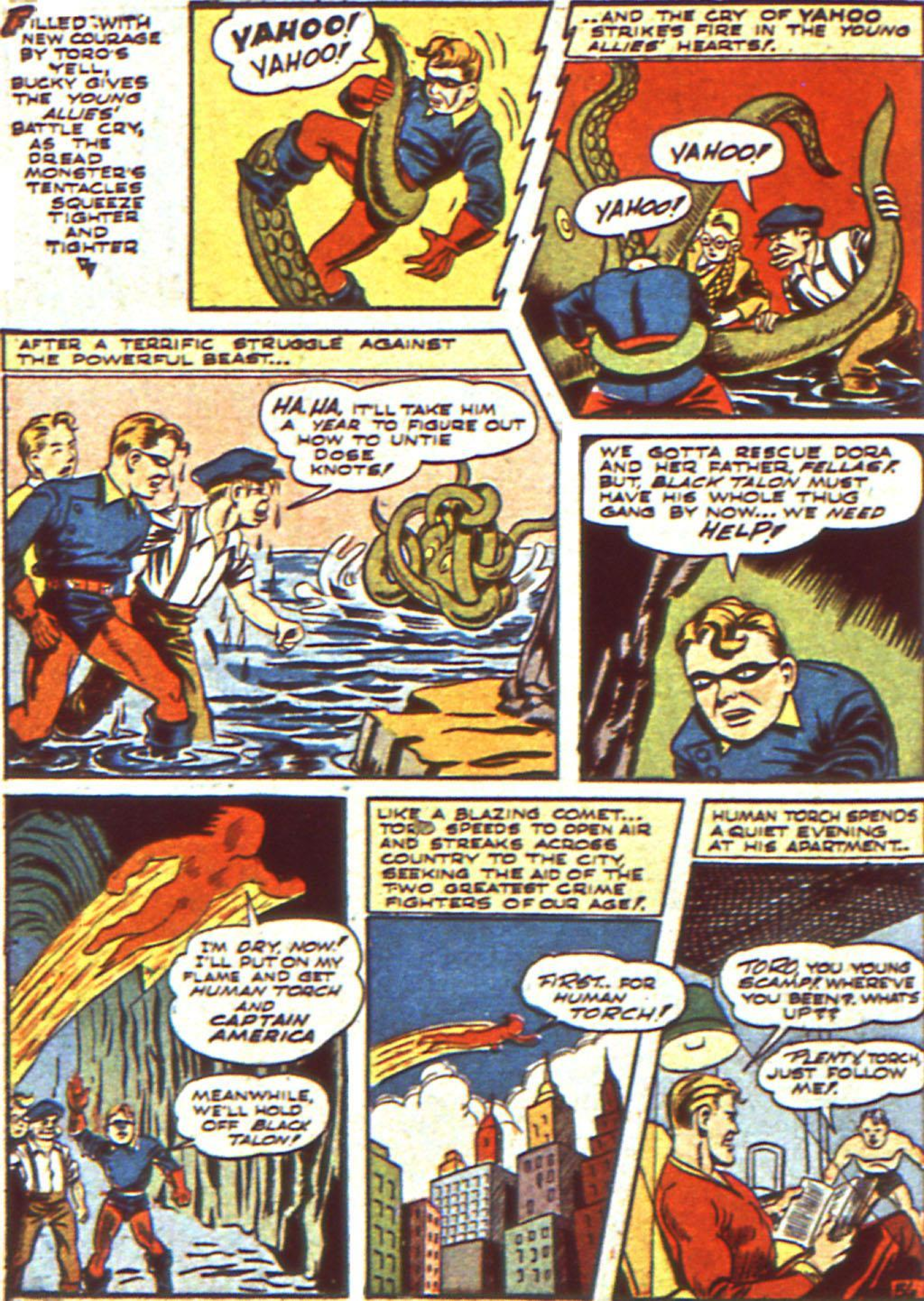

A WHOLE NAZI REGIMENT OF RESERVES CLOSES IN!
FORVARTS!
BATTLE FORMATION!!
ATTACK!
AND THE VALIANT YOUNG ALLIES ARE DOWNED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS
TAKE DER YANKEE PIGS ALIFE!
POW
BAM
And Soon
INTO DER GUARD-HOUSE WITH YOUR FILTHY FRIENDS, BRATS!
TOMORROW... WHEN IT IS LIGHT, WE WILL USE DER BOYS FOR TARGET PRACTICE!
DEY TOOK ME BY SURPRISE! IF I'DA HAD TIME TA SWING.. I'DA MOIDERED DA BUMS!
WE'RE SUNK!
ALL IS LOST!
I BEG TO DIFFER WITH THE GENERAL OPINION... I STILL HAVE THESE!..
YOUR KIT OF TOOLS JEFF!
WITH HIS KIT OF SPECIAL TOOLS, WHICH THE BOY-INVENTOR ALWAYS CARRIES, ...JEFF PICKS THE LOCK!
THERE! IT'S OPEN!.
PSST.. THERE'S A NAZI GUARD OUTSIDE!

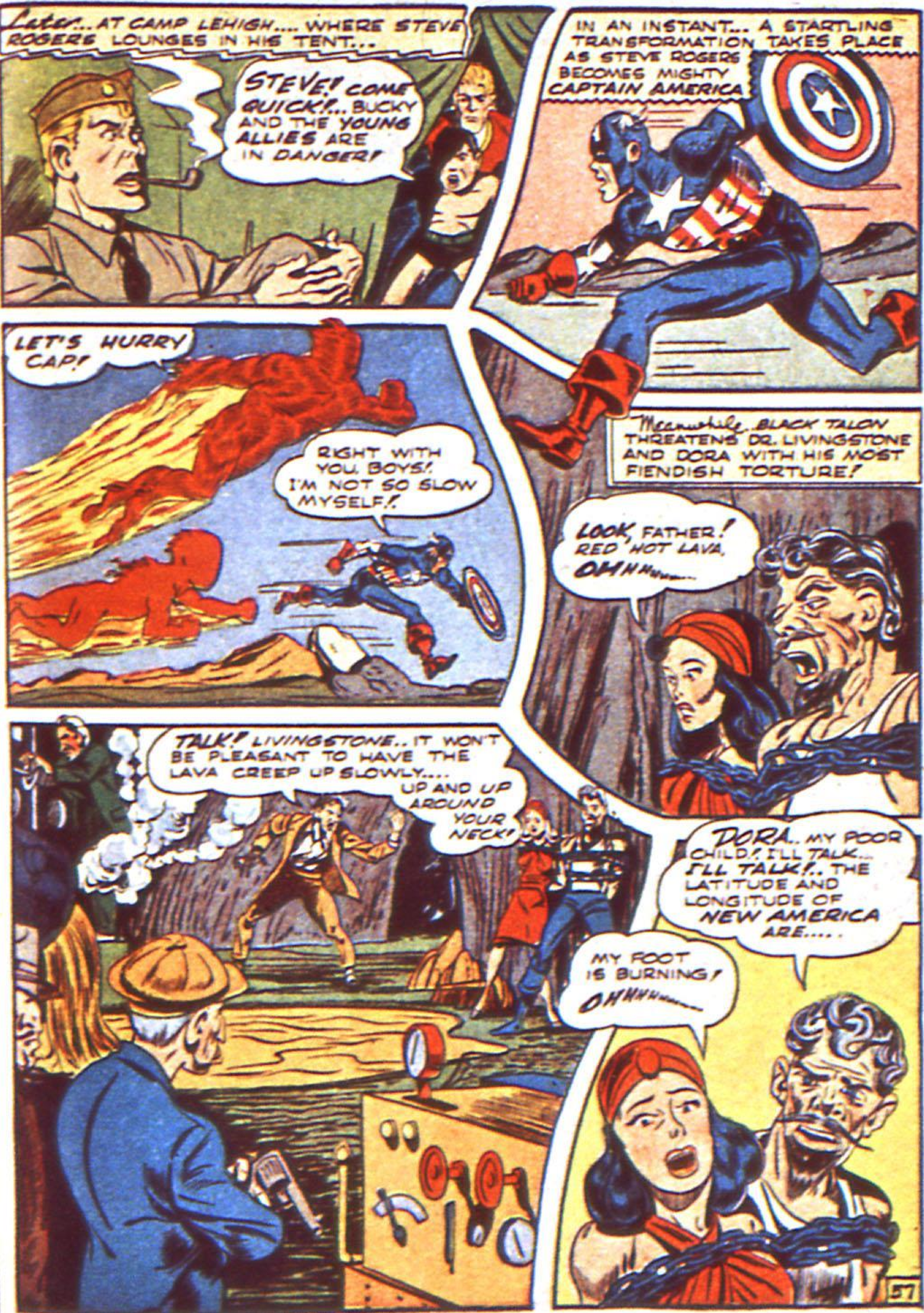

Silently... THE PRISONERS CREEP PAST THE GUARD...
But... Suddenly!
DER PRISONERS HAFF ESCAPED!..GUARDS! GUARDS!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT TOWN CRIER OVER THERE!.
THE WHOLE CAMP'S AFTER US!.
LET'S START THESE TANKS, FELLAHS, AND AIM THEM AT THE NAZIS!
THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO HOP IN AN AIRPLANE AND ESCAPE!!
STARTED BY THE BOYS, THE STEEL MONSTERS RUMBLE TO ROARING LIFE AND CRASH INTO THE PURSUING NAZIS!.
HELP! DER FUEHRER'S BEST TANKS!.
WHAT WILL ADOLF SAY?
CHURNING ONWARD, THE UNMANNED MACHINES HURTLE THRU THE NAZIS TOWARD THE STORE-ROOMS OF EXPLOSIVES!.
BOOM

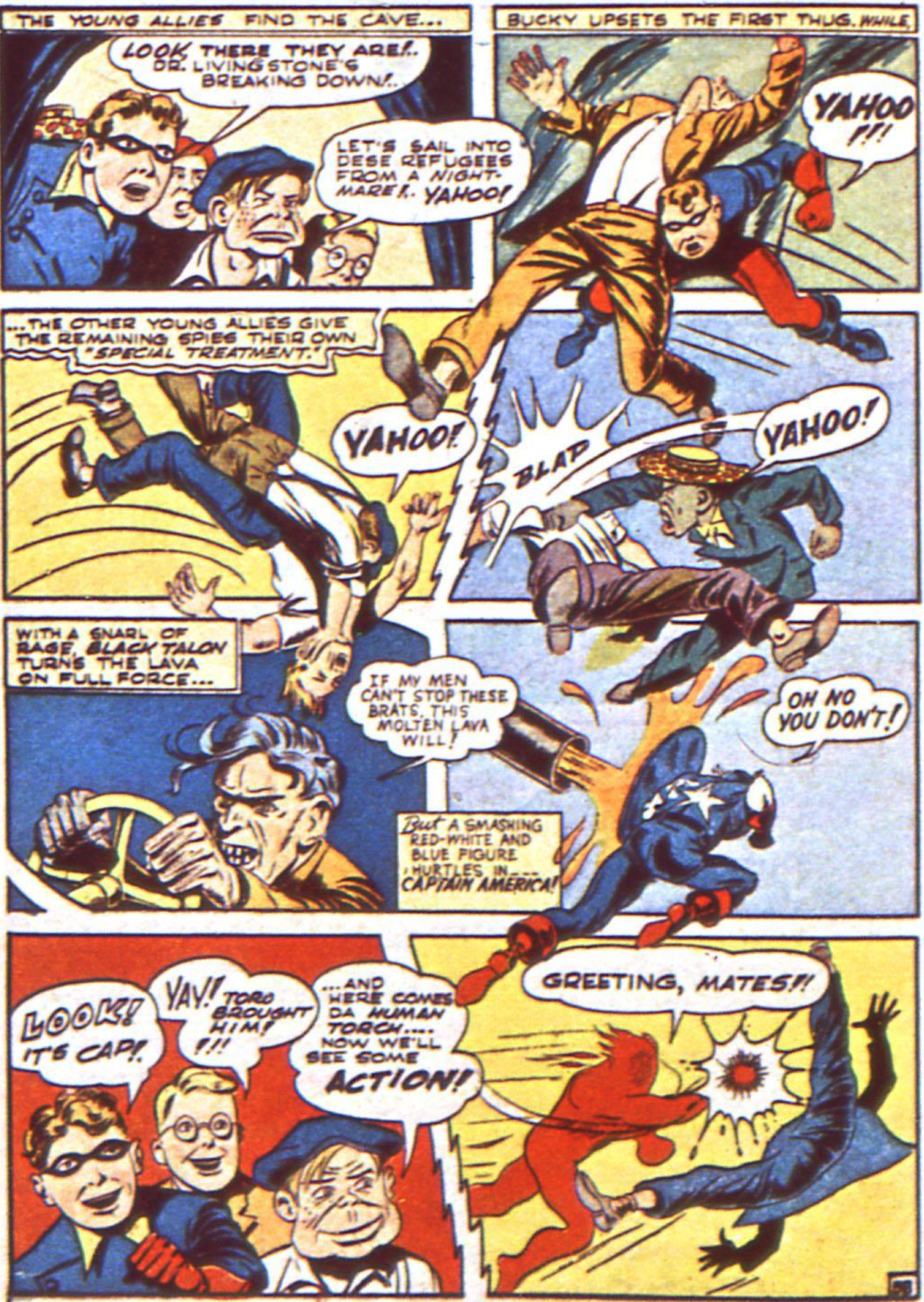

AT THAT MOMENT... THE YOUNG ALLIES, DORA, AND DR. LIVINGSTONE TAKE OFF IN A NAZI PLANE AMID THE FALLING DEBRIS FROM THE EXPLOSION.
THE PLANE CIRCLES OVER THE BURIED NAZI CAMP AS ONCE AGAIN QUIET REIGNS OVER NEW AMERICA.
LOOK AT THAT, WILL YA? THE WHOLE NAZI CAMP IS WIPED OUT!
WHEW!! AND BY THEIR OWN EXPLOSIVES, TOO!
IT'S RATHER HORRIBLE! ... BUT IT ENDS THE NAZI CLAIM ON NEW AMERICA!
WE WERE THERE FIRST, ANYWAY!
Fortunately, JEFF HAS STUDIED AERODYNAMICS AND IS ABLE TO PILOT THE PLANE WITH THE AID OF TUBBY!
JUST HOLD THIS WHEEL STEADY, TUBBY!
I GET IT!
YOU'VE DONE AMERICA A GREAT SERVICE, BOYS!
AW SHUCKS DR. LIVINGSTONE, YOU GET THE CREDIT.. NOT US!
WE ONLY DID WHAT ANY AMERICAN BOYS WOULD DO!
BUT... I WONDER IF WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE BLACK TALON?
AND UNKNOWN TO THE YOUNG ALLIES.... THEIR DEADLY FOE DID ESCAPE ALIVE!
GOOD THING I SKIPPED CAMP BEFORE THE EXPLOSION!
THE SWINE HAVEN'T WON YET!. I'LL OVERTAKE THEM BEFORE THEY REACH AMERICA!

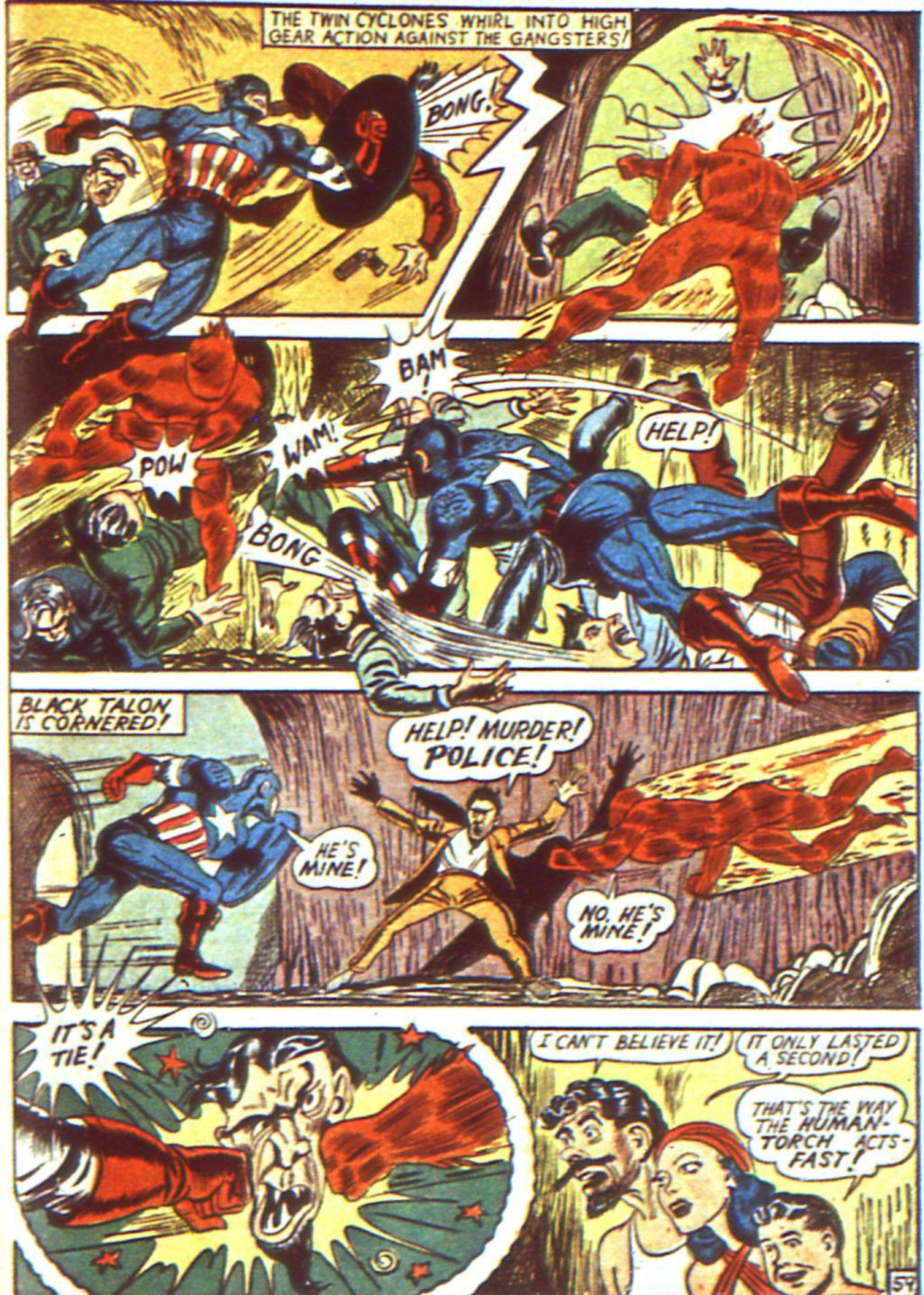

AT TERRIFIC SPEED THE YOUNG ALLIES FINALLY SIGHT THE SHORES OF AMERICA...
AMERICA AHOY!
YAY!! I'M NUTS ABOUT DA GOOD OL' U.S.A!
SUDDENLY-
HEY! WHO'S FIRING AT US!
WINGED 'EM!.. BUT THEY'RE MAKING A FORCED LANDING! I'LL GET DOWN FIRST AND TAKE CARE OF THEM WHEN THEY LAND!
YES, YOUNG ALLIES, THE BLACK TALON STRIKES AGAIN!
THOUGH BADLY CRIPPLED THE YOUNG ALLIES' PLANE MAKES A MIRACULOUS FORCED LANDING!
..NEARLY FINISHED US!
OH, WELL, LET'S HOOF IT!
WHO BROUGHT US DOWN...D'YA THINK?
COULD IT HAVE BEEN BLACK TALON?
AND AS THEY PASS A CAVE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...A SINISTER FIGURE STEPS OUT!
GREETINGS, MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIENDS...AND YOU, TORO...IF YOU PUT YOUR FLAME ON...I'LL FILL YOUR FRIENDS FULL O' LEAD!
INTO THIS CAVE.. IT IS ONE OF MY MANY SECRET ENTRANCES LEADING TO MY HIDEOUT BENEATH THE CITY!

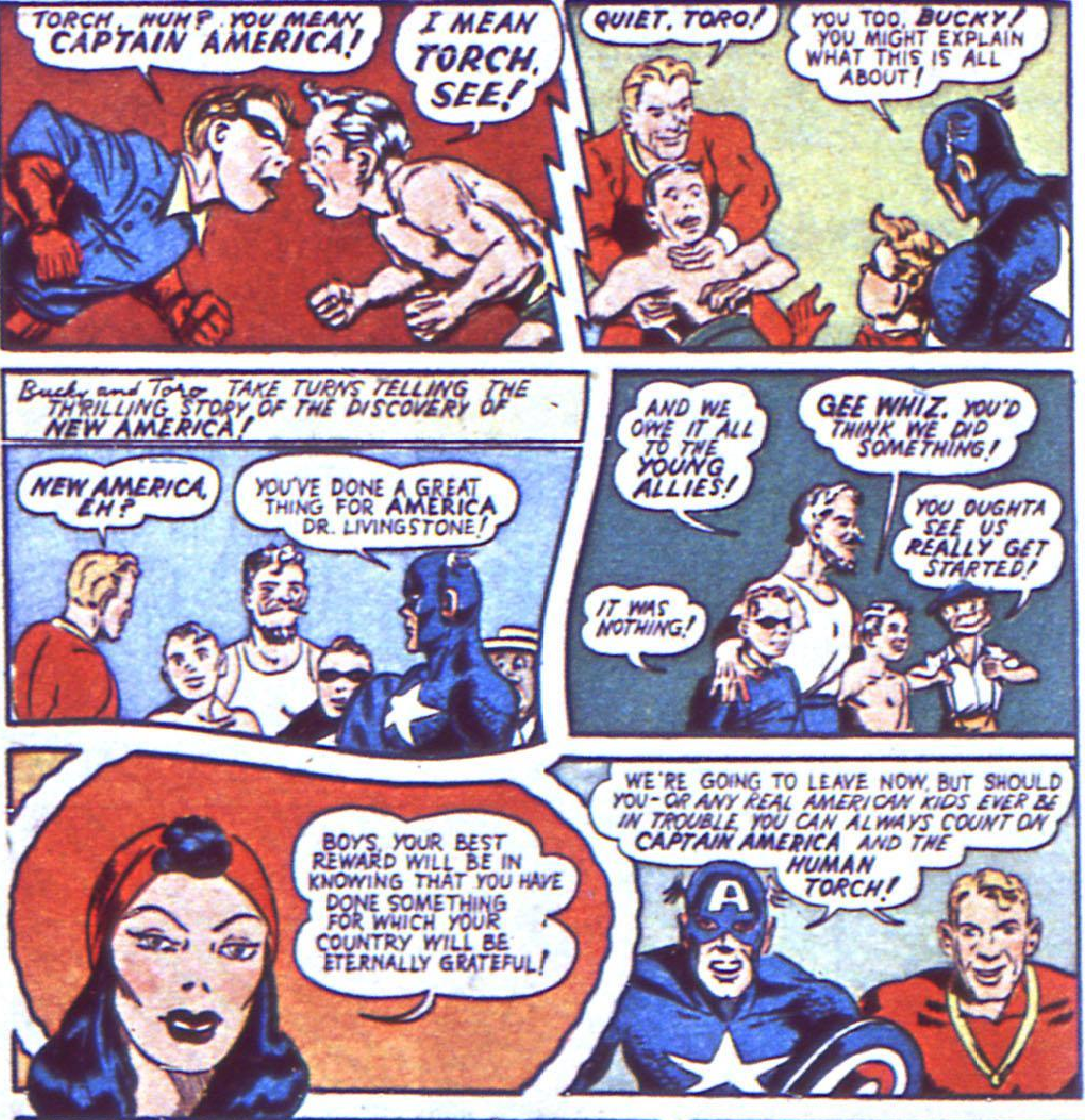

Black Talon PREPARES TO COMPLETE HIS HORRIBLE MISSION AGAINST AMERICA!..
HA, HA... I'VE WON, AFTER ALL!.. I'LL FORCE DR. LIVINGSTONE TO REVEAL THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF NEW AMERICA... THE NAZIS WILL REWARD ME MAGNIFICENTLY FOR THE INFORMATION!..
O.K. BUCKY, YOU'RE FIRST! I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU!
ONE BY ONE THE BOYS ARE SHOVED OVER THE CLIFF AND FALL INTO A SWIFT UNDERGROUND STREAM, LEAVING DORA AND DR LIVINGSTONE AT THE MERCY OF BLACK TALON...
WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SWIM OUT OF THIS!
SURE, THIS AIN'T SO BAD!!
BUT HOW CAN WE SAVE DORA AND THE DOCTOR FROM BLACK TALON!
WAIT TILL THEY SEE WHAT AWAITS THEM AROUND THE BEND, HO, HO, HO!!
AROUND THE BEND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE HORROR-STRICKEN AS THEY ARE SWEPT STRAIGHT INTO THE WRITHING ARMS OF A GIANT OCTOPUS!
WOSH! AN OCTOPUSSY!
DON'T GIVE UP FELLAS! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!
WE'RE SUNK THIS TIME!
JUMPIN' STRING BEANS.. A WATER SPIDER!


FILLED WITH NEW COURAGE BY TORO'S YELL, BUCKY GIVES THE YOUNG ALLIES' BATTLE CRY, AS THE DREAD MONSTER'S TENTACLES SQUEEZE TIGHTER AND TIGHTER
YAHOO! YAHOO!
..AND THE CRY OF YAHOO STRIKES FIRE IN THE YOUNG ALLIES' HEARTS!.
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE AGAINST THE POWERFUL BEAST...
HA, HA, IT'LL TAKE HIM A YEAR TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO UNTIE DOSE KNOTS!
WE GOTTA RESCUE DORA AND HER FATHER, FELLAS!. BUT, BLACK TALON MUST HAVE HIS WHOLE THUG GANG BY NOW... WE NEED HELP!
I'M DRY, NOW! I'LL PUT ON MY FLAME AND GET HUMAN TORCH AND CAPTAIN AMERICA
MEANWHILE, WE'LL HOLD OFF BLACK TALON!
LIKE A BLAZING COMET... TORO SPEEDS TO OPEN AIR AND STREAKS ACROSS COUNTRY TO THE CITY, SEEKING THE AID OF THE TWO GREATEST CRIME FIGHTERS OF OUR AGE!.
FIRST.. FOR HUMAN TORCH!
HUMAN TORCH SPENDS A QUIET EVENING AT HIS APARTMENT..
TORO, YOU YOUNG SCAMP!, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?, WHAT'S UP??
PLENTY, TORCH JUST FOLLOW ME!.

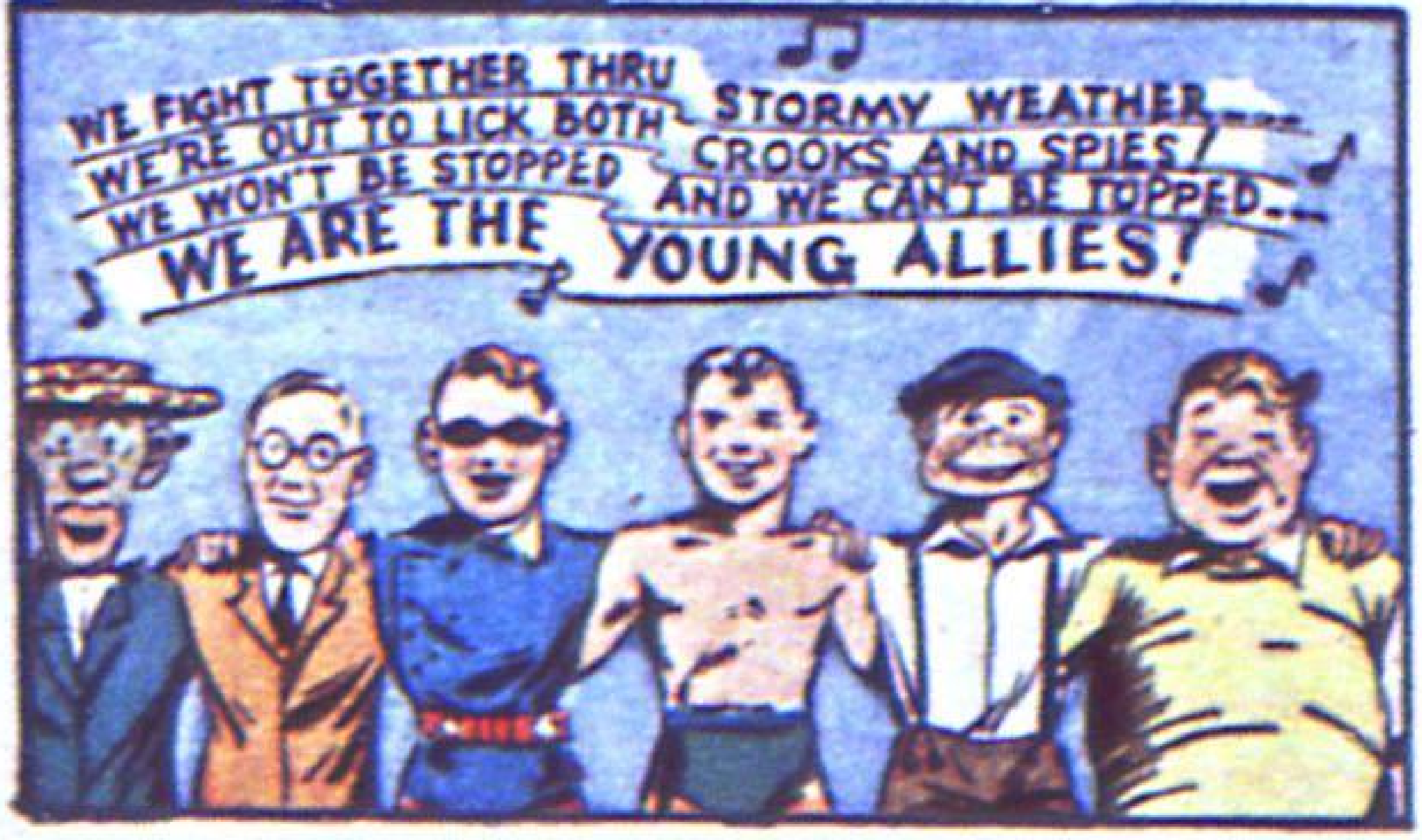

Later... AT CAMP LEHIGH.... WHERE STEVE ROGERS LOUNGES IN HIS TENT...
STEVE! COME QUICK!... BUCKY AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE IN DANGER!
IN AN INSTANT... A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE AS STEVE ROGERS BECOMES MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA
LET'S HURRY CAP!
RIGHT WITH YOU, BOYS! I'M NOT SO SLOW MYSELF!
Meanwhile, BLACK TALON THREATENS DR. LIVINGSTONE AND DORA WITH HIS MOST FIENDISH TORTURE!
LOOK, FATHER! RED HOT LAVA. OHHH....
TALK! LIVINGSTONE.. IT WON'T BE PLEASANT TO HAVE THE LAVA CREEP UP SLOWLY.... UP AND UP AROUND YOUR NECK!
DORA.. MY POOR CHILD! I'LL TALK... I'LL TALK!.. THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF NEW AMERICA ARE....
MY FOOT IS BURNING! OHHHH.....


THE YOUNG ALLIES FIND THE CAVE...
LOOK THERE THEY ARE!. DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BREAKING DOWN!.
LET'S SAIL INTO DESE REFUGEES FROM A NIGHTMARE!. YAHOO!
BUCKY UPSETS THE FIRST THUG, WHILE,
YAHOO !!!
...THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES GIVE THE REMAINING SPIES THEIR OWN "SPECIAL TREATMENT."
YAHOO!
BLAP
YAHOO!
WITH A SNARL OF RAGE, BLACK TALON TURNS THE LAVA ON FULL FORCE...
IF MY MEN CAN'T STOP THESE BRATS, THIS MOLTEN LAVA WILL!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
But A SMASHING RED-WHITE AND BLUE FIGURE HURTLES IN.... CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LOOK! IT'S CAP!.
YAY! TORO BROUGHT HIM! !!!
...AND HERE COMES DA HUMAN TORCH.... NOW WE'LL SEE SOME ACTION!
GREETING, MATES!!


THE TWIN CYCLONES WHIRL INTO HIGH GEAR ACTION AGAINST THE GANGSTERS!
BONG!
BAM!
HELP!
POW
WAM!
BONG
BLACK TALON IS CORNERED!
HELP! MURDER! POLICE!
HE'S MINE!
NO. HE'S MINE!
IT'S A TIE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
IT ONLY LASTED A SECOND!
THAT'S THE WAY THE HUMAN-TORCH ACTS FAST!



TORCH, HUH? YOU MEAN CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I MEAN TORCH, SEE!
QUIET, TORO!
YOU TOO, BUCKY! YOU MIGHT EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
Bucky and Toro TAKE TURNS TELLING THE THRILLING STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF NEW AMERICA!
NEW AMERICA, EH?
YOU'VE DONE A GREAT THING FOR AMERICA DR. LIVINGSTONE!
AND WE OWE IT ALL TO THE YOUNG ALLIES!
GEE WHIZ, YOU'D THINK WE DID SOMETHING!
YOU OUGHTA SEE US REALLY GET STARTED!
IT WAS NOTHING!
BOYS, YOUR BEST REWARD WILL BE IN KNOWING THAT YOU HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOR WHICH YOUR COUNTRY WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL!
WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE NOW, BUT SHOULD YOU–OR ANY REAL AMERICAN KIDS EVER BE IN TROUBLE, YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE HUMAN TORCH!



WE FIGHT TOGETHER THRU STORMY WEATHER...
WE'RE OUT TO LICK BOTH CROOKS AND SPIES!
WE WON'T BE STOPPED AND WE CAN'T BE TOPPED...
WE ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES!

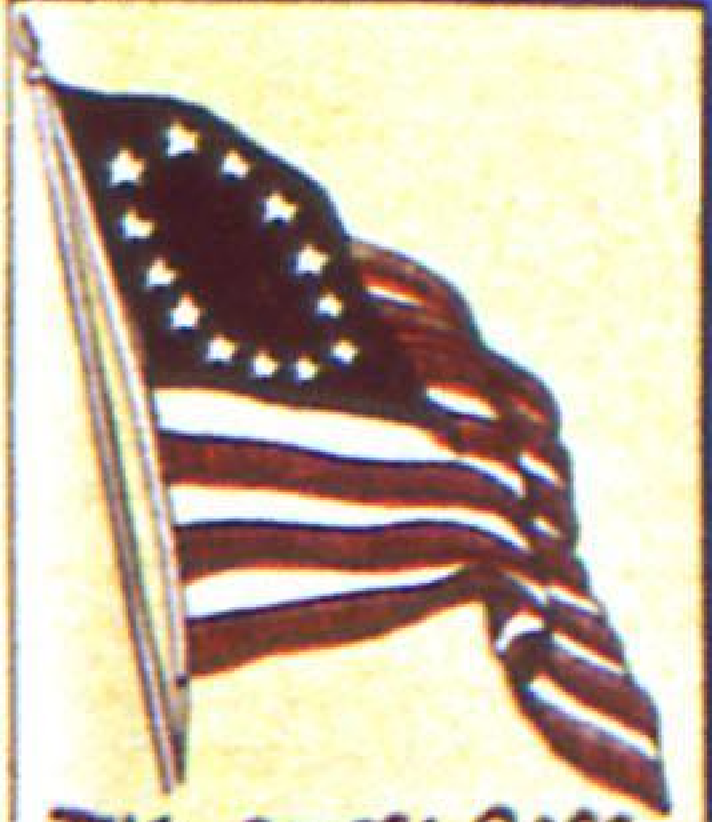
THE

YOUNG ALLIES

WILL THRILL AND AMUSE
YOU AGAIN IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF THIS AMAZINGLY
DIFFERENT SENSATIONAL
SERIES! DON'T MISS THEM!

Guests—The Human Torch
Captain America
(Pvt. Steve Rogers)

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

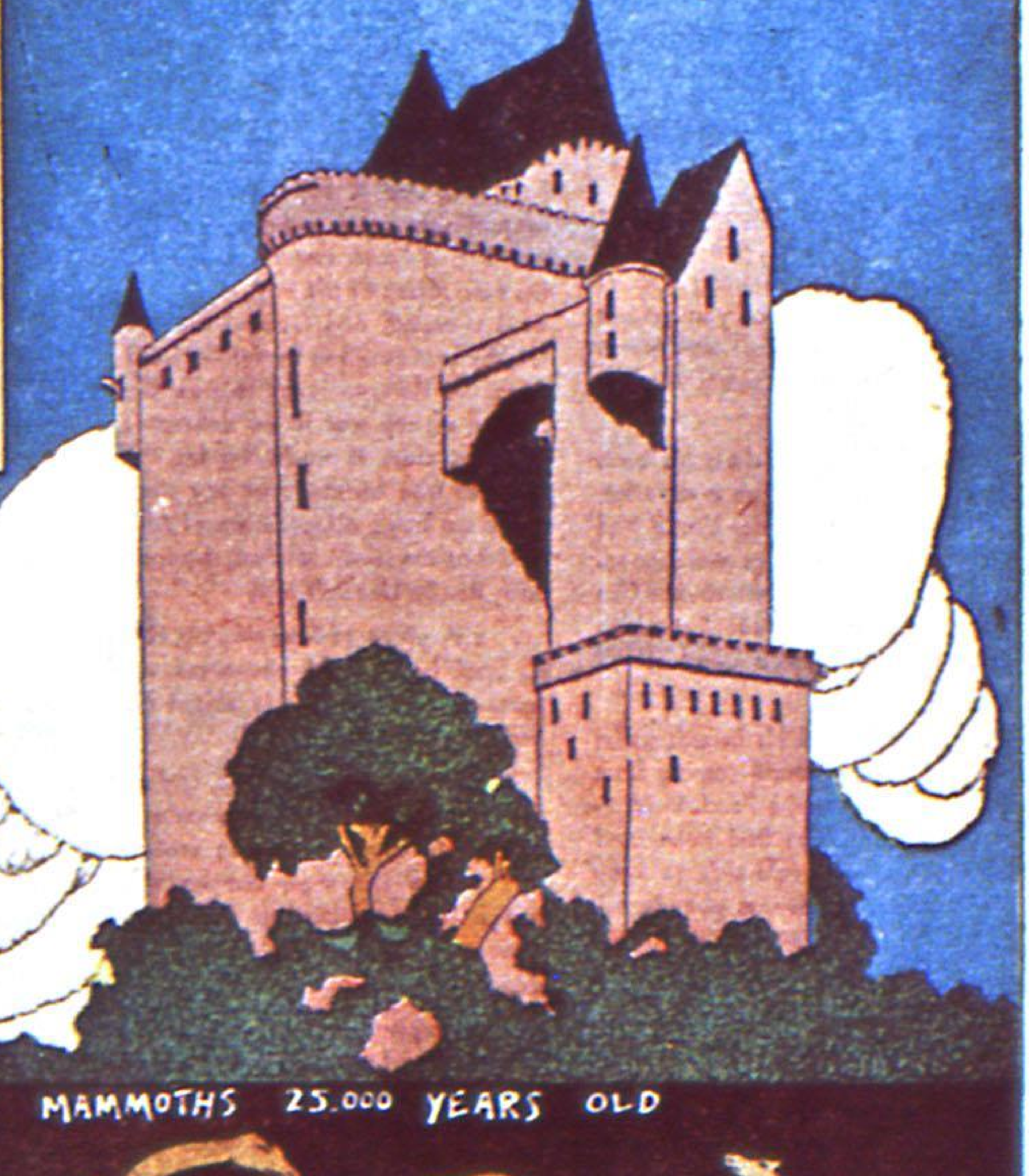


THE BETSY ROSS LEGEND

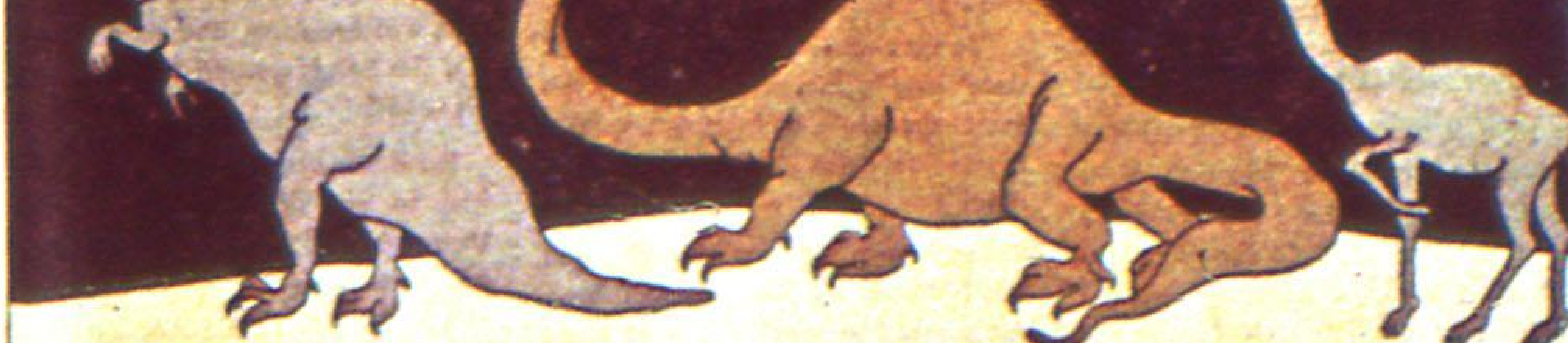
HISTORIANS HAVE NEVER YET DISCOVERED WHO MADE THE FIRST FLAG IN 1777—THE STORY OF BETSY ROSS HAS NO EVIDENCE WHATSOEVER TO SUPPORT IT! THE DESIGNER IS STILL A MYSTERY!

THE HAUNTED CASTLE

IN KLAVEN, NEAR CARLIFF, WALES, IS THE CASTLE THAT CANNOT HOLD TENANTS—BECAUSE OF STRANGE SOUNDS HEARD AT NIGHT—WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO PREVENT THIS STRANGE NOISE OF A WOMAN BEING TORTURED!



FROZEN MAMMOTHS 25.000 YEARS OLD



FOUND IN THE ETERNAL ICE OF SIBERIA—NOT ONLY WERE THE CARCASSES PERFECTLY PRESERVED—EVEN THE HAIR AND EYEBALLS! ALSO FOOD WAS FOUND IN THE STOMACHS—AND IN THE MOUTH

"CUB REPORTER"

. . . A brooding silence hovered over the Park, as young Randy Lincoln sauntered slowly over the pathway which led to the Pond. He reached the small hill near the water and sat down. He sighed, as he recalled the sharp words he had listened to that day from his boss, Editor Greg Pierson of the Daily World.

"Lincoln," the hard-boiled Editor had shouted, "as a cub reporter you're a bust! You've been with us for two months now, and you haven't brought in a story that was worth printing! Either turn in something hot, or quit!"

Randy felt he had done his best. He always wanted to be a reporter, and the job on the Daily World had been his first chance to make good. And now Pierson had threatened him to produce or be fired! But where was he to pick up a good story? Where?

. . . Randy held his breath as he heard a strange sound coming from the old shed near the Pond. In former years, this place had been used by the gardener in which to keep his tools. But now it was abandoned, and stood like an empty shell on the rim of the hill near the water.

Again Randy could hear sounds from the old shed. They sounded like voices talking in subdued tones! The young man's instincts as a reporter able to sense a story leaped high as he edged his way closer to the ramshackle structure. The glass in the single window was broken; with extreme caution he peeked in.

. . . A kerosene lamp lit up the interior of the shack. Two men, both badly dressed and in need of shaves, were seated at a table, on which rested the day's newspapers. And seated on a smaller chair near the window was a young boy, about twelve years old, with his hands tied securely behind him!

"It's the kidnapped Crosby child!" Randy muttered to himself.

The whole story came back to his mind. Three days ago, Robert Crosby had wandered by himself into the Park, and had disappeared. Then a ransom note came to his father, demanding a large sum of money for the safe return of the boy. The police were stumped, and Colonel George Crosby was awaiting for further word from the kidnappers as to how the ransom money was to be delivered! What a story it would be for the reporter who ferreted out any clues as to the boy's disappearance! And here was the whole solution, dropped into Randy Lincoln's lap!

. . . A piece of iron sticking into his back brought the young cub reporter to his senses. He raised his arms in submission!

"Just march into the shack, and no funny stuff!" a gruff voice commanded. Randy wanted to swing around and wallop the man, but he was dissuaded by the business end of the gun prodding him on toward the door.

They stepped into the shack, and three pairs of eyes turned to watch the new arrivals.

"I caught this guy snooping around outside! He was listening to everything you said!"

"In that case, we'll have to 'liquidate' him!" One of the men at the table spoke. "Can't have any witnesses loose to identify us,—just in case!"

Randy was tied up securely, and left lying on the bare wooden floor. He wanted to resist, but what could he do with an automatic pointed his way? It was useless!

One of the kidnappers was cutting out words from different sections of the newspapers, and then gluing them on to another sheet of paper. The words formed the ransom note for young Bobby Crosby's father, with instructions on how to deliver the money which would secure the boy's release! Then two of the thugs left the shack, with the third member remaining to guard the prisoners. A parting remark sent shivers running up and down the spines of the reporter and the kidnapped boy.

"If your old man doesn't come through, kid, it's curtains for ya!" This remark was accompanied by a finger passed across the thug's throat significantly!

. . Seconds passed into minutes; minutes into hours, as the three figures waited in the old shack. The guard played solitaire with a deck of cards. Randy had winked at Bobby to reassure him that everything would come out all right. Then the boy let his head fall on his chest, as he fell asleep.

But the cub reporter was not idle. Slowly but surely he was scraping the ropes which bound his wrists behind him against the rough edges of a few red bricks which had been left in a corner of the old shack when the gardener had abandoned the place! Strand after strand of the rope was breaking, and Randy could feel the bonds getting looser around his wrists!

But it was nerve-wracking work. He had to use slow motions lest the thug get suspicious of his movements and investigate!

At last! The last strand was broken, and his hands were free! But how about his legs? They were tied too!

His chance came a few minutes later! The guard left the shack to get a breath of fresh air thinking his prisoners to be safely tied! As soon as his bulky form had passed out through the door Randy was at his leg-bonds. The knots were tight; but he pulled and tugged, until finally he had loosened them enough to slip the ropes off. He was free!

At once, he began to work on Bobby's ropes. The boy had awakened and watched the reporter with wide-eyed eagerness. But good luck turned to bad in an instant, as the thug returned! His first glance made him aware of what was happening, and he drew a gun!

BANG! The gun exploded, and a bullet ripped through Randy's shoulder! The shot would have been fatal, if Randy had not swerved aside at Bobby's warning! With a sharp pain tearing his shoulder, the cub reporter made a dash for the thug. Again the gun spoke sharply as the kidnapper fired at the approaching figure. But this time Randy had ducked fast, and the bullet imbedded itself harmlessly in the wall!

Then Randy went into action! A flying leap brought the thug down hard on the floor, as the gun fell from his hand. Randy was atop him, and swung his fists like a pendulum at his foe's jaw. Smashing with his right, then his left, Randy knocked the thug cold!

Then he completed the job he had started, finally freeing the grateful Bobby! But at that moment, they heard footsteps approaching down the path to the shack! Randy and Bobby made a dash to the door to escape into the shadows of the surrounding darkness; but . . . too late! The other two kidnappers stood like giants in the doorway!

Randy wasn't going to let them pull their guns on him as the unconscious thug had done! He swung a chair from the floor and hurled it toward the thugs. It put them off their guard long enough for the reporter to reach down and lift the gun which had fallen from the hand of the first thug.

"Put 'em up!" he ordered with fury, leaving no doubt in the minds of the kidnappers that he would use the gun if necessary! Randy forced one of the thugs to tie up the other two; then Randy bound the third kidnapper himself.

"And that's that!" he exclaimed in triumph! He sent Bobby scampering through the park in search of a policeman. In a few minutes, the boy returned with an astonished officer who took charge of the kidnappers. Randy left him with the three subdued men, as he rushed Bobby out of the Park, into a taxi, and to his home!

It was a tearful but joyous reunion, as Bobby walked into his home with the cub reporter! Colonel Crosby couldn't find words enough to thank Randy. There had been a large reward offered for the safe return of the boy, which the Colonel now offered Randy. But the reporter refused to accept any money. There was something else he wanted.

Later, the cub reporter dashed into the offices of the Daily World and blurted out his story to Editor Pierson! He slammed down all the ransom notes which had been received by Colonel Crosby and which the latter had given to Randy!

Pierson pushed Randy into a seat before a typewriter, and told him to get busy. A half hour later, the presses were rolling with an Extra edition, and the first page was plastered with the story of how the Daily World's cub reporter had saved the kidnapped boy from a ruthless trio of cut-throats! The ransom notes were published, as well as pictures of all those concerned in the spectacular case!

. . . "Lincoln, come here!" Editor Pierson barked at Randy. The young reporter quivered. Had he done something wrong again? Was he going to get another bawling out?

"Listen, Chief," Randy spoke. "I know I haven't brought in any hot news until this Crosby case broke! But give me another chance! I'll show you that I'm a good cub reporter yet!"

"Cub reporter!" Pierson yelled. "You ain't doin' that kind of work any more for me! From now on you write *feature* stories, with your own name printed with your articles! And your salary has been raised too! Now get to work and produce something hot!"

"Y-yes, Sir!" Randy replied feebly. He was too overjoyed to say anything else!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Young Allies Comics, published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.
State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Young Allies Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

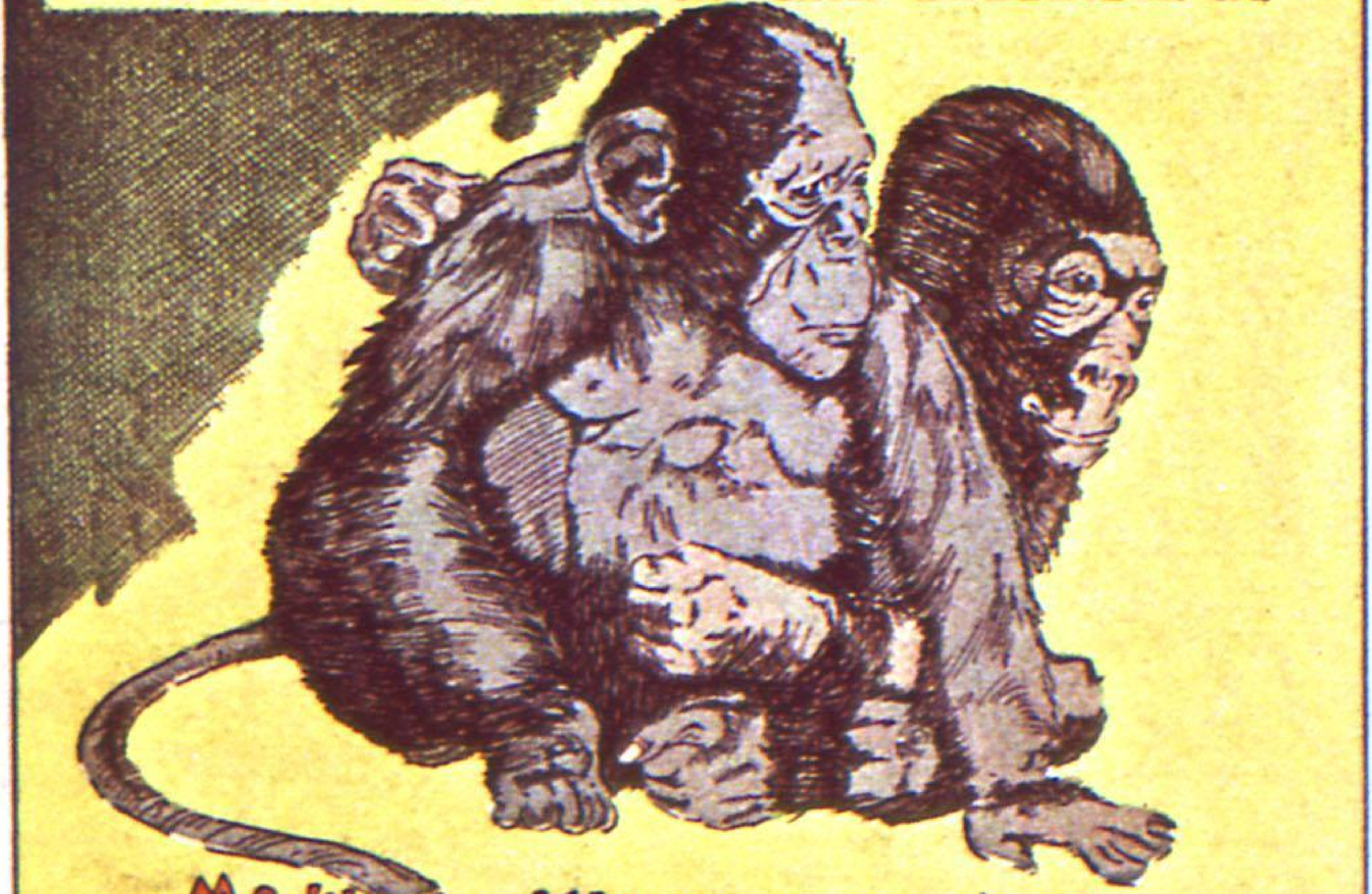
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.

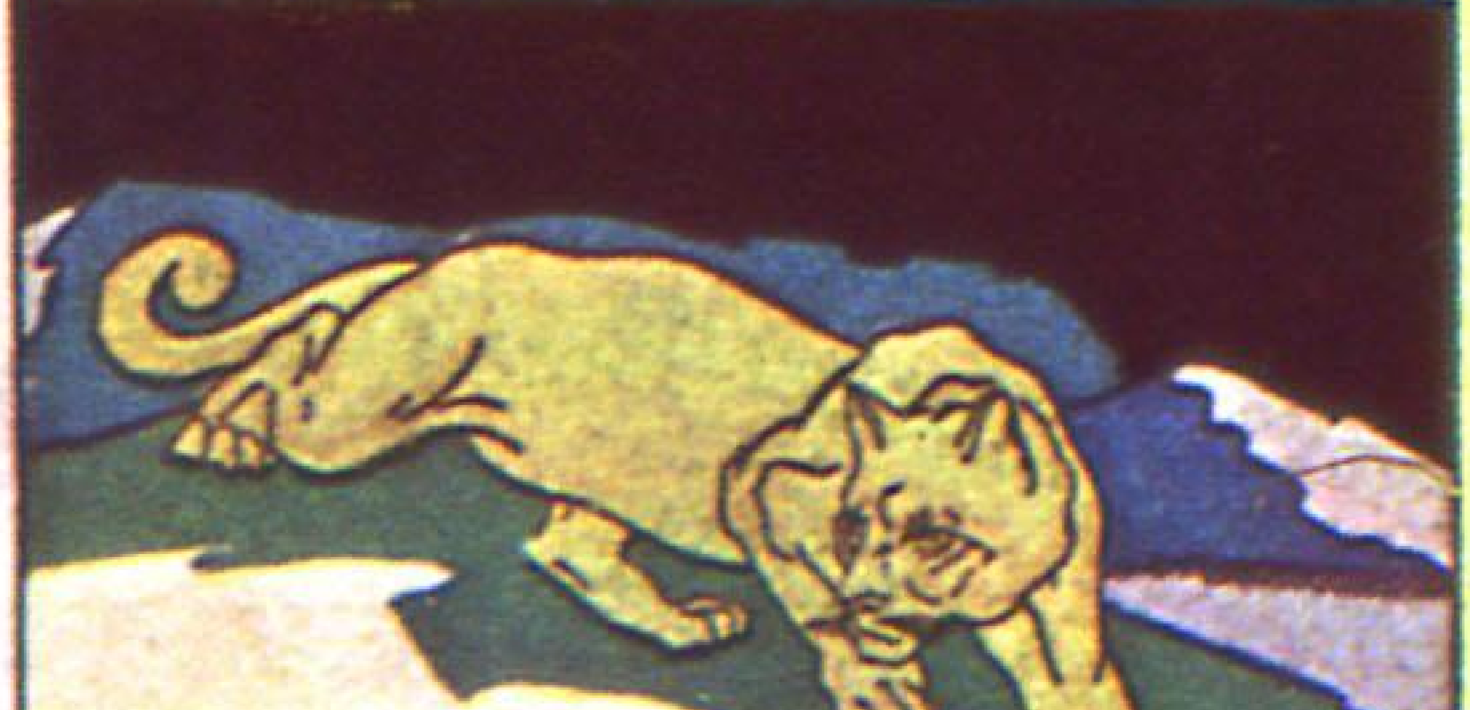
(SEAL) BERNARD ARBIT[illegible]
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943)

DEBUNKER



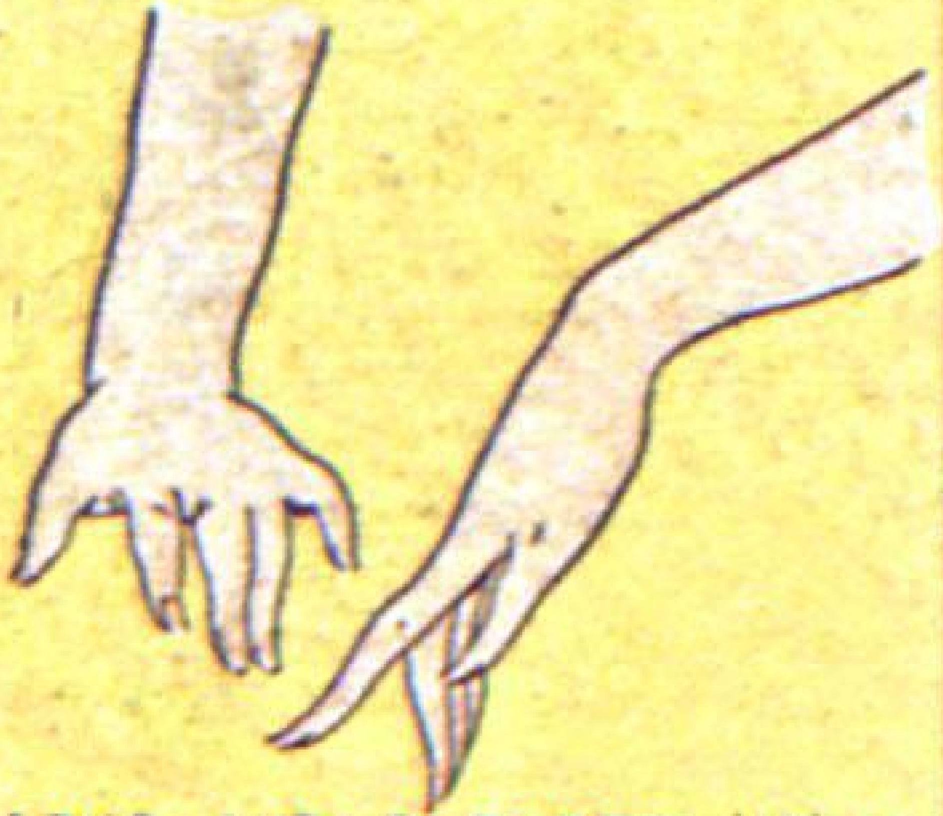
MONKEYS SEARCH FOR FLEAS

MONKEYS SELDOM HAVE FLEAS. WHEN THEY ARE LOOKING AT THEIR FUR IT IS FOR SMALL PARTICLES OF SECRETION FROM THE SKIN



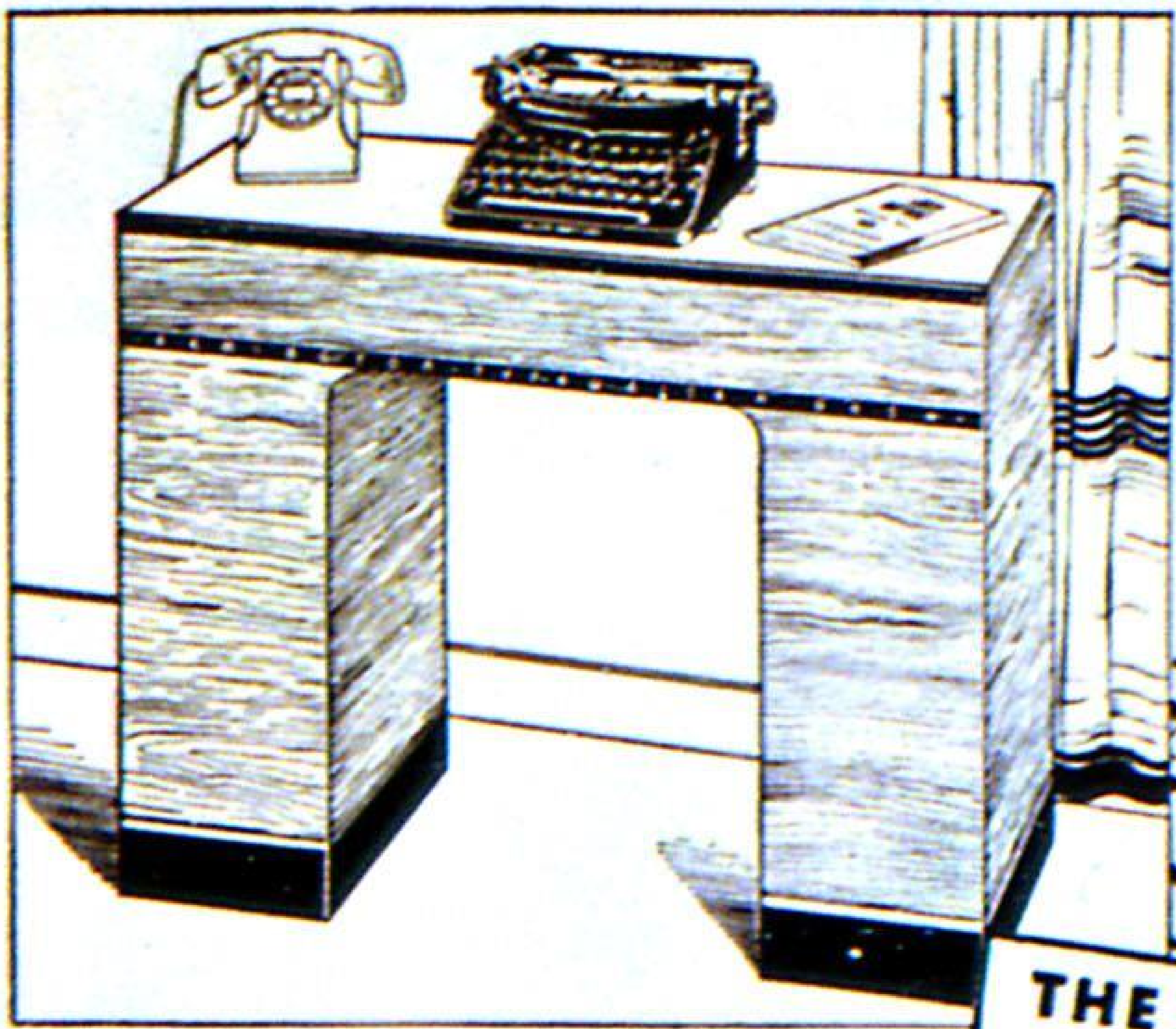
MOUNTAIN LIONS, PUMAS, PANTHERS ARE DIFFERENT

IN MEXICO IT IS "MEXICAN LION COUGAR" BY THE FRENCH SETTLERS; "PANTHER" BY THE EARLY AMERICANS; "MOUNTAIN LION" IN WESTERN PART OF U.S. THEY ALL APPLY TO ONE ANIMAL-THE PUMA.



HANDS LONG AND SLENDER MEAN AN ARTISTIC NATURE

TAINT SO! SOME ARTISTS HAVE SHORT STUBBY HANDS! PLACE THE SLENDER HANDS ON DIGGING DITCHES FOR A MONTH — THEN DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!



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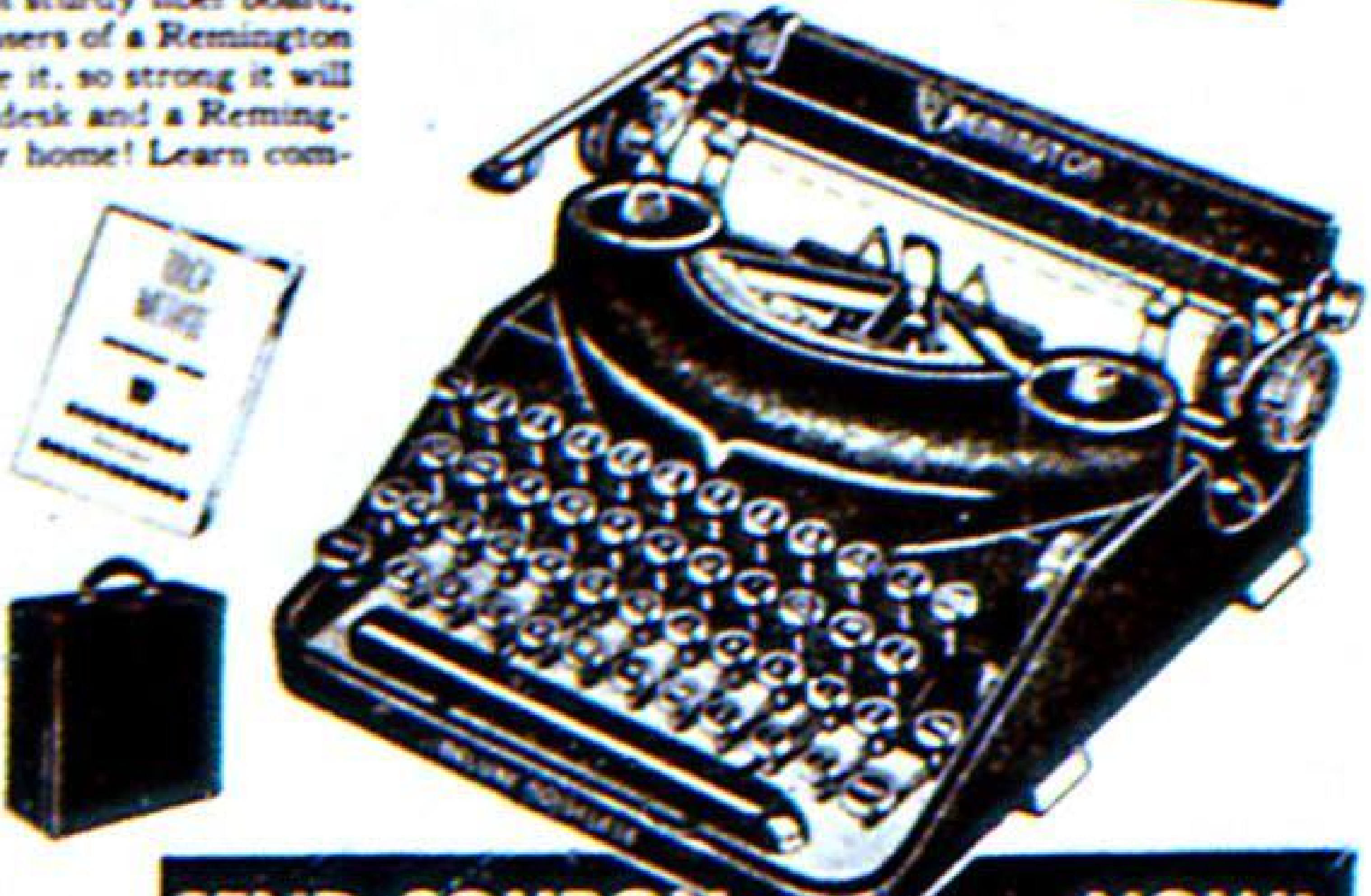

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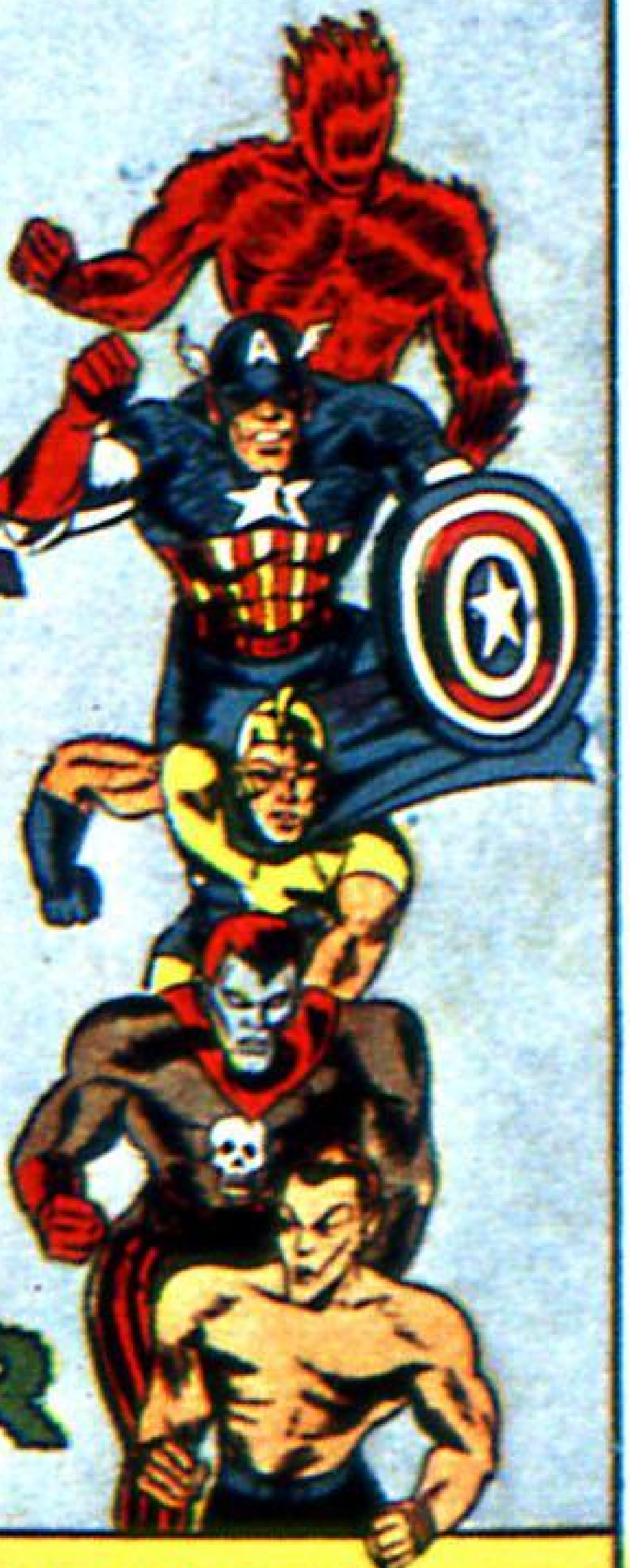

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